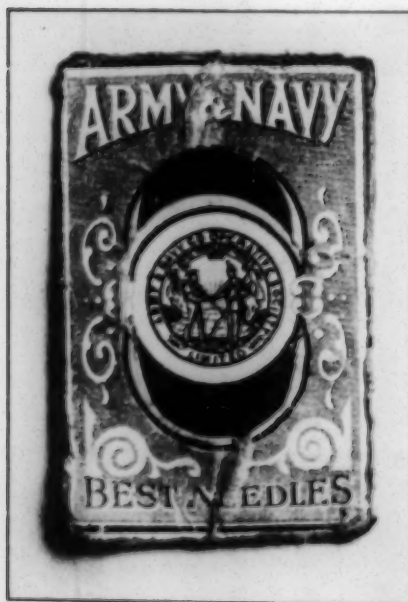


A HISTORY OF THE
SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS

Formation 1st Div - 2nd.
 Croats & Slavans forced to enter
 2 Causes discontent with R. Staff
 Austrian Spies in Corps
 Soldiers & Workmen's Committee
 Intervention B. Lm:
 Emigrant-Officers -
 Italian Propaganda
 Desire to leave Russia
 Ordered to Rumanian Front



The scrap of paper (six times enlarged) and needlecase in which it was sent from the South of Russia by Dr. Elsie Inglis, and brought by two members of the Scottish Women's Hospitals to the Foreign Office. See page 215.

[Frontispiece.]

A HISTORY OF THE
SCOTTISH WOMEN'S
HOSPITALS

EDITED BY

EVA SHAW McLAREN

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LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

1919

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MEDAL OF THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS.

This symbolic medal was designed by Miss Hazel Armour, and represents the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals. A kneeling woman draws towards her a wounded man, and shields him from the grim figure of Death, intent on dealing a fatal blow.

[To face p. v.]

Gift - Elsie Seelye Pratt 195 (Friend) 1/18/49

5/20/49 1301

TO
ELSIE MAUD INGLIS
LIVING NOW UNDER WIDER SKIES THAN OURS
THIS RECORD
OF WORK DONE BY THE WOMEN
SHE HELPED TO ORGANIZE AND LEAD
IS
DEDICATED

INTRODUCTION

NO claim is made in the following history to a unique position for the Scottish Women's Hospitals. By many another organization, started during the last five years, the story of as great and as good work could be told. The material which formed the personnel of the S.W.H. was the everyday woman of the Empire, drawn from all classes.

Dr. Inglis, writing on the voyage to Russia, and describing an obstacle race on board ship, says: "I do like the modern British girl, with her love of outdoor sports, her energy, her resource, and her independence." To this splendid product of the times, the modern British girl, with her high courage, her disregard of difficulties, and her beauty born of strength and health, who formed the rank and file of the Units, was much of the success of the S.W.H. due. She was sent out by women of mature wisdom and experience, and she was led by some of the finest women in the Empire.

The story told in the following pages is given, almost entirely, in the words of the women who did the work. It was felt that this was the most certain way of obtaining a living narrative. It falls naturally into seven parts. An appreciation of Dr. Elsie Inglis stands in the middle, with chapters on each side describing the work with which she was most intimately connected.

It was the good fortune of the Scottish Women to be able to give to the French four years of uninterrupted service in France, and over three years in

Salonika. With the exception of the first four months, the Scottish Women worked for the Serbian nation during the whole war, through all their changing fortunes. With them they grappled with the dread typhus and overcame it; they accompanied them in the Great Retreat; they tended their wounded and prisoners in Krushevatz, and their refugees in Corsica; they followed them fighting through the Moglena Mountains; they strained to keep up with their victorious armies over crest after crest, in the "breathless rush" to Prilep, past Krushevatz and Kraguievatz (names dear to the Scottish Women), and at the rear of their armies they entered Belgrade, privileged to stand by them in their humiliation and to join in their triumph.

The work which fell to be performed by the Scottish Women's Hospitals was varied. It ranged from the organization of a Baby Show held in Corsica, amongst the Serbian Refugees, to helping to conduct an Army Division through the length of Russia.

By the courtesy of the Foreign Office in granting permission for its publication, the story of the diplomatic work done in Russia by the S.W.H. is told in this history for the first time. In the letter to Miss Mair giving this permission, Lord Curzon expressed his anxiety "to be of any assistance in the preparation of a history of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, of whose heroic work he has the greatest admiration."

In a letter addressed to Mr. A. F. Whyte, by the Secretary of State for War, Mr. Winston Churchill speaks of his admiration of the services performed by the Scottish Women's Hospitals in many fields throughout the war. He writes:

"The record of their work in Russia and Roumania, lit up by the fame of Dr. Elsie Inglis, will shine in history. Their achievements in France, in Serbia, in

Greece, and in other theatres were no less valuable, and no body of women has won a higher reputation for organizing power and for efficacy in works of mercy. It is a pleasure to me to remember that in the early days of the war I had the opportunity of furthering their efforts."

Sincere thanks are due not only to the Foreign Office, but also to all those who were asked, either for information with regard to the Units or to contribute to the History, and who in every case responded with keenness and enthusiasm.

Miss S. E. S. Mair has given the chapter on "Our Chief"; Miss Edith Palliser undertook the whole of Part V; while to Dr. Marian Erskine and Dr. Beatrice Russell we owe the arrangement of the Medical Appendix; and finally, without the expert help of Miss Muriel Craigie, the History could not have taken shape.

The world is richer to-day because of the many heroic figures which have emerged from the wreckage left by the war: souls nobly efficient because they were above the petty meannesses of life, humble and fearless, powerful with the power of self-sacrifice.

To this heroic band it will be the lasting pride of the Scottish Women that it was their privilege to contribute more than one; and also that the glorious service was theirs, of helping in their time of stress, men drawn without distinction from every one of the Allied Forces.

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HOSPITALS

DESTINATION.	DATE.	C.M.O.
CALAIS	Dec. 1914-March 1915 .	Dr. ALICE HUTCHISON
ROYAUMONT	Dec. 1914-Feb. 1919 . . .	Miss IVENS
SERBIA	Dec. 1914-Jan. 1916	
1. KRAGUIEVATZ . .	Dec. 1914-Nov. 1915 . . .	{ Dr. INGLIS Dr. SOLTAU
2. VALJEVO	May 1915-Nov. 1915 . . .	Dr. HUTCHISON
3. MLADANOVATZ . .	May 1915-Nov. 1915 . . .	Dr. MCGREGOR
4. LAZAROVATZ . . .	Aug. 1915-Nov. 1915 . . .	Dr. HOLLWAY
TROYES	May 1915-Oct. 1915 . . .	{ Dr. MCILROY Dr. SANDEMAN
SALONIKA	Dec. 1915-March 1919 . . .	Dr. MCILROY
		{ Dr. BLAIR Dr. PHILLIPS
CORSICA	Dec. 1915-April 1919 . . .	{ Dr. COURTAULD Dr. MACPHAIL Dr. GUEST Dr. KEER
OSTROVO	Aug. 1916-Nov. 1918 . . .	{ Dr. BENNETT Dr. DE GARIS
* With Transport Column attached		
VRANJA	Nov. 1918	Dr. EMSLIE
RUSSIA	Aug. 1916-Nov. 1917 . . .	Dr. INGLIS
With Transport Column attached		
SERBIA	Feb. 1918-Feb. 1919 . . .	Dr. BENSON
With Transport Column attached		
SALLANCHES	Feb. 1918-March 1919 . . .	{ Dr. MACPHAIL Dr. BULLOCK

* Later this Column, under Miss Dillon, was attached to the 1st Serbian Army.

PART ONE

CHAPTER I

THE SCOTTISH FEDERATION

EUROPE was submerged in darkness. War, horrible and hateful, occupied the minds and hearts of the people.

Righteous though the cause of the Allies was, the warfare entailed was beyond words terrible. The darkness grew denser, but in the surrounding gloom, throughout the wide zone of war, shone the beacon lights of the buildings flying the Red Cross flag.

The spirits of hate and love, cruelty and mercy, walked side by side on the battlefields. Civilised nations at war—what a strange picture they present! The peoples march to the battlefields organized to the utmost limit for the work of slaughter, organized, too, to the same extent for the work of healing and saving those that have escaped alive from the carnage. With all the finished skill they can command, equipped with the finest science of their day, they use against each other the most terrible engines of war, till men lie wounded, and maimed, and blinded, and deafened, and then they gather together those wounded, and maimed, and blind, and deaf, and, again armed with the finest science of the day, expend the most tender care in the endeavour to resuscitate the dying, and to heal the wounded.

The organization for healing is no less finished and complete than that for destruction.

"It is about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the light fails, that the worst hour in the hospital begins. The dim lamps are lighted, and people begin to fall over things. Also, this is the hour, it seems to me, when men feel pain most, when the wounded in beds and on the floor begin to cry out. How they suffer! Here is a young boy with his eyes shot out, and several beds in a row contain men with head wounds, the result of bursting shrapnel overhead. And there are other cases too pitiful to describe; and men who have lost their reason; and men moaning for morphia; and a baby of three years with both his legs broken, and a little bandaged hand at which he looks in wonder.

"It isn't a good time—war is not a merry picnic. Blood-covered mattresses and pillows are carried out into the courtyard. There is always a great pile of rags and bandages being burnt outside. A curious smell pervades everything.

"In the midst of it all, doctors and nurses keep their heads, and are never flurried, never less than careful and attentive. They sit up all night, and in the noisy day-time get but little sleep; they have become inured to seeing death and suffering without being hardened by it, and their patience is admirable."¹

A visitor to an operating theatre in the war zone might readily imagine he was back again in one of the famous hospitals of London or Edinburgh, Paris or Petrograd. There he would meet expert surgeons and physicians, highly trained nurses, and alert and skilful orderlies, and he would find an equipment of instruments and appliances of the latest design and the finest material. If he could extend his visit through France

¹ *A Woman's Diary of the War*, by S. Macnaughten.

and Belgium, Italy and Austria, Germany, Russia and Serbia, wherever battles were waged, behind the long line of fighting he would find the long line of those well-equipped hospitals, where the highest medical and surgical skill in Europe was at the disposal of the poor sufferers.

But amongst them all, at points in Europe far distant from each other, he would come upon a certain number of hospitals with a feature distinguishing them from all the others. They are evidently equally well equipped, the staff of doctors and assistants is as expert and capable, and the strain of the work is met by the same smooth and rapid efficiency.

What, then, is the distinguishing mark? It is this—they are “manned” from end to end by women, and women only. Women drivers take the ambulance cars into the firing line, women stretcher-bearers lift the wounded, and place them in the ambulances, women doctors await them in the hospital. It is women who perform the operations, remaining at work in the theatres, it may be sometimes thirty-six and fifty hours at a stretch. Women nurses and orderlies attend the patients in the wards, women cook the entire food required by the hospital, and women bury amputated limbs and carry on disinfecting and other sanitary work. And he would find this too—that the scheme for these hospitals had originated in the brain of a woman, and that they were equipped and controlled by a women’s society in Britain.

* * * * *

In a small room up a long flight of stairs in 2 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, a woman, already well known in the medical world, realised in a flash what an all-important part women could take in the war. As Dr. Elsie Inglis sat in the offices of the Scottish Federation of

Women's Suffrage Societies, she saw in imagination the army of women, skilled and unskilled, who only needed organizing to be brought into line with the most efficient service the nation knew. To carry out this organizing she set to work on the very outbreak of war. She had at her back the women of the Federated Suffrage Societies of Scotland, and farther afield the whole force of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies throughout the United Kingdom.

How the scheme of the Hospitals was born and grew can be gleaned from the minutes of the Federation.

The growth of the idea during one Committee meeting is recorded for us in the minutes of the meeting held on 12th August—the first Federation Committee after war broke out.

“Dr. Inglis proposed that the Federation should give organized help to Red Cross work.

Miss Mair proposed that St. George's School, Melville Street, should be applied for and equipped as a Hospital.

Dr. Inglis proposed that Melville Street School be equipped as a Hospital *staffed entirely by women*—if not required at home to be sent abroad.”

And so the scheme was launched. “Silver and gold have we none,” the Scottish Federation might have said, “but such as we have we give to our nation now.” Enthusiasm, courage, undaunted faith, these were the gifts they offered. The coffers of the Federation were not over full. What Suffrage Society ever had them overflowing? The Suffrage Societies were a body of women, well organized, growing in numbers, imbued with “the long-range point of view,” and full of determination and belief in their cause, but certainly not a body receiving much backing from the public, financially or in any other way. However, once more, the history of the Scottish Women's Hospitals was to prove the fact

that money is not everything. Courage, undaunted faith, and clear vision are of more value. Of these, there was no lack in the members who formed the Committee of the Scottish Federation, though even there "some doubted." When it was stated that a thousand pounds would need to be raised to equip the one Unit thought of in these early days, a member, it is reported, dropped her head and moaned, "We might as well ask for a million at once!"

It was found impossible to obtain the houses in Melville Street for a Hospital, and accordingly it was decided to offer the Unit to the War Office. This offer was declined. It was then resolved to offer the Unit to one of the Allies. On 20th August, just eight days after that first meeting, the following letter was sent to the Embassies of Belgium, France, and Russia :

"THE SCOTTISH FEDERATION OF
WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETIES, EDINBURGH,
20th August 1914.

"To His Excellency the Ambassador for —

"SIR,—A number of Scottish Women have it in their minds to fit out a Red Cross Hospital for use at the seat of war, and to offer it to one of the Governments involved in the war. It is possible that you could supply us with some general information as to the position with regard to the Red Cross Service in connection with the — troops on the Continent? The scheme is only in its initial stages at present, but we should be very glad to know whether your Government is already more than sufficiently equipped in connection with its hospital service.—Yours faithfully,

"ELSIE MAUD INGLIS,
Hon. Secretary."

The minutes of the Federation meeting, held on 3rd October, supply the next point of interest, though all

6 SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS

the intervening ones mark the steady progress of the scheme. On the one hand it is evident that plans have now matured, and the details of the Units have taken fixed shape ; while on the other we find that the scheme, hitherto supported only by the branches of the Federation in Scotland, is now to receive recognition across the Border.

“ Dr. Inglis reported in her estimate that a thousand pounds would be sufficient to equip and pay salaries of one Unit of 100 beds for six months.¹ Each Unit to consist of four doctors (two seniors and two juniors), ten trained nurses, six dressers, two cooks, an administrator, and a clerk. Suggested that one Unit might go to Serbia, where need is very great.

“ A letter was read from Mrs. Fawcett agreeing that an appeal for funds for the Hospital Scheme should be made at the National Union meeting on 20th October in the Kingsway Hall, London.”

The funds were still low. On 13th October Dr. Inglis, writing to Mrs. Fawcett, says : “ In answer to your questions, first as to the amount of money collected, up to date we have collected £115 with all the help *Common Cause* has given to us. To-morrow our appeal goes broadcast over Scotland, ten thousand copies, and I hope to be able to report progress in a day or two. . . . We are getting a lot of offers of voluntary service.”

October 20th stands out as a great date in the history of the S.W.H. On that day Dr. Inglis spoke at the Kingsway Hall, in London, on behalf of the Hospitals. Since that date thousands of meetings in aid of the S.W.H. have been held all over the British Empire. Miss Burke in America has addressed

¹ It was owing to the number of voluntary workers that Dr. Inglis' estimate was put at so low a figure as £1000.

audiences of any number up to ten thousand. Her speeches have aroused unparalleled enthusiasm, as the resulting contributions show. Mrs. Abbott in India and Australia has addressed meetings which have been prolific in interest and in funds, one meeting alone in Calcutta resulting in thirteen thousand pounds. Meetings have been held in every sort of hall and drawing-room in every part of the United Kingdom, but friends of the S.W.H. will always recall with peculiar interest that meeting held on the 20th of October in the capital of the Empire, at which for the first time the scheme for taking aid to the fighting men of the Allies by hospitals staffed entirely by women was made known by the founder of the S.W.H.

From that date money began to flow in, in a steady stream, until at the end of the war the sum of £449,000 had been reached. On 29th October a letter from the Headquarters of the National Union says: "As the result of your stirring appeal at the meeting at Kingsway Hall we are receiving at this office a large number of inquiries about the Scottish Hospital." Mrs. Fawcett, who had written to the *Times* regarding the project, writes on 7th November 1914 to Dr. Inglis: "I think your fund must be well over three thousand. But we must go on—the more we get the better, for I feel quite certain that one thousand per unit is not enough. The Finance Department of the National Union wrote last night that letters and cheques were still arriving by every post. I am so glad."

On her return to Scotland, Dr. Inglis formed on 31st October, out of the Federation and some of her personal friends, the Scottish Women's Hospitals Committee, with Mrs. James T. Hunter of Glasgow as Chairman.¹ It was

¹ For account of the working of this and other Committees, see "Administration and Finance," p. 362.

8 SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS

decided at this meeting that the uniform was to be the "hodden grey," with Gordon tartan facings. Dr. Inglis next sent out the organizers of the Federation on their first missionary journey for the S.W.H. They were sent broadcast, as the appeal had been, all over Scotland, and told to appeal for twenty thousand pounds. They went, carrying the gospel of the dawning era of the recognition of women's work in the welfare of the nation. One dwells with pride on the memory of these first missionaries of the S.W.H. To them it was a "great adventure." The scheme for which they had to appeal was daring and fascinating in its originality, and with them rested the responsibility of "setting the heather alight." That supporters of the Hospitals were soon found all over the world is a witness to the way they did their work.

For the S.W.H., accepted in the first instance by the N.U.W.S.S.¹ and remembering proudly all through the years of their existence this parentage, "have formed a wonderful rallying-point for women of every shade of political opinion—non-suffragist and anti-suffragist alike pouring their money into the common funds and giving their personal service." Several of the largest subscriptions in the early days were from prominent anti-suffragists. A personal friend of Dr. Inglis', who had strongly disapproved of her Suffrage work, in sending her a cheque, wrote: "I am glad you are doing something useful at last!"

On 21st November, five thousand four hundred and four pounds had been subscribed, and in that month the colleges of Girton and Newnham had offered to raise fifteen hundred pounds to equip another Unit. On 9th December the funds in hand were over six thousand five hundred and seven pounds.

¹ National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

CHAPTER II

THE UNITS FORMING

DURING these months of September, October, and November, whilst the funds were increasing from one hundred and fifteen to over six thousand pounds, the actual preparation of the Units was proceeding apace—the idea of a single Unit had long been abandoned, and the number of Hospitals was to be limited only by the amount of money subscribed. The first emissary of the S.W.H., in the person of Dr. Alice Hutchison, went over to France on 7th November 1914. A post card from her of that date to Dr. Inglis is worth preserving :

“DEAR DR. INGLIS,—Dr. Clark wrote to you as I was leaving home yesterday. My day was an appalling rush. I cross to Calais to-day. I am not sure with whom to hunt the coast to-morrow—Dunkirk, Gravelines, etc.—for a suitable building. There is not a barn left at Calais for wounded pouring in. I must dash up to Edinburgh if possible on my return, as I came to Harburg with a fortnight's luggage. If it's impossible, I'll manage somehow—I am delighted to do this trip for you.”

On that same date the following letter was received from the French Embassy :

“AMBASSADE DE FRANCE,
A LONDRES, 7th November 1914.

“The Secretary to the French Embassy presents his compliments to the President of the Scottish Women's Hospital, and begs to thank her for her kind offer of the

5th inst. With regard to a new arrangement between the French War Office and the British Red Cross, all offers for Hospitals abroad are to be examined by the British Red Cross, 83 Pall Mall."

On the 8th November Dr. Seton Watson wired: "Serbian Government gratefully accepts expedition writing details."

Dr. Hutchison, going over to France for an indefinite period, "hunting the coast" so gaily for a building for the S.W.H., with only a fortnight's luggage with her, is a daughter of a medical missionary in the north of India, whose fame as a devoted doctor and a fearless traveller has spread far and wide amongst the people of the Western Himalayas. Any one who knew him could have no difficulty in tracing the source of the intrepid courage, the unfailing resourcefulness, and the devotion to work found in the daughter.

Dr. Hutchison will be often met in these pages. "Any one working under Alice Hutchison once is always ready to do so again," was Dr. Inglis' tribute to her.

In the end of November Dr. Inglis gave in her first report to the S.W.H. committee as to what had been done since the inaugural meeting on 12th August.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF DR. INGLIS' REPORT.

Swiss ~~Swiss~~ Hospital for Foreign Service

Two hospital hunkis are now ready - one for France & one for Serbia. - The Committee is only awaiting instructions as to where they are to go & where.

No prospects of a yacht to convey the Serbian hunkis, appearing. The Committee have barely approached the Admiralty in the hope that an Italian or Egyptian transport may take one the hunkis.

As regards the French hunkis, it has received the recognition of the Anglo-French Committee of the Red Cross, & is started as a hospital under their sanction. It also is awaiting instructions as to where it is to proceed.

In both these hunkis the whole equipment is complete & the personnel ready to start.

In addition to these hunkis the Committee has undertaken another definite piece of work. Last week, in answer to a telegram from Dr. Depage - the great Belgian Surgeon, who is at present working at Calais. The Committee

Sent Dr. Maria Antichon to see him. The
Committee understood that Dr. Depage wanted a
hospital here sent out immediately to Calais. Dr.
Antichon found however that he did not stand
in need of a fully equipped hospital here but
rather of a certain number of doctors & nurses
to look under him - his doctors & his fully
trained nurses -

Dr. Antichon went on from Calais
to Haare. There she saw General de Cerna. The
head of the Belgian Red X. - & was very warmly
received; & from there to Paris. There she saw
the representation of the French Red X. - One of these
ladies, Dr. de la Brouse, told her that she was
at that moment looking for a chairman for
the Hospital that she had heard was being
sent out by the "Association des Dames de
Service".

Dr. Antichon stopped again at Calais on her
way back. She saw Dr. Depage again, & went on to
see the Committee here. The Committee decided that
this great bit of work was that of supplying

Dr. Depage with the help he needs. should be
instantaneous humanitarianity - even though it has not
quite on the lines of their original plans, &
Dr. Allen's suggestion. Dr. Allen Sharp & his men
will start for Calais in two or three days.

The work is already beginning to open out
in various ways. One proposal having come
in that the Committee should provide the
medical personnel, - doctors, nurses & dressers
for a Hospital ship. Which is a very welcome
suggestion.

Before the Committee undertake any
further schemes however. They would like
to see the hospitals which are now ready
at work, - & the Calais Committee
safely established under Dr. Depage. They
would also like to see how much more money
comes in for new ventures.

Offers of service still come in daily. & gifts of
every sort of hospital requirements.
The Committee desire to thank most warmly

all this kind of work. The work goes daily
2. The two other rooms placed at the disposal
of the Committee by the Administration.
Barracks Company have already moved
for the 1st & 2nd barracks are being sold
at the 1st barracks room, this done off.

CHAPTER III

CALAIS

ON 19th November 1914, just three months after the Scottish Women had offered a Hospital for service abroad, Dr. Hutchison and Sister Linton went over to Calais in answer to Dr. Depage's request, to see in what way the Scottish Women could help the Belgians. For a few days there was quiet, and not much prospect of any hard work. Then typhoid broke out in the Belgian Army, and Calais was taxed to its utmost to meet the emergency. On 5th December Dr. Hutchison was put in charge of a typhoid annexe to Dr. Depage's Hospital, and with Dr. Phillips and ten fully trained nurses had three months of unceasing work until the epidemic came to an end.

The following are quotations taken from Dr. Hutchison's letters to her many friends during these three months' work in the typhoid annexe:

"18th November.

"Dr. Depage's Hospital is being organized by the Queen of the Belgians, who sent Dr. Depage to try and bring order out of the existing chaos. He is their big surgeon, hence her choice. I understand it is an entity by itself, neither under the Red Cross nor War Office."

"15th December 1914.

"I feel that a letter of some sort must be sent off to-day, or you will all soon have forgotten my existence.

Well, on Saturday, 5th December, I was sent for to Dr. Depage's private room, where I found two Generals, resplendent in gold lace and other adornments befitting their high station, to whom Dr. Depage presented me as — 'This is the doctor of whom I spoke to you,' and there and then it was fixed up that Dr. Depage should give up his annexe of eighty beds for typhoid work, and that I should work there with my ten nurses and Dr. Phillips. I quite realised that the Generals were not dying to have us, but I determined that they should arrive at the stage of being loath to lose us, before long. I stipulated for two days' grace to get my nurses over.¹ The two days' grace was accorded in word but not in deed, for on Sunday morning, when I was busy doing some dressing at Jeanne d'Arc (Dr. Depage's Hospital), an orderly came to say that five cases had been admitted to the Rue Archimède (the annexe). From then on they simply poured in, and Sister Linton and I had no further need to complain of an idle existence. In my next letter I shall tell you how we run the place, and how I did many things in those early days which I never dreamed of doing."

"22nd December.

"DEAR EVERYBODY,—I have sat down to give you a description of this place and of our work here, as it would doubtless interest you to know the conditions under which we are working.

"The building where we work was a school, and the house we live in was the schoolmistress's house. We are nearly on the edge of the town, surrounded on both hands by patches of waste ground, and with a large factory at the back of us. Arrived at our big wooden

¹ The remaining nurses left Edinburgh next day, 6th December, arriving at Calais within forty hours of their start.

doorway, you ring the bell and step into a covered courtyard—the door to the right leads into our house, and that on the left leads into the five schoolrooms, now our wards. The wards all open into one another in a straight line, and we have ten beds in each.

“Our dwelling-house could hardly be more bare than it is; but it is a barren simplicity, not tawdriness. In the early days we had no servant, and Sister Linton turned to like a perfect brick and ran the house and kitchen. Now we have a very nice woman, a French-woman called Jeanne, whose husband was killed at the front in October, and who has in consequence to support herself and her baby. I think somehow Jeanne will soon become an indispensable part of our *ménage*, and one of our pleasantest memories after we have gone. The first two days here, when Sister Linton and I were alone, remain in my mind as a nightmare. All day long the ambulance drove up, and patients were carried in on stretchers, and ward after ward filled up with appalling rapidity. Sister Linton and I, with the help of one or two young Belgian priests, ran about doing what we could in the way of sponging, feeding, etc., with, if my memory does not play me false, an occasional dash in three different directions at the same time, to prevent delirious patients from getting out of bed. We have several young Belgian priests as orderlies, and find them excellent. Their training seems to have developed in them a spirit of discipline, submissiveness, and devotion to duty which results in first-class work. Of them all, however, Brother Michael is the favourite. We have also a young parish priest, Monsieur l'Aumonier, who makes a round of the wards every day, distributing literature and words of consolation to those who are not delirious, and granting a few words of absolution to any whose condition is reported to him as critical. Monsieur

l'Aumonier is quite a nice young man, but he isn't a patch on Monsieur l'Abbé, the portly priest of Ambulance Jeanne d'Arc.

"I am being splendidly supported in the work here by Dr. Phillips and my ten Scottish nurses. The latter are working like bricks, and I am glad to think they will have some relaxation on Christmas night, when we have been invited to dine and dance at the Sophie Berthelet, the English hospital here."

Extract from a letter to Dr. Inglis, written after Dr. Inglis' visit of inspection :

"It is good of you to be so appreciative of the work here. It would be nice to feel when we leave that we had sensibly advanced the whole position of women by our little contribution of work here."

"4th January.

"Whenever one gets irritated or vexed with the Belgians, one feels oneself pulled up by the realisation of the painfully unique position they are in, having no claim to any but the smallest corner of their country, and many of them having no knowledge of the whereabouts of even their wives and children. When Christmas Day came I wished them the only wish which I felt was not mere humbug—I wished them the following Christmas in their own country, a country completely freed from German rule. How different it is walking through our wards now from what it was even two weeks ago! Then the wards were so silent that it was like a house of the dead. The only interludes to the heavy silence were the noisy declamations of delirious patients.

"Now it seems as if a magician's wand had touched the place, and all is noise and chatter and brightness.

"The epidemic is a severe one, with many grave complications. One never has a dull moment."

"30th January 1915.

"DEAR EVERYBODY,—It is some time since I sent united news to you, so I must try to finish this letter to-night, and get it posted to-morrow. Most weeks here the days are so much alike that one hardly notices their flight. The washerwoman appears one morning with the household napery, and one realises it is Sunday, or she appears the following morning with the personal washing, and one realises it is Monday. So the days pass into weeks and the weeks into months, and one begins to wonder whether the months will stretch into years, and still find this small band of British women at its post in Calais.

"I am glad to be able to report one big advance in our arrangements. A camp for convalescent typhoids is in full swing now at Ruchard, about 26 miles from Tours. So we shall always be able to empty and fill very regularly, and so make the most of our fifty beds. There is the one drawback to Ruchard, that it means twenty-seven hours' train journey, so we cannot send patients away till they are thoroughly fit.

"The first clear-out took place soon after my last letter was sent, and first clear-outs, especially in war-time, are rather outstanding events, even more so than the arrival of the washerwoman! The Sister of one of our wards got a most delicately and quaintly expressed note (in English) written by an English-speaking patient in an attempt to give utterance to the surcharged feelings of two Flamands. As the motor set off for the station, after the usual snorting and puffing, my thoughts were back in Bulgaria.¹ I saw once again the long line of bullock carts, packed with convalescent wounded, setting

¹ Previous to 1914, Dr. Hutchison had worked in Bulgaria in the first Balkan War.

slowly in motion with many a creak and groan, allowing ample time for renewed handshakes and parting injunctions. Memories sometimes come like benedictions.

"We have been very busy, and I have been so grateful for the splendid way in which our nurses have tackled the work. Some of them are having considerable success in training the 'Frères' to be of some real use in the wards, even in some cases to wash up a patient and change his sheets. You can understand that with several delirious or unconscious patients on hand there is bound to be a tremendous lot of that sort of work to do.

"I must tell you about Céline, who for a few days added a warm touch of colour to the ward life. I introduce her to you as abruptly as she appeared on the scene. On going into the ward one evening, I found one of my favourite patients, who had been, as the French say, 'within two fingers of death,' impatiently awaiting me with a telegram in his hands. I read the following pathetic lines: 'I am at Dieppe. Can I see thee if I come? Kisses, Céline.' Then had I to wage a fierce warfare, using all my artillery, big and small, against that terrible bugbear, '*La Loi Militaire*.' *La Loi Militaire* says that no typhoid fever patient may receive visitors, and refuses to make an exception in the case of a poor little woman who takes fright on hearing that her husband is at Calais, because 'she knew every one who went to Calais had enteric,' who then takes her courage in her hands and risks everything to get past that barbed-wire barrier which now marks the Belgian-Dutch frontier. To leave openly in the train is impossible, as no Belgian is allowed to leave the country, so a weary tramp across bogs and fields has to be undertaken, till an isolated spot is found, where patrol sentries are scarce,

and where one finally escapes by throwing oneself flat and crawling under the barbed wire. Many arrive in Holland with their clothes hopelessly torn, but, as Céline proudly said, 'I had the sense to put on my old ones.' Well, in the end, I managed to silence the enemy's guns; but when Céline swept in on us as fresh and vigorous as a moorland wind, I realised that I had wasted power, for Céline with her charming smile would have swept past any General in creation. When her husband realised what she had faced to get here, he said, '*Quelle folie*'; while I added, '*Quelle folie glorieuse!*' The day Céline left I received a charming little basket, daintily arranged with a mixture of Parma violets and ordinary violets—a huge yellow bow on one side and a small rosette of the Belgian colours below it. Accompanying it was a delicately worded little note expressing some of Céline's innermost feelings. Dear Céline, she will always be with me as a charming and gracious memory; and I never so regretted our disuse of 'thou' as when I heard her suddenly break off in the middle of a vivacious account of her adventures, then touch her husband's hand and say, 'To think that thou wast nearly dead, and now I have thee safely here.'

"You can see that we have much to cheer us, but we have also much to sadden us. A lovely big schoolboy of a creature was brought in one day who had left school in July, and was fighting in the trenches in August. There was not a life we longed more to save, so as to be able to send him back in the vigour of his youth and his boyish beauty to the '*mère et Hélène*' whom he spoke of so incessantly, but . . . we failed. It was at least a comfort to be able to send them word that their Henri had not lacked for a mother touch from the women who had looked after him.

"One night a man was brought in, already noisily

delirious and drumming out his own funeral march in loud and resonant tones. Again and yet again he rolled it out with an intermixture of comic camp songs till the eeriness got too much for us. Forty-eight hours later he slipped out as silently as he had come in boisterously.

"I think there is no harm in my telling you that I have been greatly comforted this week to find that our hospital has the lowest percentage mortality for enteric in Calais.

"We all keep wonderfully well, and I hope we shall continue to do so. It is difficult to believe one is in Calais, the all-pervading dampness of it is so reminiscent of dear old Scotland! French people, however, assure me that they cannot within their memory recall such another damp winter.

In March 1915 the epidemic had been overcome, and Dr. Hutchison and her nurses returned to Britain. The annexe was one of the few hospitals in Calais where fully trained British Sisters were to be found upon the Staff. Of the trained British nurse it has been said, that during the war she "was worth her weight not in gold, but in diamonds."

According to official returns, the death-rate in the annexe was lower than in any other hospital in Calais.

PART TWO: ROYAUMONT

CHAPTER I

DECEMBER 1914—DECEMBER 1915

"Royaumont was splendid.
Miss Ivens more than splendid."

LORD ESHER.

THE sun shines down on the ripples of the slow-flowing river, winding its way through the dark woods of the valley. In an open space on one side, where the huge trees have been felled and cleared away, a great Abbey is building. Slender columns are rising, and the outline of graceful windows takes shape against the sky. The noise of the masons' tools and the voices of the builders fill the air. Most of the workers are white-robed Cistercians, carrying litters filled with stones and lime, or, with loins girt and cowl thrown back, climbing up and down the long ladders.

Carrying his litter like the rest is a handsome young man whose delicacy of feature and refined mien belie the great physical strength he displays at his work, and whose rich attire and pointed scarlet cap are in marked contrast with the task which engages him. It is the young King of France, Louis IX. 1226

Answering to the intense enthusiasm and religious devotion of the King-Saint, masons, and sculptors, workers in glass, and carpenters, nobles, and princes toil together day by day, lovingly laying stone upon stone till

the "soaring columns and lofty arches losing themselves in the dim vaulting overhead,"¹ the windows with their "jewelled brilliance" "made as perhaps the Psalms were written by devout men who used the best skill they had," and all the "argosy of beauty" gathered in to the building, proclaim to those who dreamed their "great dream of a splendid and stately house of God" that the dream has at last come true. It is the Abbey of Royaumont, with the Abbey Church, the Masterpiece of the Oise.

Seven hundred years later. A great battle is raging. A bit of the long line of armies that lie facing each other across Europe has bulged out on each side, and the opposing forces have flung themselves at each other. The hospitals will soon be full. Night has fallen, the mist is rising from the river, and it is quiet in the old Abbey of Royaumont where they wait for the fruit of the battle. Far down the avenue a light gleams through the mist and the darkness, and grows brighter and brighter as the trees on each side flash past it and race into the darkness behind. The first motor glides swiftly nearer and stops with exquisite gentleness at the door. With the skill and quietness born of constant practice, strong young women lift out the stretchers and carry the shattered bodies of the brave young Frenchmen into the wards, where doctors and nurses flit about between the slender pillars, and the light from the bedside lamps falls on the faces of the wounded soldiers, whose weary eyes find rest in the dim mystery of the far-away vaulted roof. St. Louis' Abbey no longer shelters the Cistercian monks, but the women of the first of the Scottish Women's Hospitals and their patients.

The Abbey is situated in the valley of the Oise, twenty-five miles from Paris, and twelve miles from Creil

¹ John Warrack in *British Cathedrals*.



MISS FRANCES IVENS, M.B., M.S.

Chevalier Legion d'honneur ; Croix de Guerre avec Palme ; Medaille d'honneur
des Epidémies ;

C.M.O., Hôpital Auxiliaire de l'Armée, 30 (Scottish Women's Hospital),
Abbaye de Royaumont, France.

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—the nearest clearing station. Except the Abbey Church, which was destroyed by the Commune in 1791, all the buildings, justly famed for their beauty, are in a remarkable state of preservation. Through the instrumentality of Madame la Vicomtesse de la Panouse, the President of the Croix Rouge Britannique, M. Gouin, the proprietor, granted the use of the Abbey for the Hospital. The personnel and equipment were ready in November, the advance party left at the end of that month.

In the *Common Cause* an article appears under the title, "Off at Last": "The National Union as a whole, and more particularly the Scottish Federation, may well feel proud. Dr. Hutchison is in Calais, whither her nine remaining nurses have followed her, and our first complete hospital unit has arrived at Chantilly after many struggles with 'red tape.' I wonder how many of our readers knew they were crossing the Channel during that terrific gale last Friday? . . . We of the N.U. are going to feel more and more proud of that quiet grey uniform as time goes on—quiet and unobtrusive, but with its little splash of green on collar and hatband, to tell that the Scotchwomen who wear the tartan are of the same dogged staying breed as the men who wear it in the trenches. The English and Irish and Welsh members scattered amongst the Staff are proud to wear it too, as the soldier wears the decoration of another nation out of compliment. . . . The personnel of the Unit, under Miss Ivens of Liverpool, includes three surgeons, two physicians, and a radiologist. Ten trained nurses, and nearly as many dressers and orderlies, and two cooks have also gone. Miss Cicely Hamilton and Mrs. Prys-Owen went previously with the advance party."

On the arrival of the Unit in Paris on 5th December, Miss Ivens and her party were met by the discouraging news that though the advance party had been housed in the western wing of the building, M. Gouin's private

apartments, there was not sufficient accommodation there for the rest of the Unit; and the equipment not having arrived, there was no possibility of being able to use the rest of the Abbey. Until the equipment came, what were Miss Ivens and her party to do? Miss Ivens was equal to the occasion. If the equipment, with the beds, had not arrived, straw mattresses and blankets could be got in Paris, and there was always the floor of the Abbey to lie upon. Armed with ten straw mattresses bought that very evening, and accompanied by some specially selected, robust members of the Unit, Miss Ivens went down the following day to see the Abbey for herself. Count de Navarro gives a delightful picture of the arrival of these straw mattresses at the hotel: "The consternation of the hall porter may be imagined when the first batch arrived from the shops in a bulging taxi-cab. At each purchase of a new instalment the prospective sleepers would delightedly roll them up and carry them across the road to the *Gare du Nord* to catch the early morning train—all rejoicing at being the chosen ones to brave the first hardships of an embryo hospital." In twos and threes, day by day, the rest of the party arrived at Royaumont, carrying their beds with them.

The story of Royaumont is different from that of any of the other Units of the S.W.H. Here are no camps, no evacuation in flight from the enemy, but the Unit's splendid work carried on in an ancient and beautiful Abbey, without cessation, from 1914 to 1919, under its brilliant chief, Miss Frances Ivens.

The stories of the other Units under canvas, on the hillsides, in lonely districts, in retreats, and in the hands of the enemy, are thrilling and glorious reading; so also is the story of the work done by this Unit during the summers of each succeeding year, and during their first fortnight at Royaumont, when the ancient Abbey was

rescued from "the dust of ages" and transformed into a beautiful modern hospital. In graphic words Count de Navarro¹ has told the story of this wonderful fortnight, when the accumulated dust of ten years was removed within as many days.

"In order to realise fully the nature and importance of the achievement, it will be necessary to remember that the Abbey was without light, heat, or water. It had been built to conform with monastic requirements; it had been dislocated by industrial installations, was uninhabited for ten years, and represented at the moment the progressive results of mutilation and abandonment. Light, heat, water, ordinary requirements of domestic life, what could a hospital achieve without these fundamental necessities? Furthermore, a spring-cleaning to remove the accumulated deposit of ten years was first in order before the after-consideration of such luxuries as light, heat, and water. The task, considering the dimensions of the Abbey and its overwhelming disorder, was an undertaking fit to choke the serenity of a family of vacuum cleaners. And there were but women's hands to undertake the work. Women's hands, but happily women's courage and enthusiasm to ensure its success. In two weeks the poisonous dust-storms had abated, the faithful workers (more chimney-sweeps than ornaments of chimney-corners) had issued from their dust of ages, and had restored the Abbey to its former monastic order and cleanliness. . . . And when all was finished, and poisoned lungs had at last their first deep breath of satisfaction, there was still no light, no heat in the Abbey, and only one cold-water tap in a dark, distant kitchen. How the crowd of black, impatient figures must have gathered at evening—the day's work ended—about that one imper-

¹ *The Scottish Women's Hospital at the French Abbey of Royaumont*, by Antonio de Navarro.

turbable tap and made the monastic walls ring with, shall we say (*temps de guerre*), explosive language!

"All day long the nurses, orderlies, junior doctors—healthy, active young women, with a full share of the modern girl's strength—scrubbed, dusted, washed the floors and walls, opened huge packing-cases and carried up flights of stairs their heavy contents: beds, bedding, and all the other paraphernalia necessary for fully equipped wards. A few workmen were pressed into service to install light, stoves, and chimneys, and all laboured with such diligence and goodwill that within a week two large rooms on the first and second floors were practically ready for occupation. The larger of the two, situated on the first floor, was in early days the library of the monks. Deep windows, opening north and south, overlooked the cloistered terrace and the southern rose-garden.

"A large stove was fixed in the centre of the room, and the walls and floor were cleaned times out of number. When the winter sun poured through the three southern windows on the red coverlets of the thirty-six beds, the first ward in Royaumont was beyond all compare the loveliest ever seen. Below this large ward, leading into the cloisters, was the ancient refectory of the monks, later the 'Canada' Ward. At the east end of its hanging gallery—a modern addition—a group of small rooms was discovered. After much consideration these were converted into an operating-room, dispensary, X-ray room, and bathroom. The operating theatre was selected on account of its tiled floor, and for the added reason that it had two communicating tiny chambers which were easily transformed for purposes of sterilisation and cleaning, indispensable to modern aseptic surgery."

Miss Cicely Hamilton, writing on 24th December, tells of these first days in the Abbey:

"These first few days at Royaumont I shall always look back on as an experience worth having. In surroundings of mediæval grandeur—amid vaulted corridors, Gothic refectories, and cloisters—we proceeded to camp out with what we carried. The Abbey, in all its magnificence, was ours; but during those first few days it did not offer us very much beyond magnificence and shelter. It had not been lived in for years, and its water-supply had been cut off when the nuns left it for Belgium. Hence we carried water in buckets up imposing staircases and along equally imposing corridors. Our only available stove—a mighty erection in the kitchen that had not been lit for a decade—was naturally short-tempered at first, and the supply of hot water was limited indeed. So, in consequence, was our first washing at times very limited indeed. Our equipment, after the fashion of baggage in these times of war, was in no great hurry to arrive; until it did arrive we did without sheets and blankets, wrapped ourselves in rugs and overcoats at night, and did not do much undressing. We borrowed teacups from the village ironmonger, and passed the one knife round at meals for every one to take a chop with it. We were as short of lamps as we were of knives—shorter; and we wandered about our majestic pile with candle-ends stuck in bottles; little twinkling candle-ends, that struggled with the shadows under the groined roofs. . . . We are getting electric light in now, and already I find it in my heart to regret these bottled candles with their Rembrandtesque effects. . . . A few days ago our equipment condescended to arrive, and now we have knives all round, and blankets and towels. More important still, there are rows of beds in the wards, and we are waiting the formal visit of inspection of the French Military Authority."

In the first week in January 1915 all was ready for

patients. There were four wards holding ninety-six beds. The wards were called after famous women. The old library of the monks on the first floor was "Blanche de Castille" (the mother of St. Louis). The Chapter-Room in the eastern wing which opened on to cloisters received the name of "Millicent Fawcett," in honour of the President of the N.U.W.S.S. The two wards running north and south became known as "Jeanne d'Arc" and "Marguerite d'Ecosse." On 13th January the first patient arrived. Unlike the experience of the other Units, where time and again the opening of the hospital meant an overwhelming inrush of patients, here the great work of four years, increasing every month in volume and importance, began with the quiet admission of six patients. Four wards, ninety-six beds—and only six patients! A writer¹ has noted "the calm attitude of the head Sisters who stood beside the men they had already chosen to lead to their respective wards—mothers already in embryo." . . . "The attitude of each head nurse revealed her eagerness for a patient—a moment of pathetic rivalry—six patients—four nurses. Eventually four men were allotted to 'Blanche,' two to 'Marguerite.' The fortunate Sisters at once appropriated their charges. There was but one note of protest—the Sister of 'Millicent,' tall, dark, distinguished, had stood during the head surgeon's distribution of the cases silently holding by the hand one of the patients. It had been her resolve not to let him escape from her particular care. But discipline had to be maintained, and he was ruthlessly included among those destined for 'Blanche.'" The military authorities of all the Allies were naturally nervous about entrusting their wounded to hospitals staffed entirely by women. All honour to the French War Office who, taking their courage in both

¹ Count de Navarro.

hands, sent those six men to Royaumont, thus giving the "Scottish Women" the chance of proving their metal. So well did they do their work that within four months the French military authorities had asked that the number of beds might be doubled, and that another hospital might be opened in France by the S.W.H. Committee.

And so the work at Royaumont was started. Everything was present to make this first undertaking of the Scottish Women a success. A beautiful building in a healthy secluded spot, a perfect equipment, a fine personnel. Indeed, so carefully had the equipment been thought out by that band of enthusiastic women, "the Equipment Committee" in Edinburgh, complete amateurs at the job, that not an item had been forgotten, from the X-ray apparatus down to tooth-brushes for the patients. The personnel was as perfect as careful choosing out of a list of over four hundred applicants anxious to be chosen could make it, and the administration of the place could not have been in better hands than those of the masterly organizer and surgeon, Miss Ivens. Steadily the work grew. Royaumont made a name for itself—in the trenches, at French and British Headquarters. In April a new ward had to be opened. The old guest-chamber of the Abbey was turned into a ward of a hundred beds, and called the "Queen Mary" Ward.

In that month, and in August and September, after the big pushes, came great rushes of work. These rushes were child's play compared with the work done by the Staff the following year, after the Somme push; but that again did not equal in any degree the enormous influx of patients overtaken by the Hospital in 1918 after the German advance on the "Chemin des Dames."

No story of Royaumont would be complete without

a description of the mending department. All "mending" is woman's work, and the mending and cleaning of the torn blood-stained garments of the patients were no less thoroughly and efficiently done than the "mending" of their poor shattered bodies. The following account is given by one of the Staff, on whose back, before the institution of the pulley, all the garments needing repair were carried to "the Royaumont garrets":

"Picture the weary men arriving after a twelve miles' drive in our ambulances, and after being refreshed with hot soup and cigarettes in the hall, being conducted to one of the great vaulted wards, into any one of which we might stow away a little English village church quite comfortably. During their passage through the hall, we seize upon their baggage and accoutrements and label them. As the men are bathed and put to bed their uniforms and underclothing are placed in numbered sacks and hauled up by a block-pulley to the fifth storey, where our vast attics are. . . . Here they are unshipped and placed in fumigation cupboards. The next morning we sort out the sacks, mark and send the soiled linen to the wash, collect the men's treasures (pipes, tobacco, love-letters, war trophies, and the like) into little parcels, put out the torn things for our mending heap, and store the sacks in numbered order in one of what Royaumont calls 'garrets.' We could put a row of modern villas into our big storeroom. The men's outdoor clothes go into a separate attic, where they hang from the good old oak rafters in a current of fresh air, and everything is numbered and entered up in our alphabetical record. The next stage is the mending. A wonderful Frenchwoman, Madame Fox, the wife of an English resident of our village (Asnières-sur-Oise), undertakes the mending of the washed linen. We ourselves tackle the uniforms, with the noble assistance of Mrs. Hacon . . .

ROYAUMONT.



FLEET OF AMBULANCES AT ROYAUMONT.



SIX OF THE ROYAUMONT "GIANTS," 5 FT. 9 IN. TO 6 FT.

(To face p. 29.)

through whose ingenuity I have seen the 'veste' of an artilleryman, minus half a sleeve, made into a wondrous garment with warm woollen cuffs,—all because there was nothing in the world to mend it with but a pair of navy blue bed-socks,—and an old scarlet sock repair a breach made by shell in a pair of infantryman's trousers.

"Indeed, we are earning a good name for this Women's Hospital for turning out our men not only mended in body, but repaired in equipment. They say the men from Royaumont are recognisable by their healthy red cheeks and their clean good clothes. It is a real pleasure to see the wounded man's face when he sees his kit, washed and renovated, folded ready for him to wear."

More than one visitor to Royaumont has written of the sports, concerts, and dances occasionally held there. They describe the Staff "off duty," and for that reason are interesting. Running like a connecting link through all the units we find among the personnel of each this elasticity of spirit, this power of doing and daring great things, and yet of being able to thoroughly enjoy sports, concerts, and dances.

For a period of several months there was a run of very tall women at Royaumont. During the slack winter of 1915-1916 many sports and amusements for both patients and Staff were organized. Hockey teams amongst the Staff were the order of the day. Two teams played each other—"The Giants" and "The Bantams." The maximum height of the Bantams was five feet seven inches!

For a description of the kitchen and cooking at Royaumont we must turn to a correspondent of the *Times*: "In the kitchen of an old monastery, a group of British women, all of good education, are cooking and scrubbing and washing up all day long, and they have been doing

it for many months. The way they cook potatoes is a thing to write poetry about, and the French soldiers who have eaten them will tell you that they want to go back to that monastery, which is now a hospital, because the food is so good. Not only do these women cooks of the educated classes cook well, but they are economical; not mean, but merely not wasteful; and that is a very strong point in their favour."

The account of the kitchen would not be complete without mention of "Michelet of Royaumont." A famous chef before the war, he was wounded in 1915 and came as a patient to Royaumont. Being afterwards put into the auxiliary service, he asked to be taken on as chef, and became famous in many a market and in other quarters as "Michelet of Royaumont."

Mention must also be made of the X-ray car, the first gift of the London Committee, the record of whose splendid contribution to the work of the S.W.H. appears in subsequent chapters. It was equipped on a magnificent scale and cost three thousand pounds. "The chief advantage of such a car is that it can travel about from one hospital to another. Otherwise the wounded have to be taken, sometimes at great personal risk, to wherever the X-ray apparatus happens to be stationed. The delay thus occasioned, quite apart from the physical strain of a long drive, may make all the difference between life and death to the wounded."

The car was utilised at once, and with it Dr. Agnes Savill, the first radiographer at Royaumont, did the X-ray work for the Condé and Jockey Hospitals at Chantilly, the Rothschild Hospital at Laversine, and for the beautiful little hospital at Chambly.

In June 1915 the new laboratory was opened. In writing of this event Miss Ivens says: "We have had a deluge of Generals. Yesterday General Michel, formerly

ROYAUMONT.



KITCHEN AT ROYAUMONT, WITH HEAD COOK AND
"MICHELET OF ROYAUMONT."



"VÊTEMENT" DEPARTMENT.

To face p. 30.

Governor of Paris, came with Madame Michel, and we took the opportunity to open the new laboratory, which is a great success. They brought with them Professor Pinard, and all seemed delighted that the patients looked so well. This afternoon General Pelle came from French Headquarters and talked to each soldier. He seemed pleased, and while he was here our old friend, General Dzievonski, formerly Médecin of the 2nd Army, arrived from Paris. The latter told Dr. Berry that what amazed him most was the extremely good behaviour and discipline of the men."

We may fitly close this account of the first year's work at Royaumont with a few extracts from an article written that year by one of the Staff, entitled the "Soul of a War Hospital."

"Of the advance party of five who came over early in December of last year, only two remain—our secretary and our head chauffeur; of the original Staff there are only a few nurses and orderlies left—but only two of the doctors are missing, and our chief has only once left the Hospital for a night during the whole history of the Unit. . . . All our men are sorry to leave us, but the departure of some of our older friends is doleful in the extreme; and we miss them as much as they miss the curious world-in-itself sort of existence that makes up the life at Royaumont.

"We may be a hundred yards or so outside the Army zone; we may get wounded men fresh from the monstrous life of the front-line trenches, broken and mutilated . . . but for all that we are far from the war and from the outside world. . . . We are a ship's company on a vessel that voyages always in mid-ocean, calling at no ports, speaking to no ships in passing. We are a cosmos complete in ourselves. Our past lives 'before the war' slip from off our memory like reality from the minds of those

that dream. Our future—when the war is over—the mind refuses to grasp. There seems no other life. And though we may be quartered in a cloistered Abbey, with the ruins of a religious age around us, there is nothing of the institution about us. We are not patterned out to a set of rules and regulations laid down for us. *We have grown.*

“The soul of Royaumont is a curious, almost a tangible, thing. It disciplines the little soldiers of France without rules; it binds and controls the voluntary Staff without contract or laws. It is a thing mystic and forceful that will leave us, each one of us, different from that which we were before it touched us. It is a psychological experience that we and the French soldiers cannot go through together without becoming in some mysterious sense comrades. They feel it too, the men. I have seen a letter from a young volunteer of good position and fortune, written to a French friend several weeks after he had left us, and in it he tells her how this common soul of Royaumont affected him and witnessed to him of the comradeship between the people of the British nation and the citizens of France. The experience to him—he was a boy of twenty-one—was something sacramental. Thank Heaven for the inspiration that first made a Scotswoman conceive the notion of the Scottish Hospitals for Foreign Service, and for the chance that brought our Unit to this ancient relic of the far-off days of Saint Louis.”

CHAPTER II

1916-1917

THERE were several interesting events in these years. The opening of the "Canada" Ward was connected with the great push on the Somme, which lasted approximately from 2nd to 25th July 1916. "During the first week of July over three hundred cases were admitted to Royaumont, nearly all gravely wounded. The original theatre and a smaller one, improvised near a convenient ward, were kept busy all day long—one for twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four during the first three days. The X-ray department organized a day and night shift, and worked without intermission. Day and night our chauffeurs were on the road conveying the wounded men from the military evacuating station. Day and night our band of surgeons and nurses worked under the unwearying example of our chief, Miss Ivens. During that first week in July three hours' consecutive sleep was an inconceivable luxury, yet no one regarded her share in such a time as other than a privilege. Certain it is that only by such assiduous labour were saved the lives and limbs of many of these gas-infected men."

To meet the sudden influx of patients the "Canada" Ward was opened on 18th July 1916. Miss Burke had collected four thousand pounds from the cities of Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and London (Ontario), and the Canadian Red Cross had made a grant of two thousand pounds. This generous gift came, it will be seen, at a most opportune time.

The opening ceremony was performed by Mr. W. Matthews, a well-known Ottawan, who with Mlle. Montizambert, also representing the Canadian Red Cross, decorated the ward with the Canadian flag. "Though most of the men there at that time were very badly injured, they managed to raise themselves in bed and give a cheer for Canada when they heard the flag had been brought so many thousand miles." And surely flag never hung in such a hospital ward before. For the hall chosen is the old refectory of the Abbey, where the King was wont to feed over one hundred monks; the hatch remains where he took the dishes passed through from the adjoining kitchen. The long room has a delicate and refined beauty, with its row of pointed windows, its slender pillars, and its groined roof, and it was this ward which the generous gift from Canada opened for the use of the wounded Frenchmen.

Many of the French colonials were fighting for France, amongst them the Senegalese from West Africa—big, powerful men, unused to the methods and customs of civilisation, they were found difficult to manage in most hospitals. Miss Ivens tells their story :

"Even the Senegalese, who, with a ward full of Arabs, arrived among the July rush of badly wounded, and the professional soldiers of the Foreign Legion and Colonial troops (notoriously difficult) quickly responded to the spirit of Royaumont, and made themselves happy in its peace and quiet. The black soldiers at first were like frightened wild animals, timid and fearing everything. When they found themselves surrounded by kindness, they quickly realised that all were anxious to ease their suffering, and their gratitude knew no bounds. A special favourite was Sister Williams, who had a wonderful way with them, and it was most amusing to see the minute Sister escorted by her bodyguard of great black soldiers. When she left

they were simply heart-broken and wept bitterly. When the day arrived for the evacuation of all the 'blackies' there was one of the most touching and affecting scenes the Hospital had ever witnessed. Every one was wondering what fate had in store for these poor, maimed Senegalese. Suspecting they would be home-sick, Sister Winstanley and orderly Chapman spent their leave journeying across France to find them, and to take them little presents, and brought back pathetic stories of their overwhelming joy at the sight of friendly faces.

"It is a great thing to a man who is away from his own people to feel that he really matters to some one else, not as a case, but as an individual, and, as one boy patient said, 'Royaumont is like a great big family, not like a hospital at all.' We were amused to hear that a patient, sent out for convalescence, had requested to be directed to another hospital managed by women, and was astonished to hear that there was only one Royaumont in France."

One of the Royaumont Giants gives us some details of the Senegalese:

"The black native troops from the French African colonies and a few from the West Indian colonies were put into the 'London' Ward. These men were completely uncivilised; none of them had been in a bed before; very few had slept under a roof, and this new mode of warfare was beyond their comprehension. The mere fact of their being wounded by shell was utterly beyond them, and a hospital was a terrifying place.

"The ward for a day or two was very unlike a hospital ward—bedclothes always on the floor; bandages and dressings also lying about, and no amount of tidying ever made the place look right, as the things were off again before the poor orderly could turn round. This ward staff consisted of two Sisters and three orderlies.

36 SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS

There were ninety-nine steps to be climbed with coal, food, stretchers, etc., and long passages to be traversed. Cases were constantly going to and from the theatres and X-ray rooms. Dressings were never-ending, and the day's washing was always a very heavy one. After the first week 'London' was found too cold a ward for the men, and they were moved into 'Elsie,'¹ a lovely sunny ward. This they thought was promotion, and they began to think we were not so bad after all, and were much more biddable. Before they went out their behaviour was perfect, and they were anxious to help in every way, particularly with the heavy work. If a man tried to be annoying, it was quite sufficient for Sister to say, 'So-and-so will bring up the salad to-day instead of you,' and the man subsided on the spot. Quite the biggest man was Coulibali, well over six feet. During the first week in hospital he managed by some extraordinary means to secrete a huge knife which he kept beside him in bed, determined to be revenged on the surgeon who had amputated his arm! But he proved, eventually, to be the greatest help in the ward, and the other men always turned to him for advice and leadership in everything. He was almost the first to realise that we were not evil witches, but were really helping them, and he talked the others round. He had a wonderful bracelet round his arm of beaten copper and brass, about three feet long, and shaped like a serpent. When Sister asked him about it, he managed to make her understand that he used it to beat his wives with, and was much astonished to find that she was horrified at this idea. When he was being discharged, he turned to Sister and promised her, with tears in his eyes, that he would never beat his wives again."²

The visit of the French President in September 1916

¹ This ward was called after Dr. Elsie Inglis.

² But he kept the bracelet!

ROYAUMONT.



"ELSIE INGLIS" WARD WITH SENEGALESES.



VISIT OF M. POINCARÉ.
President of the French Republic.



THREE OF THE CHAUFFEURS.

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was a great honour for Royaumont and created much interest in the district.

"Towards the end of last week Miss Ivens received an intimation that Monsieur Poincaré proposed to pay a visit to the Hospital on the following Wednesday to see the wounded and to thank the Staff for the work done at Royaumont for the relief of the French soldiers. Some of our many friends, both English and French, were invited; a little treat was arranged for the patients, and the band of the nearest regiment invited to play in the cloisters.

"Though the day when it came was cold, showery, and ungenial, our neighbours from the surrounding villages thronged the roads and flocked into the grounds to see the approach of their President coming to honour their dear *Dames Écossaises* with a visit.

"At the approach of the President's motor we all gathered in the hall to receive him and Madame Poincaré. Without delay the round of the Hospital was begun, and Monsieur Poincaré shook hands with every man as he passed, always addressing a few words to him as well. The route was through the 'Millicent Fawcett' Ward into the cloisters, where the President was greeted by the 'Marseillaise,' followed by 'God Save the King,' played by the military band. 'Queen Mary,' 'Canada,' 'Jeanne d'Arc,' 'Marguerite d'Ecosse,' 'Blanche de Castile,' 'London,' and 'Elsie Inglis' were all visited in turn, the Senegalese in the latter rousing much interest as usual. No Frenchman seems to be able to understand how we can manage not only to keep them in order, but to teach them good manners. 'Canada' was also much admired. It was looking its best, indeed the speckless condition of all the wards was a matter of general comment. In 'Canada' one of the men presented the President with a sketch of Royaumont."

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The President was accompanied by M. Justin Godard, Sous-secrétaire d'Etat du Service de Santé and by Médecin-Inspecteur Général Sieur.

A constant visitor to Royaumont was Docteur Weinberg, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris. In his lecture on Gas Gangrene, to the members of the medical profession in Glasgow, he paid a fine tribute to the work of this Hospital.

"He had, he said, seen hundreds and hundreds of military hospitals, but none the organization and direction of which won his admiration so completely. Every duty in the Hospital, from those of the chief surgeon to the chauffeur of the motor ambulances, was performed by women. He was impelled to express his admiration of the manner in which cases were treated. The military authorities had such confidence in the Hospital that they were ready to trust to its care the most severe class of cases. Of the bacteriological department of the Hospital, which was arranged by Dr. Butler, Dr. Weinberg was equally enthusiastic. He was struck with the most perfect order which prevailed, notwithstanding the apparently entire absence of anything in the form of rigid disciplinary measures. He attributed this order to the fact that the patients recognised how devoted were the Staff to their care and interests. It was the soldiers' natural recognition of the excellent services and attention given by all the Staff to their care and interests. Dr. Weinberg expressed the opinion that he could not imagine any activity on the part of women that would so effectively further the cause of the women's movement as the work of the Scottish Women's Hospital."

Dr. Weinberg gave great material help to the Hospital by providing a large quantity of his anti-gangrenous serum, which was invaluable in the treatment of gas gangrene.

In the end of 1916 Miss Ivens came home on a fort-

night's leave. In her visit to the Headquarters Committee she gave the following account of the two years' work in the Hospital :

" Our doctors have worked with untiring energy. Dr. Nicholson and Dr. Berry and Dr. Agnes Savill have been props of the Hospital from the beginning, and Dr. Ross and Dr. Agnes Savill have only recently left us. All the doctors, as well as the Sisters, are regarded with the greatest affection and respect by their patients. The orderlies generally are a great success, and in the words of an old volunteer *infirmier*, 'run about all day, never tired, performing the most menial tasks with smiling faces.' Our chauffeurs, under Miss Williams, are a great credit to the Hospital, and are admired everywhere, not only for their skilful and capable driving, but for the care they take of their cars. We find our soldiers extraordinarily grateful for the individual interest taken in their cases. Their perfect obedience and confidence makes discipline child's play, and our own regulation sergeant (realising the fact early on) retired to the bureau, where he compiles the *paperassière*, as dear to the French as red tape is to the British official. . . . Most of our soldiers, after leaving, write charmingly expressed letters of thanks to their doctors and nurses ; the refrain of all is the same, ' I owe my life to your care,' and it is an overwhelming recompense.

" We all have the greatest admiration for the French soldier. He is simple, easily pleased, and his heroism and tenacity have surpassed everything that the world has ever seen. We expected courage, but we did not realise that to this would be added such inimitable perseverance and sustained effort. He says nothing about what he has suffered. '*C'est la guerre*' is his favourite phrase. When the President of the French Republic visited Royaumont, Madame Poincaré gave each man a

bag of presents, with the inscription, '*Jusqu'au bout*,' and this expresses the general attitude of mind.

"The Hospital has been very fortunate in its official visitors, from the President downwards. Their appreciation has been shown materially by a further grant of £1000 from the French Government in recognition of the beds added to meet the strain of the July offensive. M. Doumerue, the Minister for the Colonies, after a visit, also arranged that a grant of £400 should be given on behalf of the Senegalese and Arabs. Certainly the French people who know Royaumont fully recognise and express through their official representatives, the *Préfets* of the Seine and Seine-et-Oise, and the *Maires* of all the neighbouring towns, their gratitude for what is done for their people, and recognise, in the words of Vice-Admiral Touchard, the *Délégué* of the French Red Cross, 'the unfailing and untiring generosity' of our Society.

"From its inception, Royaumont owes much to the encouragement and sympathy of Dr. Cousergue, the *médecin-chef* of the evacuating station at Creil, who after his first visit adopted the Hospital as his own. He describes the Staff as his *enfants gâtés*, and is never weary of displaying the charms of the Hospital to the many distinguished visitors he brings over. At the opening of the 'Canada' Ward in July, Dr. Cousergue said that without the resources of Royaumont he would have been hard pressed to meet the needs of the many wounded coming in from the Somme, and that many more lives would have been lost.

"Like many British base hospitals in France, Royaumont has done its best during slack times for the civilian population. Urgent operation cases are taken in when sent by their doctors or by the embarrassed *médecin-majors* who find themselves the only doctors left in the towns. Being voluntary, we are able to deal with cases

which the *hôpital militaire* must decline on account of its regulations.

"During the last few weeks of his life we had under our care in the Hospital the English husband of our kind French helper, Madame Fox, and every one felt it a privilege to be of the slightest assistance to one who had given so much personal service to the Hospital."

¹ "The degree to which the surrounding districts appreciate the help given to civilian patients may be judged from a letter just received from the acting mayor of Coye :

"COYE, 2nd May 1916.

"I am commissioned by the municipal council and the inhabitants of Coye to offer you our thanks for the skill and generosity with which you have treated our sick. There are many persons in this neighbourhood who owe their lives to your hospital, and they, as well as their families, will be eternally grateful.

"The reputation of your skilled surgeon, Miss Ivens, and the nursing of your splendid Staff has long passed the limits of your Hospital itself ; and you may be assured that your stay here will leave in the entire countryside, and particularly in this commune, a lasting memory of your goodness during the miseries of this dreadful war."

In May 1917 Miss Cicely Hamilton resigned her post as administrator to undertake other work. Her work for the Scottish Women at Royaumont had been invaluable. In writing to the Committee just before she left, Miss Hamilton says :

"... I should like to say this, those of you whose work lies at home can hardly realise its indirect effect for good upon the men and women with whom we have come in contact. I do not judge by official compliments—which

¹ Miss Cicely Hamilton.

are always flowery—or the polite remarks of visitors ; I judge by all the little things I have seen and heard, the interested and often puzzled questions of my French friends and acquaintances. So far as my observation goes, the work of our countrywomen in France stands high in public estimation ; we are still accounted curious, we are occasionally a jest, but it is always a kindly jest ; if we are not always understood we can say with truth we are trusted. It is something to have served for two years and a half with those who have proved themselves worthy of trust ; and for that alone I shall always remember Royaumont."

CHAPTER III

VILLERS COTTERETS

IN the spring of 1917 Miss Ivens was asked by the French Military Authorities to open another Hospital farther north, in the district where preparations were being made for an autumn advance. Accordingly in July, one at Villers Cotterets was opened, forty miles north of Royaumont and fourteen miles directly south of Soissons. Its career was brilliant though short—three rushes of work in October, and in March and May of the following year—steady, continuous work in between, and the final drama of tremendous stress and sudden evacuation in the last five days of May.

The three rushes of work followed consecutively on the French retaking the Chemin des Dames in October, the German advance on the British front in March, and the big push of the Germans in May 1918.

“Our Hospital at Villers Cotterets¹ was different in every respect from Royaumont. Here we lived in huts, each member of the Staff having a cubicle just large enough to hold a bed and a shelf for a jug and basin.

“There were nine huts named after the Allies—each hut a separate ward, the two largest, ‘Britain’ and ‘America,’ holding forty-two beds each.

“When the advance party of Scottish Women arrived at Villers Cotterets, the camp appeared a desolate spot, muddy and untidy; but before we left, between

¹ The account of Villers Cotterets is given by one of Dr. Inglis' nieces who worked at Royaumont from January 1915.

each hut were growing potatoes, lettuces, peas, cabbages, etc., and in front of the laboratory, office, kitchen, and *vêtement* huts there were tiny flower gardens, tended by the staffs of these huts with the greatest care. We grew to be very proud of our vegetable and flower gardens, and very soon notices began to appear with 'Please do not throw soapy water here ; these are peas,' and 'Please do not throw hot water on the lettuces.'

"The winter of 1917-1918 was very cold. On the coldest night a thermometer inside one of the sleeping huts registered twenty-two degrees of frost. Our breath froze to the sheets, our hair to the pillows, our rubber boots to the floor, our sponges would have seriously hurt any one if by chance we had used them as bombs, and hot water spilled on the floor would in five minutes be frozen solid. The camp was under snow for three months, and huge icicles hung from the roofs of the huts. During all this time the health of the Unit was better than it had ever been. The night orderlies had a hard time, as many a night they would have to carry food from the kitchen hut to the different wards, it being quite impossible to cook food in the ward kitchens. An icy gale might be blowing and snow whirling round them, the night as black as pitch, and it would be quite impossible for them to see where they were going, or to keep clear of the deep ditches. Often at night in 'Britain' I have just been able to keep warm by sitting close up against the ward stove (a huge monster of solid iron), which if well stoked would become red-hot, dressed, in addition to my indoor uniform, in a thick jersey, scarf, and overcoat—and every member of the S.W.H. knows how warm that garment is. The people in the town told us it was the coldest winter since 1870.

"One of the features of our Hospital was the concerts held each week in a different hut. One of the first

VILLERS COTTERETS.



VIEW OF THE HOSPITAL AT VILLERS COTTERETS.



DOCTORS MAKING FURNITURE.



GARDENS AND MEMBERS OF THE STAFF AT VILLERS COTTERETS.

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questions a man was asked by his next-door neighbour, when he arrived at our camp, was, 'Can you sing?' And if the answer was 'Yes,' as it nearly always was, he was then asked as to the kind of songs he sang, and was informed that at the concerts of *les dames écossaises* only songs *convenables et comme il faut* were sung!

"There must be many little French children to-day who have learned from their fathers new games undreamed of before the war, such as Hunt the Slipper, Oranges and Lemons, Nuts in May, and Musical Chairs. Their fathers first played them at the S.W.H., and I am sure that no child has entered into these games with more real pleasure and spirit than did their crippled fathers and brothers.

"Our one and only Christmas at Villers Cotterets was a great success. We invited fifty Canadian lumbermen over from their camp near by, to spend the afternoon and evening with us. The Staff gave them a real English tea, and afterwards a concert. Our *blessés* produced a play, acted and staged by themselves—a clever skit on the Hospital. For the first time the Staff saw themselves as others saw them. A reporter on the staff of a Paris daily paper pays a visit to the hospital. The most amusing parts of the piece were the absolute calm and indifference, on the part of the Staff, at the explosion of a supposed bomb close by, and the wild panic which takes place on news coming through that '*La Colonelle*' (Miss Ivens) was on her way from Royaumont to pay the Hospital a flying visit! I can truthfully say we never did 'panic' when '*La Colonelle*' sent word that she was on her way up, but we came within bowing distance of it more than once. Royaumont had set such a high standard, and we were afraid to fall below it. We were a very young hospital, but I do not think we ever disgraced the old place.

"Never shall I forget the noise of the bombardment that last week of March 1918. It warned us of the coming rush of work, but it was only when on the second day three ambulances drew up at our camp and wounded Canadians were lifted out and carried into the receiving ward, that we realised that the Germans had broken through on the British front. These men belonged to the Fort Garry Horse. They had found their way, when cut off, into the French lines, and it was there they were wounded. We had never had Canadians in our camp before, and if these men were typical of the Canadian soldier, it is no wonder he is so famous. The majority were very dangerously wounded and needed immediate operation. Their surprise when they first realised that they had landed in a British hospital behind the French lines, and that the hospital was staffed by women, bereft them almost entirely of speech, and a Canadian is very seldom at a loss for words wherewith to express himself. One sergeant who recovered before the rest of the men, was told that he was to be sent over to Blighty for convalescence and leave, but he begged to be allowed to spend his leave with the S.W.H.

"Our camp had none of the quiet seclusion of Royaumont. The town was a military centre, with a large railway junction, and the camp was built on an important branch of the main line; a road ran past the entrance to the camp directly to the front, consequently we knew a little of what was taking place along our bit of front.

"Good Friday morning in March 1918 will always stand out in my memory. It found us still hard at work, after twenty-four hours of continuous labour, attending to a trainload of wounded, who had arrived the night before. I remember how British troops were in the forest, on all the roads, and resting in our camp, how a continuous stream of refugees poured past the

hospital, and how a British padre, who was passing with his men, stopped for an hour to hold a service for the Staff in the Refectory Hut.

"When the German advance in March was stopped before Amiens, our work at Villers Cotterets slackened, but not so at Royaumont, which was now being used as a Casualty Clearing Station. Six of our orderlies, who had been sent for, arrived at the Abbey to find the Staff almost played out. They were met at the gate by one of the chauffeurs, covered from head to foot in dust, who was almost too tired to speak; but when asked, she informed them that she could not remember when she was last in bed, and certainly would not like to make any definite statement as to when she would eventually get there.¹

"When the work began to get lighter and the majority of the cases had been operated on, the Villers Cotterets party was sent back. In April 1918 the hospital was placed under the control of the 6th Army as *Hôpital auxiliaire d'armée* 30.

"Spring at Villers Cotterets was a very beautiful time, wild flowers grew thick in the woods, violets, wild hyacinth and lily-of-the-valley. Little did we think that we were to lose our Hospital within a week or two. Our nights began to be less peaceful. For two weeks before the German advance, Gothas visited Villers Cotterets and all the towns on the main line every night. At ten-thirty every night as regularly as clockwork the Gothas and a French ammunition

¹ "In the great Somme push of 1916, during the first week of July, all the rest these chauffeurs got was on a porter's barrow at the railway station, if by a lucky chance they arrived at the railway junction before the train of wounded. They would roll themselves up in a rug and go fast asleep. Many a time have I known these girls, after overhauling their cars, come into the wards and theatres to help with the newly arrived wounded, and wash the theatre cloths, spending their only spare hours out of the twenty-four in helping us."

train would arrive at our camp at the same moment! The railway line had a sharp bend in it just before it reached the Hospital which the train found very difficult to negotiate. The poor old engine would puff and pant as it pulled its heavy load round the bend, but above its wheezy expostulations could ever be heard the deep hum of the Gothas' engines—we did not like it, to say the least of it. We could picture to ourselves only too vividly the result of an aerial torpedo on that train, dropped as it was puffing its weary way past the camp.

“When the news came through that the Germans were attacking along the Chemin des Dames, reinforcements for our camp were sent from Royaumont. That last week at Villers Cotterets will ever be remembered by the Staff as a terrible nightmare. Night after night Gothas flew over the Hospital on their way to bomb Villers Cotterets, Crépy, Senlis, Chantilly, and Paris—day after day smaller German planes flew over and dropped bombs on the town. The orderly who went every day to fetch the letters from the Military Post Office in the town, had one or two narrow escapes, but she stuck to her work up to the day we evacuated. For the last four nights we were allowed no electric light in the camp, and the operations had to be performed by candlelight. Only the very worst cases were sent in, the others were immediately evacuated. The pluck and endurance of these men were very wonderful. They had been days without food, always retreating in front of an enemy far superior in numbers. Their wounds were terrible, and in most cases they arrived at the hospital minus even a field dressing. Lying on their stretchers they could hear hour after hour the Gothas passing overhead, and the explosions of the bombs close by, but not one man showed signs of panic or lost his

nerve. They lay quietly waiting their turn to go into the operation theatre. For four nights and three days the Staffs of the theatre and the receiving wards worked without ceasing except for meals. We began to lose all sense of time, and worked like machines. On the last morning when we stopped for breakfast, Theatre Sister went fast asleep sitting bolt upright on a bench, and she had to be shaken before she could be awakened.

"On the morning of 29th May Miss Ivens received orders to be ready to evacuate that evening, as the enemy was advancing rapidly, and it was too dangerous to remain. Soissons had fallen. La Ferté-Millon, a town eight miles to the east of us, had been taken that day. The Staff were given ten minutes to pack up all their personal belongings, but were warned that everything would most likely be left behind. The work of the Hospital continued till 4.30 p.m., when all the instruments, basins, etc., in the operating theatre were bundled into sacks, and fires were allowed to go out.

"Just as the operating tables were being folded up, Miss Ivens came in to say that the authorities had asked us to stay on and work during the night, as many bad cases were coming in. Ours was the only Hospital left in working order in the district. The theatre was again set going, and the X-ray installations were set up by Miss Edith Stoney in less than two hours, and wounded were shortly pouring in once more. All that night the Gothas passed backwards and forwards overhead, and the noise from the exploding bombs was appalling. Time after time, even the shaded lanterns in the receiving ward had to be put out, leaving the ward in black darkness. A torpedo fell on our old friend the ammunition train—luckily not near the camp—and the sky was lit up for miles around by the fire that was caused by the exploding shells.

"Finally orders came on the morning of 30th May to stop operations and prepare to evacuate. The junior orderlies were sent down to Royaumont by car, and a party of doctors, sisters, and orderlies left the camp on foot early in the afternoon to walk into safety. It was a blazing hot day, and the roads were marked by clouds of dust hanging over the retreating army and the hundreds of refugees. Whilst the remaining Staff were waiting for the cars from Royaumont, they busied themselves by redoing dressings and giving food to the *blesés* and wrapping them in dressing-gowns and blankets, so that they should be ready immediately the cars arrived. By the time the first car appeared on the scene Villers Cotterets was being bombarded. Doctors, sisters, and orderlies got to work with the stretchers, and by 7.30 p.m. every man had been got away. The noise of the approaching guns was terrific. The remaining Staff left shortly afterwards in two motor-lorries. The saddest sight of that last week at Villers Cotterets was the less seriously wounded men streaming along the roads dead tired, and, in many cases, almost unable to drag themselves along. The first lorry passed through Chantilly during a big raid, and it was a question whether the Gothas or the lorry would get to the station first—we won the race, and so got to Royaumont safe but very tired."

The ambulances having safely deposited their loads at Royaumont returned to Villers Cotterets to find all the wounded and Staff evacuated, and were able to pick up walking cases on the road and a big supply of petrol for other possible emergencies.

CHAPTER IV

ROYAUMONT, 1918

AFTER the closing of Villers Cotterets both Units worked together at Royaumont until December 1918. The months of June, July, and part of August were the hardest times the Hospital had experienced. Its resources were taxed to the utmost, but the Staff rose to the occasion and passed through the time of pressure triumphantly. On 29th December the Hospital began to empty, 250 men being passed out, but it stayed open until the end of February, as several men were too ill to be discharged before then.

In the letter which follows we can mark the growth of Royaumont during this last year, and the amount of the work undertaken. As we read of the 600 beds asked for by the French Military Authorities, we cannot but revert in memory to the six patients sent in so cautiously in January 1915.

Miss Ivens, writing in July, reviews the work at Royaumont since the evacuation of Villers Cotterets.

" . . . The following morning, 31st May, I returned to Senlis to see for myself the *Médecin-Principal*. I arrived during a conference of all the army medical authorities involved, including *Médecin-Inspecteur Général Sieur* and the *Médecin* of the 6th Army. Senlis was to function as a clearing-station. We were to fetch our patients from there, and our *équipes chirurgicales* of H.A.A. 30, Villers Cotterets, were to work at Royaumont. It was all fixed in about five minutes.

We got a load of wounded and took them back at once with us. Two extra theatres were arranged. Matron Lindsay took charge of one and Sister Everingham from Villers Cotterets was to do the night work.

"So we have gone on. As Villers Cotterets was an Army hospital and Royaumont Red Cross, I arranged to fill up the papers so that there should be little administrative difficulty. Since then the Service de Santé also offered the Villers Cotterets Staff a hospital of 600 beds at Troyes, which I refused, as it was impossible for us to do more than we were doing. Now the Army has asked us to double our beds here, while Creil wants us to keep 300. I have agreed to increase here to 600, in huts provided by the Army, who are sending extra beds and bedding. We are to have forty *infirmiers*.

"Yesterday the flow of patients stopped and I went to Senlis to see what had happened. I fortunately came across the consulting surgeon of the 10th Army, who said the Médecin-Chef of the Gare Régulatrice had asked to have our beds reserved—kept empty for emergencies at Creil. He took me round his hospitals, which were splendidly organized, and kept me to see the Deputy Chief Inspector, who was coming that afternoon. The consulting surgeon said he would also like to have 300 beds at Royaumont for fresh cases, which we were to fetch from an advance post. The Deputy Chief Inspector M. Mercier and the Commandant Verdet Kleber from the Ministère de la Guerre brought me back to Royaumont and took a letter to the Chief Inspector to get the permission of the Grand Quartier Général that this should be done on the understanding that we work directly under the Army as H.A.A. 30. The necessary army order arrived on 15th July—in time for the big push of 18th July. I am very glad, as it is much easier to work."

The following extracts from the letter of a Royau-mont orderly give us some insight into the work of these last months from March onwards. For her picture of "La Colonelle" we are grateful.

"... Miss Ivens, 'La Colonelle,' beloved and respected by every man that passed through Royaumont, was never too tired or too busy to go to the parties in the wards, and this was a continual source of pleasure to the men. It was also a perpetual wonder to them that she took a personal interest in them, and always seemed to know all about them. They were not so astonished at their own particular *doctoresse* being interested in them, but that 'La Colonelle' should know and name them and ask after their leg or arm or their bronchitis or rheumatism always amazed them. It was small wonder that they loved her. During one of the worst rushes in the spring of 1918, a boy was brought in with a dreadful leg, and as gas gangrene had set in, amputation was necessary. The poor lad, however, was too far gone, and there was no hope. He knew he was dying, and kept asking for 'La Colonelle.' Sister eventually sent to see if Miss Ivens could spare time to come down and see the boy. Miss Ivens had been operating night and day for days past and, as it so happened, was just going to rest for half an hour. But she came to the ward and sat with the boy, doing everything for him herself till he died. Discipline was really quite an easy matter—'*C'est l'ordre de la Colonelle*' was more than sufficient to obtain instant obedience. Cut-and-dry rules were non-existent. Each ward was a happy family with Sister at its head, and the men fully realised and appreciated this. . . .

"In March 1918, amusements and picnics came to an abrupt end. Every case fit for transport was evacuated before the German push began. Great was our

surprise, when the new *blessés* began to arrive, to see British officers and men brought in from the cars. But after this first batch of about twenty we saw no more British at Royaumont, except isolated men who had fallen in with the French. Big convoys always arrived at night, and almost invariably when an air raid was taking place. Night after night the chauffeurs were out, after a hard day's work, bringing in men along roads that in peace time would have been considered unsafe owing to the holes—and they could not show any lights on account of the accompanying Hun above. After a fortnight, things settled down a little, and although the work was still heavy it was possible during May to overtake it. After the evacuation of Villers Cotterets on 31st May the men arrived in a never-ending stream, all stretcher cases and all very badly wounded, requiring immediate operation. The wards were packed with operation cases. Men were not kept in for more than thirty-six hours, if it were at all possible to transport them. But a large number had to be kept, as there were so many cases of complicated fractures, and abdominal, head, and lung injuries not in a condition to be moved.

“One of our most devoted helpers was the old *curé* from Asnières, a man well over seventy. Every day, rain or sun, he tramped to and from the Hospital—three kilometres each way. He attended to the men's little wants on arrival—distributed notepaper and cigarettes and drinks, and in many cases wrote letters for the men. He was very kind and jovial, and the men loved his favourite joke with which he greeted them on arrival—‘*A Royaumont le secteur est calme.*’ The Staff adored him, for he had a friendly word for every member of it, and his admiration for ‘*La Colonelle*’ had no limit. Very often it was necessary to send for

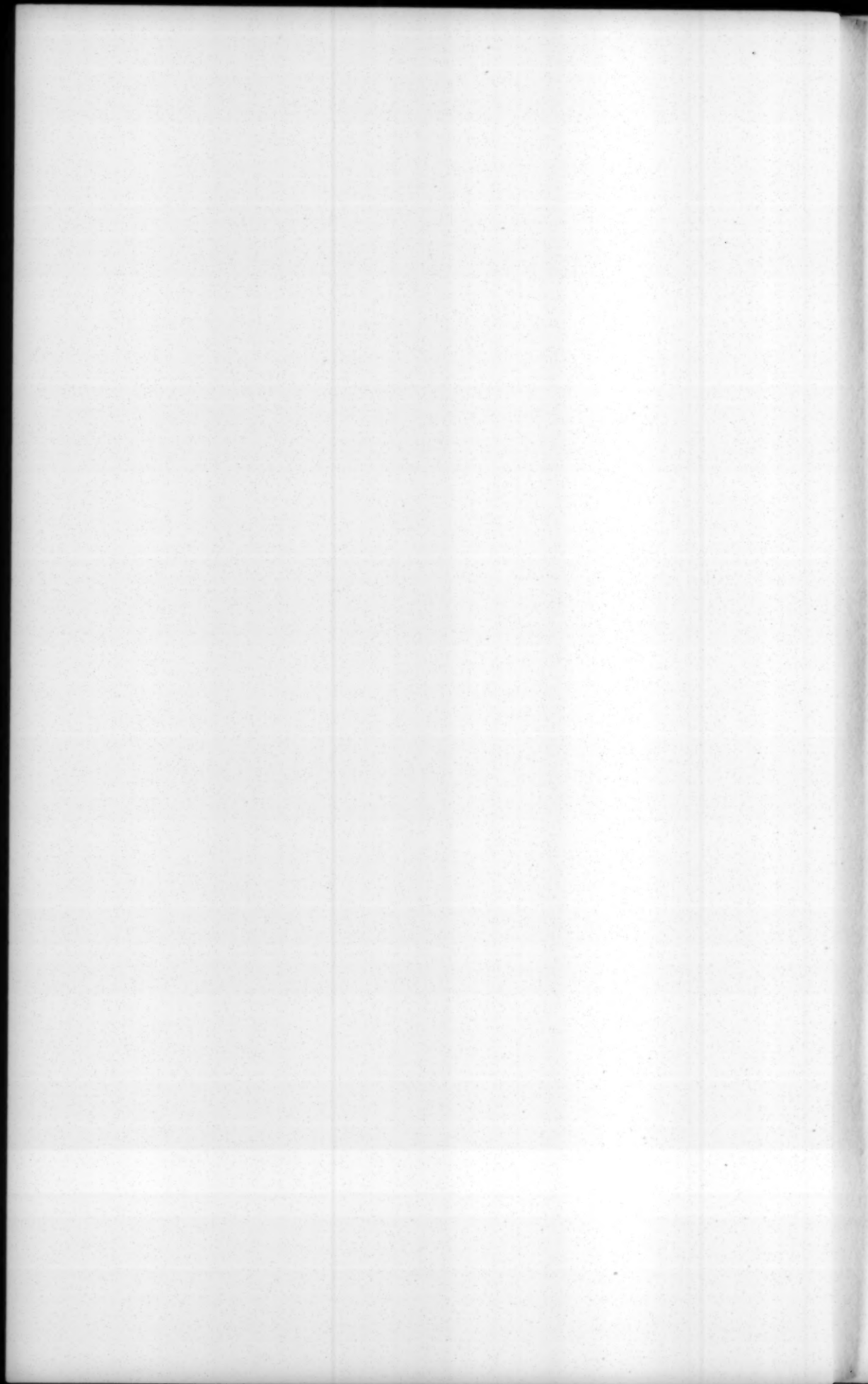


VIEWS OF THE CLOISTERS AT THE ABBAYE DE ROYAUMONT.



"THE LOW STONE SEATS WERE THROGGED WITH MEN EATING."

[To face p. 55.]



him during the night to a dying man, and no matter how hard his day's work had been he turned out immediately. His goodness also extended to the relatives of the *blesés*, who in many cases came from a great distance. The curé found rooms for them among his parishioners when his own house was full, and showed them every possible courtesy.

"One day in June stands out very clearly. In the morning a telephone message was received that two hundred and fifty walking cases were being sent us for dressing, and that they were to be sent on at once. When they arrived, it was found that these poor men had been on the road for over three days, going from one dressing-station to another, and had had practically no food. So Royaumont decided to feed them. Our French cook, 'Michelet,' rose magnificently to the occasion, as he always did. The only available place to feed the men was in the Cloisters, and accordingly they trooped out there. They were provided first with soap, water, and towels for a much-needed and appreciated wash, and then with a good square meal of soup, cold meat and salad, fruit and '*pinard*.' It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Dressings were going on, men were being discharged, and all stretcher cases had to be taken through the Cloisters, and the low stone seats were thronged with men eating. Sister was heard to remark that it was really like doing dressings in the middle of Piccadilly Circus. In the middle of July word was received to evacuate every possible case, and once more we knew that something special was imminent. Soon after Americans began to pour in, some very bad indeed. The work was as heavy as ever, as we were working as a Casualty Clearing Station. There was very little respite until the armistice in November."

In December, twenty-three members of both Units,

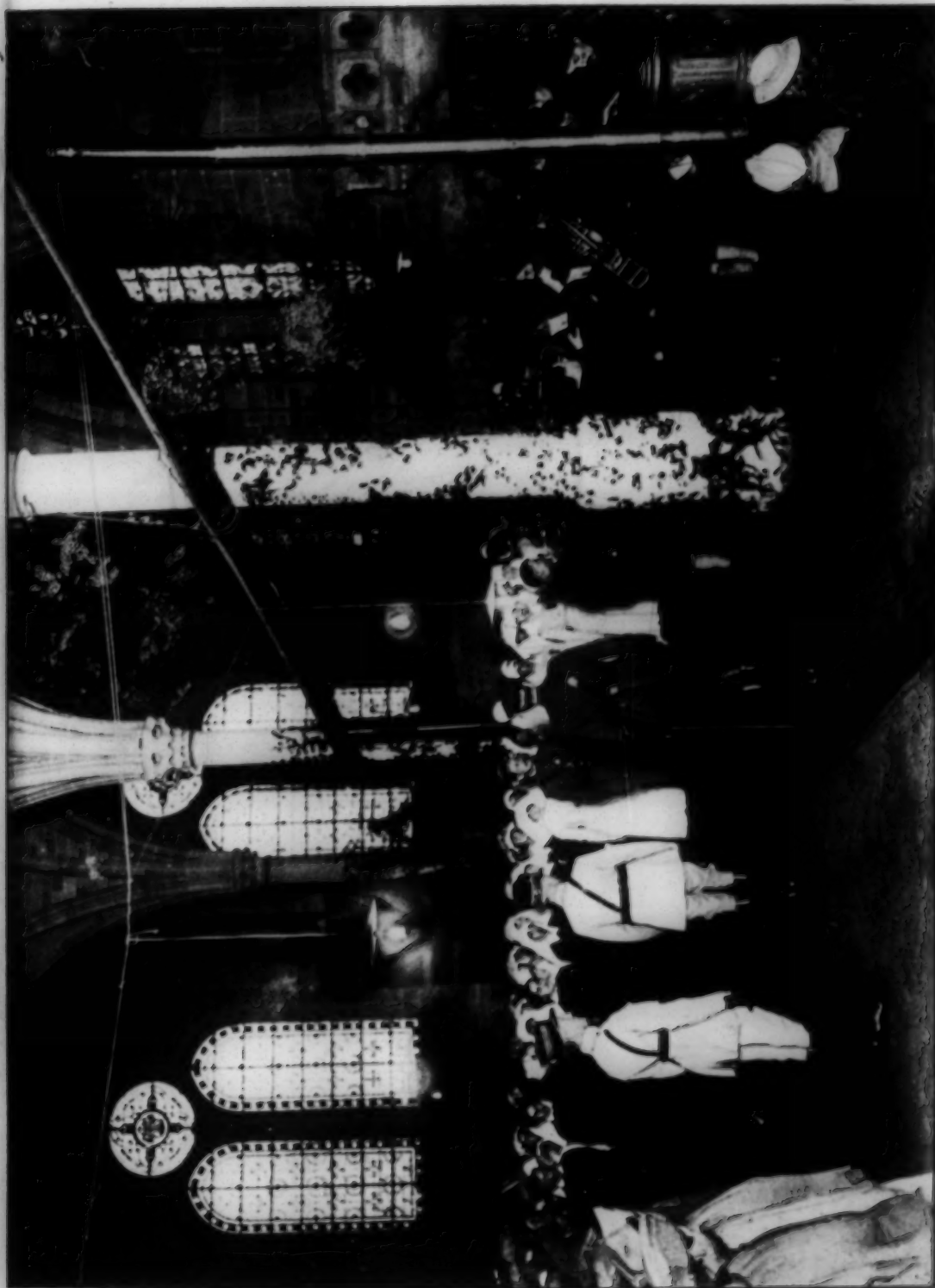
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Royaumont and Villers Cotterets, were decorated with the Croix de Guerre. Previously, on 26th February 1917, thirty members of the Royaumont Staff had received the *médaille d'honneur des Epidémies* for the general work done in the Hospital.

"On 12th December, just before its close, Royaumont received its greatest honour in the presentation of twenty-three Croix de Guerre to its Staff. It was a singularly picturesque ceremony, the beauty of the ancient Abbey lending a touch of enchantment to this modern scene—modern indeed, for where in the annals of history before these last four revolutionary years is to be found an instance of a woman's unit receiving military decorations at the hands of a foreign government for direct participation in war?

"At two o'clock in the afternoon all the Staff were gathered in the great hall now known as the ward 'Canada.' The beds had been cleared away from the centre of the ward, but there still remained a row of them down either side, in which were a number of the remaining *blésés*. The Staff stood at the far end, with those who were to receive the Croix de Guerre in a line in front. On the right-hand side was the band of the *12th Bataillon de Chasseurs Alpains*. On the left the *infirmiers* attached to the Hospital were drawn up. Owing to the departure of General Descoings for Alsace, General Nourrisson, General Commanding the Direction *des Etapes de l'Ouest du Groupe d'Armée Maistre*, was to give the decorations. There were present also from Paris, General Sir David Henderson and many other British and French officers.

"General Nourrisson and his Staff arrived at 2.30, heralded by a fanfare from the Chasseurs with the double flourish of their trumpets above their heads. Then followed the 'Marseillaise,' with all the military



PRESENTATION OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE TO 23 MEMBERS OF THE S.W.H. AT ROYAUMONT. [72 5/8 x 4, 56]

party standing at the salute. Next another fanfare was given, and the 'Citation' for Miss Ivens read out—a splendid and fitting tribute to her unceasing work of the past four years and a magnificent honour to the Hospital. She received the *Croix de Guerre avec Palme*. After that the 'Citations' were read out for each group in turn, the medal pinned on the breast in the name of the President of the French Republic, and the accolade given. Miss Ramsay-Smith received her decoration for her work as *Gestionnaire (Officier d'Administration)* of the Hôpital Auxiliaire d'Armée No. 30, and is doubtless the only woman holding such a position in France.

"The ceremony ended with another fanfare, a short speech of congratulation from the General, the 'Marseillaise' again, and lastly, 'God Save the King.' It was brief and impressive, and will be remembered long by those who shared in it. It was a most gracious acknowledgment by France of her debt to the Scottish Women's Hospitals of Royaumont and Villers Cotterets. The following is Miss Ivens' Citation :

"ORDRE No. 11.726 'D'

Grand Quartier Général des Armées
du Nord et du Nord-Est.

Le Maréchal de France, Commandant-en-Chef, les
Armées Françaises du Nord et du Nord-Est, cite
à L'Ordre de L'Armée.

MISS IVENS, Médecin-Chef de l'H.A.A. 30
(Scottish Women's Hospital),

"Forçant l'admiration de tous, a assuré de jour et de nuit le traitement des blessés français et alliés au cours des bombardements répétés de Villers Cotterets en Mai 1918.

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"A l'approche de l'ennemi, a replié sa formation au dernier moment sur l'Abbaye de ROYAUMONT où elle a continué sa mission humanitaire avec le plus absolu dévouement.

"AU GRAND QUARTIER GÉNÉRAL,
le 20 Novembre 1918.

Le Maréchal de France,
Commandant-en-Chef,
PETAIN."

" REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

Ministres

des Affaires Étrangères,
H.E. Direction des Affaires
Politiques et Commerciales,
AFRIQUE.

" PARIS, *le 31 Décembre 1918.*

" MADEMOISELLE, — Dans les rapports qu'il m'a adressés M. PIAT, Consul Général, chargé par mon département d'une mission d'assistance morale aux blessés musulmans en traitement dans les formations sanitaires, m'a exposé les services qu'avec une science admirable et un dévouement au dessus de tout éloge vous n'avez cessé, vous et vos éminentes collaboratrices, de rendre à nos soldats au cours de la guerre. Il m'a fait connaître les soins pleins de sollicitude que vous avez prodigués non seulement aux Français, mais aussi aux très nombreux tirailleurs africains qui ont été en traitement dans les Hôpitaux de Royaumont et de Villers Cotterets. Au moment où, après quatre années d'un labeur incessant pour l'accomplissement de la Mission, que vous vous étiez donné et qui, sous les fréquents bombardements de l'ennemi, n'a pas été sans péril, je me fais un agréable devoir de vous exprimer toute mon admiration et ma gratitude la plus

vive pour la belle œuvre que vous avez entreprise si généreusement et que vous avez menée à bonne fin.

“Agréez Mademoiselle pour vous et vos collaboratrices, l'hommage de mon profond respect,

G. DIAGNE.

MISS FRANCES IVENS,

Médecin-Chef des Hôpitaux de
Royaumont et de Villers Cotterets
à Royaumont, par Asnières-sur-Oise.”

NOTE.—For complete record of medical work done at Royaumont, see Appendix.

CHAPTER V

CANTEENS

IN the summer of 1917 three canteens for the French soldiers were opened by the S.W.H. The one at Soissons was connected with Royaumont, and was part of the work undertaken by Miss Ivens.

The two at Creil and Crépy-en-Valois were under the supervision of Miss Jack, who had been a member of the S.W.H. Staff since 1915.

SOISSONS¹

“Early in June 1917, when our C.M.O. was negotiating for a possible advance hospital, she was asked if the S.W.H. would undertake a canteen at Soissons for French soldiers returning from leave. The need was pressing, as at the time there was so much movement on that front that the men often failed to find their regiments or batteries where they expected, and had to return to Soissons for further directions. Although the Military Authorities provided sleeping accommodation, they had no canteen, and as the shops were all shut, the men arriving tired and hungry had nowhere to get a meal. Returning from leave, the *poilu* receives no rations until he joins his regiment.

“So it was arranged that four of the Staff should go up two days later to start a canteen. Much excitement prevailed at Royaumont until it was decided who the lucky four should be, and those chosen felt a great honour had been conferred on them.

¹ By Miss Tollitt, who was in charge of the canteen.

"By the next evening the necessary equipment had been collected. As there were no shops open at Soissons, we knew we must be quite independent and take all we were likely to need.

"At 10 a.m. on Wednesday, 6th June, all was packed into the lorry, and off we started, followed by the envy, good wishes, and cheers of the rest of the Staff. Just as we left, one of them thrust into our hands a Union Jack, across which she had hurriedly worked in red, 'Welcome to the S.W.H. Canteen.' This flag hung in our gateway all the time that the canteen was open.

"The ride to Soissons, which took over two hours, was most interesting. Parts of the road were camouflaged both sides and overhead with branches of trees, to hide all traffic from the enemy, and as we neared the town we had our first experience of shell-fire, when a shell burst in a field close to us. To our astonishment we were far too interested to be at all frightened, and one of our party amused us by exclaiming, 'Where did that one go to? I never saw it coming!'

"The town was almost empty of civilians, and under military control. The Cathedral and many houses were badly damaged by shells and bombs, the paths overgrown and neglected, and the shops boarded up. There was a general air of desolation, though there were numbers of *poilus* in the streets.

"The Colonel, at whose suggestion we had come, arranged for us to have bedrooms in an empty house in the *Avenue de la Gare*, but as we had neither sitting-room nor kitchen, we decided to live entirely at the canteen, and he kindly invited us all to dinner that evening.

"When we arrived at the schoolhouse that was to be our canteen, we found the rooms littered with torn books, papers, and all sorts of rubbish. Several soldiers

had been told off to clear all this away, and they promised it should be ready for us early next day.

"We then called at the Town Hall, and the Mayor kindly promised to lend us the tables and forms we needed, and to send them for us.

"The food supplies were not so easily arranged. We had been told we could order what we wanted from the Ordnance Dépôt, but various officials had to be interviewed, and papers signed, so that they could not promise anything until the Friday. Fortunately we had a small private supply of provisions sent to one of us from Blighty, and some eggs and oranges from Royaumont, or we should have fared badly our first day.

"At dinner the Colonel spoke of the pitiable condition of the villages nearer the Front, and suggested he might take us early next day to see some of them. But we must go in our own lorry, as no woman was allowed in a military car in the War Zone. The idea of getting nearer the Front, already only nine kilometres away, pleased us much, and although the start was early we were ready next morning at 7.45 to fetch the Colonel from his billet.

"We crossed the river and found the villages the other side just heaps of ruins, destroyed by shell and fire. We saw the German trenches, but for fear of unexploded shells were not allowed into them. The orchards that we passed had every tree either cut down or killed by ring-barking. It all looked so desolate in the bright June sunshine.

"We returned by another route, crossing the river this time by a pontoon bridge, and as we neared the town the enemy started a lively bombardment of the railway and the bridges over the river. This so upset our friend the Colonel, that when we arrived at the school-

house he told us we must pack into the lorry at once and return to Royaumont. When he suggested the canteen he had considered the town safe, there having been no shelling for several weeks. However, this did not at all meet with our approval, and when we explained that we were there entirely at our own risk, and unless he absolutely forbade it we intended to have our canteen, he gave in and our chauffeur wished us good luck and started for Royaumont.

"By the end of the day we were almost ready for customers. Floors were swept, tables and forms scrubbed, crockery washed, etc., and only food supplies lacking. However, when two tired, hungry *poilus* came in late in the afternoon, we could not send them away, but gave them what we had—eggs, bread, and oranges brought from Royaumont. They were most grateful.

"A corporal of the territorials had been told off to sleep at the canteen and give us any help possible. We found him invaluable. No matter what we needed, he was always able to supply, either from some ruined house or by adapting something else.

"When our first supplies arrived on Friday morning we felt prepared for anything.

"On inquiring at the station we found that no trains with troops were allowed as far as Soissons, but the men had to walk from a small town five kilometres away. As there were only one or two trains a day, due in the afternoon, our business would be chiefly after midday. Men who slept at the *foyer* in Soissons might want breakfast, but that would be between 8 and 9 a.m. We decided to have the canteen open from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m., no one being allowed out in the streets later than 9.30.

"The first day we had thirty-eight men in, all tired and hungry and glad of a good meal. We had made the tables gay with flowers from the gardens of the

ruined houses round, and it all looked very attractive. The men remarked at once on our pretty table arrangements. We always found the men loved the flowers. We gave them tinned beef, bread, coffee, and cigarettes. We were soon able to add to our menu fresh meat, good soup made from the bones and vegetables, and salad, which the men much appreciated. A small tin bath and piece of soap had been put in the yard near the pump, and there were very few of our clients, all the time we were there, who did not take advantage of them to wash and refresh themselves.

"From then on for a month we had a steady flow of customers, averaging about forty-seven a day. This does not seem a great number, but the appreciation of the men made it well worth while. On our biggest day we had 116 in.

"In the entrance room we had magazines, newspapers, notepaper and envelopes, and arranged that any letters written should be fetched in the evening to catch the military post.

"Through the kindness of the General in command, our garden was cleared by some men from the Agricultural Corps, and planted with seedling vegetables, so that in about a fortnight we were growing all the salad we needed. Three of these men voluntarily came for a short time each day to keep all in order for us.

"From the time of our first appearance in Soissons we were a source of keen interest, and very soon an officer from the Grand Quartier Général came to inquire what we were doing there, and who had allowed us to start a canteen. We produced a letter from the General to our C.O., but were told that he had no right to ask us to come; that only the G.Q.G. could do that. Further, that being once in Soissons we could not leave without permission from them. We were very

glad to hear this, as we had feared we should be sent back at once. So we just went on with our work, received many visits from officials, and signed many papers. By the end of nearly six weeks they decided we were to be trusted, and gave us permits for ourselves and our canteen. By this time the Military Authorities had made arrangements for the men returning from leave to be taken to their regiments in motor-lorries, so that the real need of the canteen was over. Besides, many of the civil population had returned, and shops and restaurants were being opened so that food could be bought in the town. Our clients were few and not really in need. When we spoke to the General of closing down, he thanked us for our work, and owned that the need was over, though he did not wish us to go if we wanted to stop. As the hospital at Villers Cotterets was about to open and there was much work there to be done, it was decided to close the canteen.

"In the seven weeks that we were there 1681 meals were served; and although we were told at the beginning that we must be prepared for them to cost at least one franc per head, we were pleased to find that, thanks largely to our excellent cook, we had given better food than was expected, at a cost of a fraction over 60 centimes a meal.

"During all the time we were at Soissons the enemy bombarded the town three or four mornings a week for about an hour, trying to get the railway and the bridges, and, as our canteen was situated just between the river and the station, we worked to the whistle of the shells overhead.

"On returning to our sleeping quarters we often stood at our windows and watched the bursting shrapnel, star shells, signal lights of all colours, and listened to the sometimes almost deafening booming of the guns on

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the front. Few nights passed that we were not visited by enemy airmen, and on several occasions bombs were dropped within twenty-five yards of our house. Fortunately for us, they dropped in the soft earth of the garden, and no great damage was done, though one night the vibration of bombs and guns caused a huge mirror in one of the rooms to fall with a tremendous crash.

"On Sundays we went two at a time to the military service at the Cathedral, and it was a strange experience to see the blue-clad soldiers, the elaborately robed priests, and the handful of civilians worshipping with the guns booming a few miles off, and the birds flying in and out of the smashed roof and windows.

"The officers of the 4^{ième} Chasseurs, who were quartered in the town, were most kind to us, bringing us newspapers every day and doing all they could to help in any difficulty.

"Four British women so near the front were looked upon as a sort of curiosity, and we had many callers anxious to see what we were doing.

"Our clients were well behaved, and even the one or two who came in a little the worse for drink were most grateful for the good meal, and surprised to find it given free. Many of them said in our hearing that wherever anything was being done for *le pauvre poilu* it was the British who were doing it. They told of their homes, often in the destroyed area; of their families, and showed us photos of their wives and children, some in the hands of the enemy, others of whom they had heard nothing for many months.

"It was with great regret that we left our beloved canteen, where we had worked so happily together.

"The Croix de Guerre was afterwards awarded to three of the workers 'qui ont assuré avec zèle et

dévouement le service de la cantine militaire de Soissons, malgré les nombreux bombardements de cette ville.'"

CANTEENS—CREIL¹

"In August 1917 the Committee of the S.W.H. were asked by the French Red Cross to take over two canteens, the one at Creil, and the other at Crépy-en-Valois, as the women who had hitherto run them were going on to other work. The Committee consented and sent the two *équipes* as requested, the Unit at Creil being under the direction of Miss Jack, who had lately returned from Macedonia, where she had been Administrator in the Hospital at Ostrovo. She had already served in the same capacity under Dr. Alice Hutchison in Serbia.

"Opened in the early days of 1915 by Mrs. Watkins of the Women's Emergency Corps, and subsequently directed by Miss Monkhouse, the Creil canteen had done splendid work for more than two and a half years. It was housed, if one may use the expression, in a guard's van which originally stood in the station itself, but was afterwards moved into the station yard, and it was in the van that we took over the work in the beginning of October 1917.

"We were very fond of the van, and I think we were all rather sorry when about a month later we left it for the *baraque*—also in the station yard—which had been specially built for us. Two more workers joined us, making six in all, so we felt quite a large community.

"The canteen was open from 3 p.m. till 8 a.m., and we worked in three shifts: the first from 2 p.m. till 7.30 p.m.; the second from 7.30 p.m. till 1 a.m.; and the third from 1 a.m. till 8 a.m., when the workers went home, and left the place to the French orderly—one of the most important members of the Unit, who cleaned

¹ By Miss Loudon and Miss Wedderburn.

the stoves and scrubbed the floor. The number of cups of coffee given out during those seventeen hours varied from 1500 to 2000.

" Sometimes we gave bouillon or cocoa, and when the weather grew colder our Directrice made *tisane* for those who wanted it. On high days and holidays we gave sweets; and cigarettes, of course, as often as we could. Needless to say they were the most appreciated of all our gifts.

" The little court of the canteen which we shared with the Co-opérative Militaire—a dry canteen where the soldiers could buy bread, sausages, cheese, jam, sardines, etc., and which separated us from the place where they sold *pinard*—was an interesting sight when it was filled with *poilus* of every sort and kind. There were smart Chasseurs-à-pied, Chasseurs d'Afrique, and *aviateurs*. There were men of the Legion, and Zouaves, who had exchanged their picturesque dress for khaki; big black Senegalese, brown Arabs, and yellow Anamites; Spahis, those glorious creatures in red fezes and blue cloaks, and many others. But, after all, the typical *poilu* is the infantryman, trooper, gunner or sapper in the *bleu horizon*, the hero of a hundred fights, the man of Verdun and the Chemin des Dames, to say nothing of the Somme and the Marne. Sometimes he was full of life and vigour; sometimes he was tired and had *le cafard*, which is the 'hump' in its extremest and most 'camelious' form; but he was always ready to fight to the end. 'On les aura,' was his usual greeting, and, as a rule, he was easily amused. The same little jokes came over and over again and never palled. One of the best was the *quart enchainé*, a cup which our chief had tied to the counter with a bit of string, after the loss in one night of seven of our precious mugs. Sometimes the men pretended they were dogs, and barked lustily. Sometimes they

murmured, '*L'Homme Enchaîné*' [the name once borne by Monsieur Clemenceau's journal *L'Homme Libre*]; or, '*Le Canard Enchaîné*,' a reference to another paper much read in the trenches.

"Of course they always asked if there was *gniole* in the coffee, and pretended to be very disappointed when we told them that we only provided *café nature*. All the same, they approved of our coffee, and only had one fault to find—it was too hot. 'Il est bon, votre jus, mais il est chaud. Pas de crise de charbon chez vous!'

"One man who told us he spoke English, and who evidently wished to be complimentary, said the coffee was 'clean and warm'; by which we hoped that he meant 'clear and hot.'

"A pet toy was a monkey which climbed a string. Every one played with it, so, naturally, it was soon broken. We replaced it by another, which did not last much longer; but one day, when we had forgotten all about it, a *poilu* came in for his coffee and greeted us as old friends. He seemed surprised that we did not recognise him, and at last exclaimed, 'Don't you remember me? Why, I'm the man who broke the monkey.'

"A great many of our 'clients,' as they called themselves, were men who had come back from leave, and were looking for their regiments. It seemed rather like a game between the *poilu* and the authorities, only the unfortunate *poilu* got the worst of it, as he drew neither pay nor rations (he did receive two francs a day for food) while he wandered over France, seeking the regiment which appeared to be as elusive as the *Scarlet Pimpernel*. One jolly Chasseur told us that he had lost his division and was looking for it on the boulevards of Paris—nor did he seem to be in any great hurry to find it.

"We saw many interesting types at our counter. One night a frail little chauffeur asked if he might come into

our back premises to read his office : he was a priest. Another day one of my friends found herself deep in a theological discussion with a *poilu* who said he was a Doctor of Divinity. She inquired of which university, and was told, 'Of Jerusalem' ; and it transpired that this particular soldier had once been a Dominican Friar in a monastery in Jerusalem, but had since changed his views.

"Once we gave coffee to a *chansonnier*, a maker and singer of songs, who was happily christened 'the Beloved Vagabond' by our chief, as he was (so she said) the very marrow of that lovable personality.

"One of our most welcome 'clients' was a *simple poilu* stationed in the town, who played the piano divinely. He was the great-grandson of one of Napoleon's Generals, and among ourselves he was known as 'the Duke.' But it was as a musician that he shone, and though the piano must often have made him wince, he drew from it the most wonderful melody.

"We often had men who spoke English very well, and we found that they had been in London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other towns. We even had one 'client' who asked if any of us had been to Stornoway. He was a fisherman, a *pêcheur d'Islande*, and knew the Hebrides well—which we did not.

"Creil Station was a sort of Charing Cross, being on one of the main lines of communication with the front, so we occasionally had a visit from our countrymen, and very pleasant was it to see the khaki and to hear our mother-tongue in its infinite variety, including, of course, American, for our cousins also looked in upon us sometimes.

"Shortly after we moved to the *baraque* we started a *foyer* in the back part of our hut (there was another *foyer de soldat* in the town which was opened during the

day)—a *foyer* that was enlarged almost at once, and even then was too small to accommodate our clients comfortably.

"It was open from five o'clock to midnight, and one of our hardest duties was to shut up, though the men were always very good. Here they could play games—cards, dominoes, and draughts; write their letters, and, best of all, have music. We had a piano and a gramophone, and sometimes they were both on duty together! The *poilu* songs as a rule are delightful, full of 'go,' with pretty airs and haunting refrains, and the men sang with a will.

"Oddly enough one of their favourite songs was 'Tipperary,' and we generally had it two or three times every night. Sometimes the soldiers themselves would get up an impromptu concert, and do various 'turns'; and we have had step-dancing on a table by men who in civil life were artistes at the Music Halls in Paris.

"Before we left the canteen the number of our workers increased, and we were nine in all. Among us we were fortunate enough to have a violinist of the first rank, and also a remarkably good pianist; and the men loved to hear them play. Often and often when there was an *alerte*, and all lights had to be put out, those two have played in the dark, a *poilu* holding an electric torch so that they could see the music and no more.

"Dvořák's 'Humoreske' always brings back to my memory just such a night. Creil, being on one of the direct routes to Paris, always received a call when the Gothas were on their way to the capital. We were told one day that the Boches had said they would drop a few rosebuds on Creil, though the bouquet itself would be reserved for Paris!

"One of our saddest experiences was in the spring of 1918, when refugees, fleeing for the second time before the German hordes, passed through Creil. The women

and children and old people sheltered in one of the *baragues* in the yard, and our Directrice gave them in charge to one of her workers, who did what she could for them.

"We could not do very much, but they did get hot drinks and food, and the children were given milk.

"Things had gone quietly with us for the first six months—that is, until the great German Push in the end of March 1918. Then we heard that the Boches were only about twenty miles away, and we were told to pack up and be ready to leave at a couple of hours' notice. The Colonel of a detachment of the British A.O.C., which was stationed at Creil, most kindly promised to look after us, and lend us a lorry if need be, so we felt fairly safe. We remained 'packed' for three weeks, and then as the Boches came no farther, we unpacked again.

"Of course there were constant *alertes*, and during May scarcely a night passed without the warning notes of the bugle being heard. Bombs fell in the station itself, and unhappily caused serious loss of life, but the canteen remained untouched. The authorities, however, forbade us to open during the night, and accordingly we shut down from 8.30 p.m. till 4 a.m.—the hours when the Gothas were at their liveliest.

"There was very heavy bombing during the end of May and the beginning of June, culminating in a particularly fierce attack on 8th June. The canteen workers were living in different houses in the town, and next morning we exchanged experiences of one of the most exciting nights we had ever passed. It was an exciting time altogether. Night and day the long lines of *camions*,—the French motor-lorries,—laden with guns, men, and material of all sorts, thundered through the narrow street of the little town on their way to the front ;

while with the darkness came the beat of the Gothas, a sound which we soon learned to distinguish from the quicker throb of our own aeroplanes. The banging of the big anti-aircraft guns and the rattle of the mitrailleuses made sleep impossible while they lasted, but work still went on during the day. The hours, however, grew shorter and shorter, and at last it was decided to withdraw the Unit from the canteen.

"On Sunday, 9th June, our exodus began—part of a greater exodus of the inhabitants of Creil which had been going on for some time; weary of a nightly procession to *caves* in the French sense, and to caves in the English sense of the word,—huge underground places of safety in the outskirts of the town,—many people had left their homes, by carriage, coach, cart, or wheelbarrow!

"It was unnecessary for the whole *équipe* to remain to pack up, so all left except three. One of these bicycled to Royaumont to offer the remaining stores for hospital use, and cars arrived in due course to take these away. We packed—rather sadly, but glad to have been able to stay as long as the canteen was really needed. We felt that now the need no longer justified our existence, as since the recent advance and constant raids, most of the fighting troops were sent by a different route, or were rushed up to the line in *camions* without a chance of visiting the canteen.

"So the sun of the 13th of June was the last to shine on the *Cantine des Dames Écossaises*. About 8 a.m. the last *quart* was filled, and the chief and the *adjoïnte* on duty together pulled down the shutter of the *guichet*—with regret. There only remained the cheerless dismantling of the canteen and the *foyer*, packing, making final arrangements, and the saying of good-byes. The orderly looked his gloomiest, the canteen no longer looked its cheery self, only Louise, the polisher of the *marmites*,

smiled still, because she always smiled. Next day we left for Paris, and after a few days there waiting for passports, reached London after eight and a half months' most interesting work, carrying with us happy memories of '*notre frère le poilu*.'

"All who have had the privilege of serving the *poilu* know how wonderful he is, as wonderful as our own incomparable soldiers. We had the honour of a flying visit and a word of thanks from General Pétain himself, an honour of which we were, and are, very proud; but our best reward came to us in the words of the men whom we served: '*Merci, Madame. Ça fait du bien.*'"

THE CANTEEN AT CRÉPY¹

"20th May 1918.

"Crépy-en-Valois is a *Gare régulatrice* for the French troops. This means a station in which trains arrive from various parts of the front with men on leave. The soldiers wait for some hours while the trains are re-formed and sent off at specified hours to Brittany, Orleans, the Pas de Calais, Marseilles, etc.

"There is a large *cour* in which they wait, containing shelters called *salles de repos*, a hairdresser's establishment, a small hospital, a telegraph office, a military canteen where wine, bread, fried potatoes, tobacco, newspapers, etc., are sold, and the *Cantine des Dames Écossaises*, where we serve out hot coffee and soup from 3 a.m. to 6.30 a.m., and from 10.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m.

"It is not unusual for 15,000 men to pass through in a day, but all do not patronise our canteen. Two women are on at a time, each shift taking a forenoon and the night following, and then being off for twenty-four hours. Two large windows, or rather shutters, are

¹ Miss Young's Report.

opened in the *cantine*, and a worker stands at each, wearing a white veil, apron, and cuffs over a grey dress. In front of her is a large enamelled basin of soup which she ladles out into the *quarts*, or tin cups, presented by the *poilus*. An orderly stands behind and replenishes the basins as required. When two *marmites* of soup, each containing 100 litres, have been distributed, then the coffee is given, and many a sigh of satisfaction is heard at the sight of *le bon jus*. The largest amount we have distributed during the night-shift has been two *marmites* of soup and ten of coffee, 1200 litres in all.

"The men stream past without cessation for about two and a half hours, and although there is a *barrière* and an orderly at each *sortie* to prevent over-eager clients from coming the wrong way, there is sometimes difficulty in regulating the traffic, and the workers have imperiously or persuasively to call out from time to time, '*Dégagez le passage, s'il vous plaît, messieurs,*' '*Circulez, s'il vous plaît,*' '*Avancez,*' and so on.

"The clientele vary very much. On some nights they are so quiet and orderly that all goes with marvellous smoothness and rapidity, but on other occasions a very lively lot turn up who are inclined to be obstreperous. They endeavour to pass their *quarts* to others already at the windows, so that they may avoid the trouble of arriving in the queue, and they have to be told firmly but smilingly to *faire le tour*. The unforgivable sin is when one jumps over the barrier. If he is noticed in midair, he is immediately warned that he will not be served, and frequently he drops back to his place. Others, however, trust to not being recognised when they arrive in front of the coffee jug, and express great surprise at being told to return by the *entrée*. They are usually quite good-natured about it, though a few resent it, and the other *poilus* consider

it an entertaining incident, and are quite pleased that fair play should be insisted on.

"There is little time to enter into conversation with the men at night, but during the forenoon one has sometimes long talks with them, and they are always glad of a pleasant greeting, and respond with remarkable readiness to any little joke, however trivial. Many can speak a little English, and those who know perhaps one word, utter it loudly and distinctly as they pass onwards, even if it be only 'yes' or 'mees.' The men give us many kindly titles, and the same lady has been addressed as *grandmère* and *ma belle enfant* within ten minutes; *petite dame* and *petite mère* are quite ordinary greetings.

"The canteen is much appreciated at all times, but in the terrific cold of last January it was an inestimable boon to those men who arrived so cold and stiff that they could with difficulty get out of the railway carriages.

"The heaviest trainload we get is from Dunkirk, a journey which takes twelve hours. The other trains come from Soissons and Fismes, the former bringing men from the Marne and the Chemin des Dames, the latter from the district about Rheims. We sometimes, but not often, serve British, Canadian, American, and Italian soldiers; of course we see many French colonials—Moroccans, Senegalese, and Anamites. The variety of colour in their uniforms and complexions is often most striking and gives great pleasure to the eye. One may see a very black Senegalese with gleaming eyes and teeth, clad in horizon blue, with a scarlet or multi-coloured scarf round his neck and a bright green bag slung over his shoulder. Then there are the Arabs, who wear khaki with red fez, and who are called the 'Poppies.' There is the well-known gay dress of the Zouave and the dark blue of gendarme or aviator.

Purple trousers and scarf are frequently worn with a blue coat, and corduroy trousers of soft blue or putty colour are extremely pretty. Khaki putties may be worn with blue uniform, or blue putties and *calotte* with khaki, and I once saw a pair of long leather boots of a lovely crimson shade. There seems to be plenty of scope for individual taste.

"It is often extremely cold serving, especially when a wind blows into the canteen: We are practically in the open air, and the soup sometimes blows out of the *quarts* as we pour it in. It has proved, however, healthier than work in a closed canteen, and colds have been rare.

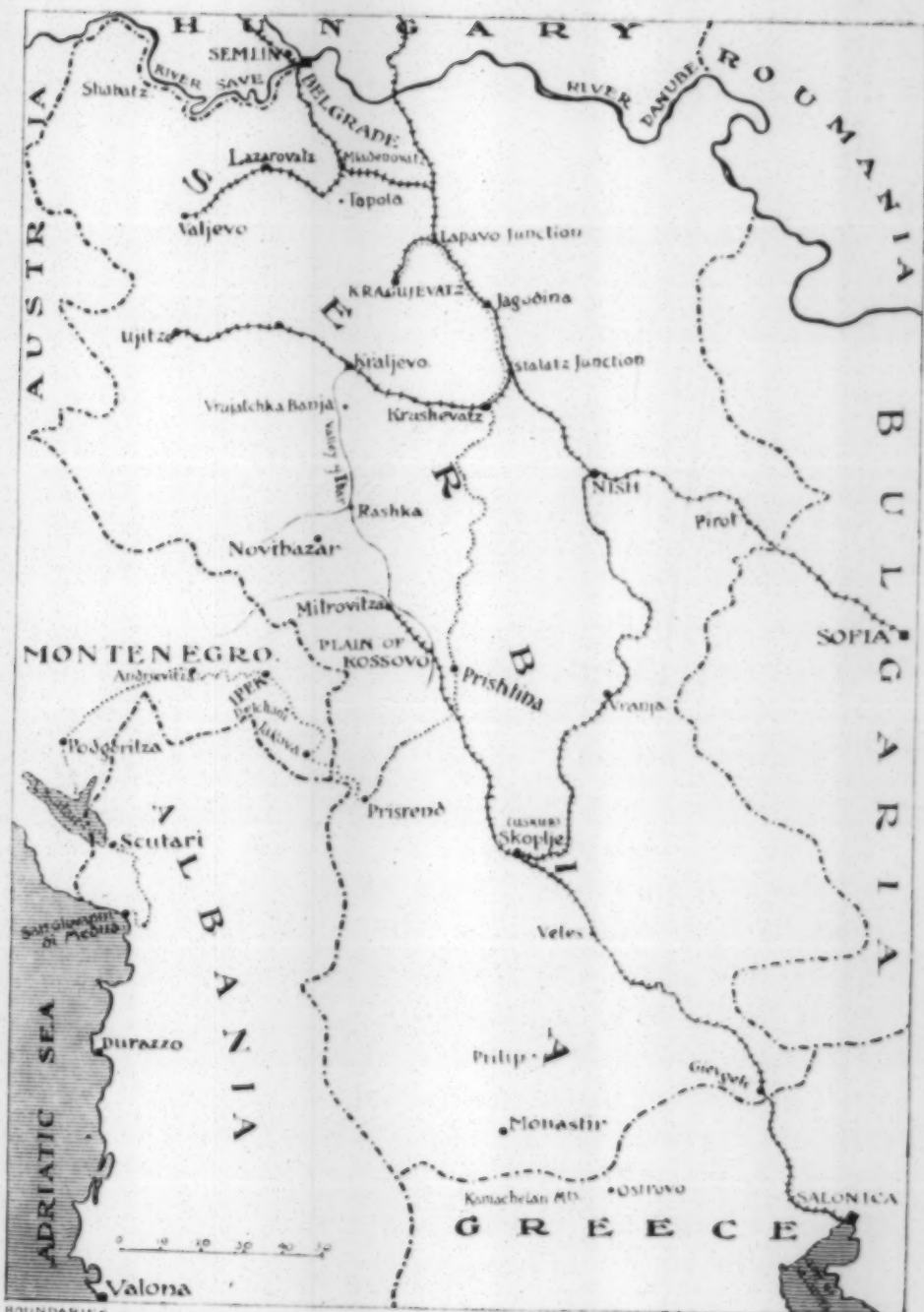
"The heavy work is done entirely by three orderlies, two of whom are always on duty with the workers, while the third is *en repos*. These men keep six stoves going, which have to be frequently stoked, an operation which causes a cloud of smoke and coal dust every time. The large *marmite* on each stove is lifted off on to a trestle for a moment to allow of stoking, and then the trestle is moved on to the next one. The *marmites* of boiling coffee and soup have to be transported from the stoves to trestles also to allow of boiling up the next supplies. A *marmite* of cold water takes three hours to come to the boil. The soldiers take quite an interest in the view of the canteen which they obtain from the window, and often express admiration of the double row of fourteen shining *marmites*, the usual verdict being that the canteen is *très bien installée*."

"Since the great battle began on 21st March 1918 all leave has ceased. The *cour* is deserted, but the canteen opens as usual for stray soldiers, some of whom sleep in the dormitory. During several nights also, we took coffee and soup to the station and served refugees, wondering if we, ourselves, might be in the same condition before the day was over.

78 SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS

"Amongst our visitors we are very proud to number General Pétain, who came to see us on 2nd January and thanked us most gracefully for what we were doing for his soldiers.

"British canteens in France do a great deal of good, and no work could well give more pleasure to those who have a knowledge of the language and a liking for our gallant Allies."



MAP OF SERBIA.

Drawn by Mr. William Smith for this History.

To face p. 79.

PART THREE: SERBIA

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

“BY the seventh century the people occupying the region of modern Serbia were Slavonic in origin, and it was their destiny to retain the customs and desires of the Slav people throughout all the vicissitudes which came to them. From the arid Russian Steppes they had reached a land of surpassing beauty. Four great mountain ranges made junction within its boundaries, and at least four-fifths of the total area is mountainous. Swiftly flowing torrents pass through beautifully wooded defiles, giving to the artist a sense of the picturesque and to the soldier visions of strategic positions making successful defence easy, and to the practical man offering a manifestation of unlimited power waiting for adaptation.

“In some degree the Serbian has developed all three sides in his character, though his commercial instincts have not been so apparent as his military and artistic capacities. The temperate climate produces luxuriant foliage and a wonderful vegetation. The wildness of the Serbian Highlands has tended to evolve a hardy race of mountaineers, whose warlike proclivities have never been allowed to rest through any period of prolonged peace.”¹

¹ The quotations are from *The Story of Serbia*, by Leslie F. Church.

It took four centuries for these loosely organized tribes of the lower Danube to be formed into a nation under their king, Stephen Voislav. The centuries had been full of wars with neighbouring tribes and nations. Stephen Voislav was a descendant of one of the most notable men in Serbian history, John Vladimir: "With a mysterious dignity, reminding one of the ancient priest-king Melchisedek, he flits across the broken century and fills its hollow years with a fragrant presence, kingly and not altogether unworthy of a saint. For the leader of a warlike race to have earned the character of a peaceful prince, full of honour and saintliness, would be remarkable in any period of history. The fact that John Vladimir survived the deathly silence of those times sets one speculating as to the greatness of the man." Serbian history is full of heroes such as this—men with a strange mixture of warrior and saint in their composition.

From the middle of the fourteenth century the oncoming of the Turkish power became the great menace to Serbia. In 1389 the battle of Kossovo was fought, in which the Serbians were completely crushed. After this defeat there was one brief temporary time of relief for Serbia: an outstanding personality arose in the person of John Hunyadi, who was called "The White Knight of Wallachia." He led many brilliant campaigns against the Turks.

"Brilliant as these campaigns were, they were not sufficient to sap the immense resources of the Ottoman Empire. By July 1456 the Turks had again invested Belgrade, and the most highly organised plans of siege were put into action. For the last time John Hunyadi came to the rescue. By the most amazing and courageous strategy he relieved the beleaguered city. His little force penetrated the far-flung Turkish lines, established itself in

Belgrade, and finally sallied forth with amazing audacity, to the complete discomfiture of the besiegers. Seldom in military annals does one read of a more valiant and impertinent success. Through the wonder, and the terror, of the pall of smoke, that hung over the lines of the new Ottoman artillery, two figures stood out sublimely heroic. John Hunyadi, with bared sword and bright armour, charged side by side with John of Capistrano the Minorite in dull habit but with crucifix raised fearlessly above the din of battle. In utter confusion the Turkish hordes fled. Amidst the rejoicing over this last great victory John Hunyadi died, in August 1456. As far as Serbia was concerned the end had come." For more than four long centuries she lay under the rule of Turkey. But never through all that dark period were the Turks able "to penetrate the remaining Serbs with their customs, their religion, or with fear." "Wherever Serbs were found—in Hungary, in Bosnia, in Dalmatia, or Montenegro—they were singing the *Pesnias* or national songs, which reminded them alternately of the glory of Dushan and the shame of Kossovo. If they dwelt fugitives in the heart of the mountains; if they remained on sufferance in an alien land, or if they slept in the camps of European armies, in whose ranks they were soldiers, they never forgot they were Serbians. The wonderful compelling national poetry with its haunting music was the common property and prized possession of every Serb, whatever his present lot might be. This bond, coupled with their loyalty to the Serbian Church, kept them spiritually a nation though they were separated by miles or centuries from its practical reality." And so they continued to hold together, clinging tenaciously to their yearning for freedom. Early in 1800 Kara George (Black George) arose. He was chosen their leader by the Serbian refugees, and carried all before him.

He started the revolt against the Turkish rule, which ended after many years of struggle in 1866, when the last Turkish soldier was turned out of the forts of Serbia. "The Soul of Serbia, immortal as it was, had burst its bonds at last, and soared upwards singing."

A strange people truly, mystical and warlike, tenacious and lovable—difficult to be understood by the practical nations of Europe—but surely easy of comprehension by another small nation living in a mountainous land, also mystical and warlike, and tenacious!

On 28th July 1914 Austria declared war on Serbia. The next day Russia was forced into mobilising, and Europe prepared for its greatest conflict. It was planned that the beginnings of the Great War should be in Serbia.

The forces of the Dual Empire massed themselves upon the banks of the Danube—their object was the punishment of Serbia. For the small nation just emerging from two previous wars, what hope was there? Their hope lay in the spirit of their forefathers. This spirit it was that, animating the men of Serbia, led them to victory, and at the Battle of the Ridges defeated their enemy. The unexpected had happened, and "the punitive expedition" hurried back to the Danube. From the scandalously filthy and overcrowded hospitals the Austrians left behind them there sprang the awful scourge of typhus. But even before the epidemic, which began in January 1915, swept over the land, Serbia had well-nigh plumbed the depth of suffering. Thousands of wounded men, Austrian and Serb alike, choked to the doors every available house, and these temporary hospitals were found all over the country. The conditions created by these masses of wounded became a problem too vast to be solved by the handful of Serbian doctors. "Send us where we are most needed" was always the insistent demand of Dr. Inglis. In the destination of the second Unit of the

Scottish Women's Hospitals this condition was fulfilled, for right into the heart of this distressed little nation went the Scottish Women in January 1915, taking their place in the "long-drawn-out battle" against wounds and fever and death.

CHAPTER II

JANUARY—APRIL 1915

"The long-drawn-out battle against fever, in which no woman played the coward—no woman asked to come away."—DR. ELSIE INGLIS.

DURING the fortnight in December 1914 when the women at Royaumont were at their work of cleaning the Abbey the 2nd Unit of the S.W.H. sailed from Southampton under Dr. Eleanor Soltau, bound for the stricken land of Serbia.

"When¹ we sailed, the position of Serbia seemed hopeless. Belgrade, the capital, had fallen, and the last news we received before sailing was that the Serbian Army, lacking food and ammunition, was falling steadily back before the Austrian invasion. While we were in the Mediterranean the morning wireless to our troopship contained the news of a great Serbian victory, and on our arrival at Salonika the news was confirmed, so when we reached Serbia the country was almost free from the enemy, and King Peter had held a service of thanksgiving in the Cathedral of Belgrade. So much has happened in the course of the last few years that this battle, one of the most brilliant exploits of the Great War, has been rather lost sight of. It is known in Serbia as the Battle of the Ridges, and was complete in every way.

¹ The following account of the arrival of the S.W.H. in Kraguievatz is by Mr. William Smith of Aberdeen, who went out with Dr. Soltau's Unit as Transport Officer. He did yeoman service for the Scottish Women in Serbia. To his pen we also owe the story, given later, of one of the parties in the Great Retreat.

SERBIA.



DR. ELEANOR SOLTAU,
C.M.O., Kraguievatz; St. Sava Hrd.

[To face p. 24.]

“At Salonika the Hospital got orders to entrain for Kraguievatz, in the north of Serbia, where help was urgently needed, and we left Salonika the morning after our arrival there. Our first stopping-place was Nish, and it was well that we paused there, as it gave the doctors and Staff some idea of the big job they would have to tackle at Kraguievatz. On arrival at the station we were met by the Army Authorities, and after breakfast we were taken to see the largest Hospital in the town. As we approached the building we passed a great number of bullock wagons laden with wounded from the battle, which was now nearing its close. The Hospital was full to overflowing, and the wounded then arriving were being placed on the road and Hospital yard (which was inches deep in mud), until other accommodation could be found for them. These ox wagons had taken several days and nights to the journey, and you can imagine the suffering of the wretched men with fractured limbs and worse injuries. Many died on the journey, and their bodies were left by the roadside. A few doctors and orderlies were doing what they could to relieve the suffering, but the doctors were few and the patients all too many, and they often waited their turn for hours in the cold winter day before they found shelter. But if the scene outside the Hospital was a pitiful one, within the doors it was a thousand times worse, and I shall never forget the scene of misery, suffering, and desolation we found there. One of the largest buildings in the country was full to overflowing. Every inch of space was occupied—it was impossible to pass between the beds, for the poor patients were mostly lying on the floor, some on hay and straw, and others on the bare stone or wooden floors. Sick and wounded lay crowded together—men who had just undergone the amputation of limbs; men in the grip of typhoid, dysentery, or frostbite; men dying

—some were dead. So close together were they lying that one patient could not move without disturbing his neighbour. Numbers had been lying there with their wounds undressed for a week or more, and the slightest wound, through lack of attention, often cost a man a limb, and sometimes his life. Under such conditions many died of sheer neglect alone. The few doctors and nurses were overwhelmed, and working night and day against fearful odds and with few or no appliances or medical stores. One surgeon told me that he had been several days without chloroform, and even major operations had been carried on without the aid of anæsthetics. Worst of all, there was no means of ventilating these dreadful wards. The atmosphere was terrible—fit breeding-ground for the plague which was about to descend on this already sorely stricken people. Some three weeks afterwards, in the midst of all this misery, confusion, and neglect, came typhus fever in the most virulent form, and before the authorities could do anything to check the plague, it had spread from one end of the country to the other. When the awful condition of Serbia became known, help was sent from almost every country in Europe, and after three or four months' strenuous fighting the epidemic was gradually got under, but not before it had carried off between seventy and eighty thousand of the population.

"The doctors and nurses of the S.W.H., inured to all manner of human suffering, and more or less prepared for working under bad conditions, were, I think, struck dumb with the horror of it all, and there was no lack of food for thought during the rest of our journey from Nish to Kraguievatz.

"We arrived at Kraguievatz the following morning, and one of the many hospitals in the town was handed over to the Scottish Unit. It was much in the same

condition as the one we saw at Nish the previous day, and which I have just described, but the whole Staff set to, and in a week the place was transfigured. We had brought everything necessary in the way of equipment, even to bedsteads, blankets, and clothing of all kinds, and we were not a little proud of our Hospital when everything had been set going. Our patients were both Serbian and Austrian soldiers, friend and enemy lying side by side, seemingly on excellent terms with each other."

One by one the wards were emptied, cleaned, and whitewashed, the equipment was unpacked, and the patients, washed and tidied, were tucked up comfortably in the clean beds, with their bright red coverlets. The men's gratitude knew no bounds. The Unit had gone out with an equipment for 100 beds; they had had to take over 250 patients immediately on arrival."

"Kraguievatz, *January 1915.*

"Patients¹ were sent to us in batches until our wards were full, and we still get them at intervals when we discharge convalescents. They come from other hospitals in town, not fresh from the Front, as there has been no fighting for some time lately. They come to us in a terrible condition, having had absolutely no nursing. You can imagine from this, perhaps, what the hospitals are like. It is really not the Serbians' fault. The whole country is one immense hospital—doctors, Serbs, and prisoners alike work all day merely to get the dressings done, and the drugs given out. There is no attempt at nursing—no Serbian women are trained for it, and they have become apathetic during their three wars. Many are refugees struggling to keep some sort of a house together.

¹ The following extracts are from letters by different members of the Staff to the Committee.

"You must realise, too, that the patients are no slum dwellers, but hate dirt and this utter discomfort. They are splendid men, magnificent even when they are dying of fever, but it is a most dreadful waste of fine human beings. . . . Hundreds and hundreds of nurses and doctors are needed for Serbia, but especially nurses. . . .

"You see we are in a very sad country, but it is the pluckiest country in Europe, without exception. Here they are with their best men perishing on every side, and they make no complaint, and never think for a moment of giving in, though the Austrians may be down on them yet. Austria has treated them abominably, and yet they are not bitter. Their prisoners get the same treatment—miserable though it is—as their own men do. Serbia is as proud as it is possible to be, and does not want other countries to pity her. She is a grand little country, and we all love her already, but she is desolate with her three wars. Why, we have men in our Hospital almost boys, who proudly show their three scars—Turkish, Bulgar, and now Austrian.

"Well, we are settled here in the Crown Prince's house, and, although crowded, are very much more comfortable than we expected to be. The Hospital is five minutes' walk away, and we have about 250 patients. . . . Their wounds are awful, and many of them just come in to die. They have been so crowded, too, in the last hospitals, that there is much fever. We, however, have kept free of it, you will be glad to learn. The place is full of Austrian prisoners, and they are turned on to do all the work. They do all the heavy work, carrying stretchers, cleaning, etc. ; also we have six to clean our Hospital and keep it. It sounds as if we might be very well looked after, but they are not much good at housework."

SERBIA.



1ST SERBIAN UNIT UNDER DR. ELEANOR SOLTAU.



MAIN STREET IN KRAGUIEVATZ.



STAFF AND PATIENTS, KRAGUIEVATZ.

[To face p. 88.]

"Kraguievatz,
Thursday, 28th January 1915.

"There are quite a number of hospitals in the town, one of them being reserved for fever cases, of which there are a great many. There is a lady doctor working there, Dr. Ross, a native of Tain. She has six wards to look after, and no nurses, only orderlies, and sometimes she is glad to come over here just for a change. There has been no wood all day in their Hospital, either for cooking or heating. She says there is always something wanting there—one day no bread, another day no eggs, or no milk. Our people have also had no wood in the Hospital for two days. The steward of a neighbouring Hospital kindly offered to get supplies for us. He buys for his own Hospital of 600 beds and can get us our supplies rather cheaper than I could buy them in the market or in shops, so I go to him every afternoon with my orders. His Hospital is in a school building, the gymnasium, and every day I have to pass through corridors where wounded men are lying on mattresses on the floor, as closely packed as possible, the rooms being all filled with more seriously ill. There are so many hospitals in the town that nearly all, or a very large proportion, of the men one meets are damaged in one way or another.

"Things seem to be a queer mix up here. Many of the soldiers we see look like peasants in their own dress, with a rifle put into their hands, while the officers wear particularly smart uniforms. There are some very good shops here, showing very beautiful materials, probably very dear, and Parisian fashions. There is an agency of Singer Sewing Machines Co., and Coats' thread is to be got.

"The language question is rather complicated. In the whole company there are three Serbian grammars

and several dictionaries, Serbian-German. Nobody has time to study seriously, so it just means that we pick up a few words as we go along. An interview with a laundress usually involves four people. The Matron speaks English, the laundress Serbian, I come in with German, and the kitchen-maid with German and Serbian. The same thing has happened with other business. I have been called upon to act as interpreter for the X-ray operator, who only knows a little German. At first the place was a veritable Tower of Babel. There were a few orderlies about, and when we tried to speak to them, they would shake their heads in answer, one Czech, another Magyar (all Austrian prisoners). These men were taken away and other six, German-speaking ones, arrived. It seems that about three-fourths of the Austrian Army are Slavs, and probably sympathetic with the Serbs. Of the men we have, two are teachers, one is an official from Vienna, one a farmer, one a day labourer from the Tyrol, and the other a business porter. They have nearly all been ill since coming here, and two are away with fever. Some of them had been wounded, and all are run down with what they have come through. One is lame with frostbitten feet. They do the rough work for us. The woman who assists me is an Austrian, but was married to a Serb, and lived in Schabatz, on the Save. Her husband is missing, and she lost her home and one of her children in the bombardment of the town. On the whole they are all good friends, and between them all I have quite a nice time."

Towards the end of January the grim horrors of typhus darkened the land. On 23rd January Dr. Soltau telegraphed and wrote to the Committee in Edinburgh. The telegram ran as follows: "Dire necessity for fever nurses. Can you send me ten or more overland? . . . Equipment, mattresses, covers, blankets, linen, milk,

typhol, carbolic, tow, castor-oil." In the letter she tells of a conference of the medical men and women working in Serbia, held at Skoplje, and gives details of her plan for opening, with the approval of the Serbian authorities, a special typhus hospital in Kraguievatz.

In answer to this letter Dr. Inglis wrote as follows :

"EDINBURGH, 9th March 1915.

"DEAR DR. SOLTAU,—Thanks very much for your two interesting letters of the 23rd and 24th of February, telling of the Conference at Skoplje and of your decision to take up typhus work at Kraguievatz. I feel sure that you are perfectly right, and you may count on our support. I shall write again officially to-morrow from the Committee. I knew when you went out that we could trust you to take the best line under the circumstances, and not to be bound by red tape or any conventions whatsoever, and I feel sure that your decision about the typhus hospital is right.

"Your second lot of ten nurses started on Saturday with one cook. I sent you a telegram immediately after. Unfortunately, only the medical stores arrived in time to catch the transport. The rest got held up somewhere on one of the three lines of rail they had to go over between Edinburgh and Newport. I was dreadfully distressed when I heard it, because I knew how you were wanting extra sheets and blankets and all the rest of the equipment. However, Mr. Smith's letter came, saying that Sir Thomas Lipton would be able to take things out for us in the *Erin*, and we wrote to him at once asking how soon he could do this. If he will do it, and do it soon, it will probably be better than sending it by the next transport, as he will take it all the way to Salonica.

"I suppose it will be quite possible to keep your

surgical hospital going as well as the new typhus one! As you say, you will give your Staff the choice of whether they will go there or not.

"I do feel so for you having all the extra worry of these serious cases over and above the very strenuous work you have to do, and I do hope that soon we shall be able to send you out more help—indeed, I very much hope I shall be able to come myself with the next Unit if we send one.—Yours very sincerely,

"ELSIE MAUD INGLIS."

"Kraguievatz, 13th February 1915.

¹ "As for us, we are quite settled down, and seem to have been here for months. The Hospital is set going now, and I believe we have under our supervision about 300 patients, which, of course, is three times the number we were prepared to have, but which is a miserably small number out of the thousands of patients that there are, even in this town alone. We have a school, and another building attached, and four small "gast houses" for the more convalescent cases. The other hospitals are so badly off for accommodation, beds, clothes, and comforts of any description, that the comfort of our place seems almost selfish luxury. I have never seen anything like the places we have seen since we came here.

"The hospitals here are just like those at Nish, only they are not quite so closely packed. The patients are lying mostly on straw mattresses on the floor, or on wooden beds, with only a rug over them, and often only the clothes which they had on in the battlefield. Their food, which consists of hard black bread always, and sometimes meat or eggs, etc., lies beside them, also the few earthly belongings which they have managed to keep by them.

"There has been an outbreak of enteric fever in the

¹ The story of the Hospital continued.

trenches, and the patients are coming in every day in bullock-carts from the north, and the authorities are clearing as many patients out of the hospitals as they can to make room for them. Until the conditions can be changed in the hospitals, I am afraid the outlook for the patients is pretty hopeless, but it seems to me the Serbs have been overwhelmed with the numbers of sick and wounded, and scarcely know how to tackle things.

"Our Hospital makes a very bright spot in the midst of it all, but we seem to be able to do so little compared with the amount there is to be done. We have already wired home for more nurses and doctors at the instigation of the Serbian Government, and are hoping that we may ultimately be able to do something on a larger scale. We have just heard that the British Red Cross Society are coming out with doctors and nurses, and are to stay in the house across the way from us, so altogether there will be quite a large British contingent among us. Our patients are enjoying, and thriving in, the comfort we have been able to give them. It was a great pleasure to see the joy they had in being clean in a clean bed. Most of them have horribly septic wounds, which through pressure of work are only being dressed every four or five days. They are nearly all young men, about twenty or twenty-five, but some of them look like fifty. We are gradually restoring their youth to some of them. When they are ill, they are very patient, and when they are well, they are lively and happy. I am sorry to say they just get well to be sent back to the ranks again. The Serbs are certainly a magnificent race of men, and live simple, good lives, and would be happy if they had not to fight. We spend most of the day doing dressings, either in the dressing-rooms or in the wards. We have an X-ray apparatus fitted up in the house we use as the Home, and have to

carry the patients along on stretchers to be X-rayed. One night we had been busy examining patients, and had taken our current from the main which supplies only the Crown Prince's house and the X-ray outfit. Next morning an official was sent along to request that we do all the X-raying before a stated hour, as the night before the Crown Prince had been left in complete darkness!

"We have a very happy time in the Home. Last night was full moon and hard frost, so three of us set out for a walk in the snow. It was exquisite, and we got out into the country, and had a good tramp. I have never felt the cold so keenly, and to-day my cheeks are quite burnt with the sting."

In March, to Dr. Soltau's everlasting credit, she added to the work of her surgical hospital, which was full of patients, the complete charge of a hospital for typhus cases, a burden which was gladly undertaken by her already hard-worked Staff.

"The Hospital¹ was quite half a mile from our Home, lying as it did on the outskirts of the town, but we were generally glad of the walk, and attributed partly to it that the health of the nurses remained so good. Certainly after rain a few remarks have been made about Serbian roads in general, and this one in particular, for the mud was thick and deep, and ponds were many. In the evenings, coming home, it was quite dark, and often rainy, but a little *fainijer* (lantern) guided our steps, and our hearts were light with the knowledge of good work being done. Two sentries guarded the entrance to the road which led on to the Hospital, and always the *Englesha Sestra* were cordially greeted with *Dobro utro!* (Good morning), and *Laku notch!* (Good night).

"Our costume in the wards was hardly that of the

¹ By a Sister in the fever hospital.

stereotyped English nurse, with cap and apron and stiff collar, and our friends would not have recognised us; but precautions have to be taken to prevent infection. Instead of the usual uniform and apron, we wore a white cotton combination garment, with the ends tucked into high leather riding-boots. Over this, for the sake of appearance, an overall was worn, and our hair was entirely covered with a tight-fitting cap. Round neck and arms we wore bandages soaked in camphor oil, and our boots were smeared with the same, so that no encouragement was given to the little insect by which typhus is spread.

"We met with all sorts of typhus complications, but how good it was to see men recover whose cases seemed so hopeless at first! Serbian men make splendid patients. For the most part, they do as they are told, and take their medicine very obediently—an excellent thing in patients—but if at any time a man, perhaps delirious or newly admitted, was inclined to balk at medicine or nourishment, there was sure to be at hand some convalescent ready to explain how the medicine the *Sestra* had given him had made him better. They were so like children, these big men, that we could not help getting very fond of our patients, and certainly we were more than repaid by their gratitude. It is only fair to say, that we were greatly helped in the wards by our orderlies, for the most part Austrian prisoners, between whom and the patients there existed a wonderfully good feeling. Among our patients were occasional prisoners, but they were treated just the same by orderlies and patients alike, and frequently it was only when a man was convalescent that we discovered him to be a prisoner. The Serbs bear their enemies no ill-will.

"We found it necessary to open a women's ward—one day, without any warning, a woman was brought, and left with us—and it was greatly appreciated. We

had our share of babies who accompanied their mothers, and who were, of course, great pets. One little Zygni baby, a little dark beauty, was in great demand in the men's wards, for above everything these great, big, strong Serbian men love children, and they are also very fond of flowers. Underneath their practical exterior lies a deep vein of poetry, and they are lovers of music and the open country. Plucky they are to a degree, and unafraid of death—perhaps because they have so often met it face to face.”

Later still, a third hospital for recurrent fever was taken over in the town. By the end of March the Scottish Women were responsible for 550 beds. For the hospital for recurrent fever only one doctor and a Sister could be spared, but it was wonderful what these two women accomplished.

Dreadful as was the state of things in Kraguievatz, news kept coming of a much worse condition of affairs in Valjevo, a little town farther north. There the wounded and fever-stricken men lay in their uniforms, absolutely untended.

After her return home Dr. Soltau told the Committee how incessantly Valjevo had been on her heart, but how impossible it had been for her to organize any help for the sufferers. Then she added: “Though I could not get up to Valjevo, one day Valjevo came down to me. A row of bullock-carts drew up at the Hospital gates one morning—they were laden with men from Valjevo.” It was impossible to refuse them. They were taken in, and though the ordinary work of the Hospital went on as usual, the necessary operations were performed on these men. Every one was suffering from gangrenous wounds. The work was overwhelming. Dr. Soltau contracted diphtheria, and the chief surgeon being also laid aside with typhus, Dr. Soltau wired for Dr. Inglis. It was to this

Hospital that Dr. Inglis came out in May 1915. The "long-drawn-out battle" was drawing to a close when she landed in Serbia. Help had been sent from nearly every country in Europe, and Serbia "was fast becoming the cleanest country on earth." The dread disease had taken terrible toll of those who had fought so valiantly against it. It did not spare, too, the Staff of the Scottish Women's Hospital: three out of the fifty who had been sent out during these tragic months laid down their lives—Sister Jordan, Miss Madge Neil Fraser, and Sister Minshull.

On 11th May Dr. Inglis sent home to the Committee her first report from Serbia, part of which is given:

REPORT FROM DR. ELSIE INGLIS

"Kraguievatz, 11th May 1915.

"The Unit here is in charge of three hospitals, *Reserve No. 3* (surgical), *Reserve No. 6* (typhus), and *Reserve No. 7* (relapsing fever, and a considerable amount of phthisis and general disease). The important department of No. 7 is the Receiving Room, where the patients have to be diagnosed and distributed to the other hospitals; especially is it of importance just now, because of the typhus epidemic.

"*The Surgical Hospital, No. 3*, is in the town, a schoolhouse in two blocks, with a long courtyard between them. Down one side is a covered shed, part of which is used as a kitchen for the patients, part as a laundry, part for the Austrian orderlies to sleep in, and the rest as a place for the convalescent patients to sit in. The Hospital holds 170 beds, and is at present nearly full, mostly convalescents or old bad cases, but a certain number of surgical cases continue to come in. There are a great many cases for daily dressings. Both the

operating theatre and the room for the dressings are beautifully arranged and managed by Sister Boykett, and are very creditable to an improvised hospital.

"The wards are small, and there are too many beds in each, according to our standards, but many fewer than there are in other hospitals I have seen here. The wards are quite fresh: the windows always open.

"The Hospital is at present under the charge of Dr. Chesney, who is doing excellent work. It is understaffed as regards Sisters, most of them having been drafted over to the Typhus Hospital. The five nurses being sent on by Dr. Hutchison from Malta (who were chosen for this Unit) arrive to-night, and Matron intends to arrange that there are two night Sisters, one in each block, four day Sisters, two in each block.

"*The Typhus Hospital, No. 6*, is on the outskirts of the town, a big square building, which was, I believe, barracks. It holds 200 patients, is overcrowded, from our standard, but is clean and fresh and well arranged. It is comparatively well staffed, fourteen Sisters, and when the new ones arrive, sixteen. But its equipment might be immensely improved. The doctors who are working there are—Dr. M'Vea, Dr. Corbett, and Dr. Laird.

"*The Relapsing Fever Hospital, No. 7*. This is in a building quite near No. 6, in the open country (the real objection to both is that they stand on low ground). It was an old palace, and then barracks, which had been condemned. It was empty when it was turned into a hospital. It is in two storeys. A long corridor runs the whole length of the building, both upstairs and down. Off them open the rooms, downstairs the patients are received, upstairs are the wards, comparatively small square rooms; all overcrowded. The place will hold 200 beds, and has now 170 patients. The kitchen and laundry are outside.

"It has no equipment to speak of, and is being worked by Dr. Brooke and one Sister, namely, Sister Hollway! This, of course, sounds ridiculous, and it is so in a sense. There is very little nursing or doctoring. But there is no denying that those two women have worked wonders in the place. The Austrian orderlies are kept up to their duties. The patients, at any rate, get the medicines which are ordered for them, and the place is fairly clean.

"For the present, until the Committee can send out more nurses, the best we can do is to put on another day Sister (so that the two on day duty may be able to get proper time off), and a night Sister. At present Sister Hollway goes on duty at seven, and stays on till five, except for dinner, and Dr. Brooke makes her evening visit between six and seven, and after that the Austrian orderlies are left with no supervision.

"This is the work the Unit *has undertaken*. It means that they made themselves responsible for something like 570 beds! One can quite understand how they were almost driven into it, in the face of the awful need of the country, and there is no doubt at all that they have done it excellently, and with a wonderful self-devotion. The standard in all three hospitals is distinctly higher than that of the ordinary hospital here, and the Surgical Hospital is really well equipped and well arranged. The Serbian Consul at Salonika told us that General Soubititch, the Chief Medical Officer of the Serbian Army, had told him that the Scottish Women's Hospital was the best in Serbia; and the Consul added that one thing that had made their work so helpful was that they did not 'expect impossibilities of the country,' but made the best of what they could get.

"I have heard the same thing several times, and Mr. Des Graz, the British Minister at Nish, told me that he

could not speak too highly of the splendid work that had been done."

The Scottish Women were the second Unit to reach Serbia in its time of need. Lady Paget with her hospital has the proud distinction of being the first. She was in the country as early as October 1914, and her hospital at Skoplje did magnificent work through the typhus epidemic and the "long, peaceful summer." She remained at her post after the Bulgar occupation of the town, where she was taken prisoner, and did not reach England again until March 1916. She was decorated by the Crown Prince of Serbia with the order of St. Sava, First Class, a cross of diamonds.

In a letter to Lady Brassey in August 1915, Lady Paget says of the S.W.H. :

"The Scottish Women's Units are doing splendid work all over the country, and are much appreciated by the Serbians, and what makes them especially valuable to this country is their adaptability. They are ready and willing to adapt themselves to any condition or circumstances; they never grumble or complain, are always cheerful and smiling, always ready to lend a helping hand to any British or Serbian Unit who are hard pressed, and their courage and the way they overcome almost insurmountable difficulties is extraordinary. Ralph and the Serbians have nothing but praise of them, and if all your nurses are like the three we have here, then they must indeed be gems.¹ I must say I think great credit is due to your 'Selecting Committee' for the way they choose their Staff, for I have rarely come across a nicer lot of people than those in the S.W. Units. People speak very highly of the qualifica-

¹ Three of the Scottish Women were lent to Lady Paget at this time.

tions of Mrs. Haverfield as an organizer and administrator. I hear she is extraordinarily capable and hard working and energetic. Of all the Units out here the S.W.H. have done the best work, so the Committee need not feel it has wasted its money."

From among the many stories of our patients we give one full of pathos:

"Another boy, a real Austrian, had been shot in the head, and had a certain part of his brain destroyed, so that he is quite blind. He cried bitterly when Dr. Hollway asked him how long he had been so. When he had been put to bed we asked him if he needed anything, and he asked for the loaf of bread he had brought with him, and sat up and ate it like a wolf. We asked if he felt better, and he said, '*Ja, ich geh,*' quite tonelessly. Mostly he lies without a sound. I pray he may die. . . .

"I visited the blind Austrian boy who is in Sister Hollway's ward, where Miss Shepherd is 'Pro,' just to offer him 'New Year' greetings. He asked us whether the war was still going on. I suppose the poor child has been lying among foreigners for weeks. We told him we were from Scotland, and he confided in us. He asked to be helped to write to his sister, his only relative. He has no idea of how long he has been blind and a prisoner. . . . We are getting one of the house orderlies who is our 'tablemaid' and an ex-schoolmaster to see him to-morrow, and write his letter for him. I cannot imagine anything more awful than that boy has been through, that feeling of being blind and helpless and utterly lost among his enemies. Poor little Samson. Worse because he knows only his own language. . . .

"On Friday we brought the *Lehrer* to visit our Austrian boy, and they had a very long conversation

together, during which the letter was written. It was handed over to a Serbian Red Cross Major afterwards, and will get through, I believe. . . .

"This morning, Saturday, our Austrian boy Johann found to his delight that his sight had partly returned. He could make out my head and shoulder quite quickly. The *Lehrer* was delighted at his news, and told me that poor Johann had asked *der liebe Gott* that he might see again. . . .

"Our X-ray apparatus now works very well, and Dr. McDougal is quite in the best circles of Serbian society, we tell her, for officers come to her, even from Nish. We had several of Dr. Hollway's cases to-day, including Johann Frenzel, the half-blind boy. He can see better every day, he says, and now can make out some colours, but cannot tell one person from another. I pay him a call every evening; he is really a very interesting case. He has been moved into another of Sister Hollway's wards, where the patients are very kind to him. He is getting over his nervous breakdown, thanks very largely I think to Miss Shepherd, *die kleine Schwester*, who is so patient with him, and with another Serbian boy, who is really hardly human and is always crying out. Poor Johann gives no trouble like this, he was only too resigned at first, but he is getting brighter."

It is a relief to leave Johann restored to sight and friends. If the Scottish Women had done no more than save this poor laddie from darkness and loneliness those who sent them out would have felt it had been worth while. But multiply Johann ten thousandfold and you get nearer the number of those who have been healed and helped and made happy by the members of the S.W.H.

THE PEACEFUL SUMMER.



SERBIAN FÊTE DAY.



DR. INGLIS IN SERBIA.



BREAD CART.

[To face p. 103.]

CHAPTER III

"THE LONG, PEACEFUL SUMMER"

THE story of the summer of 1915, between the two storms of the typhus epidemic and the invasion by the enemy, is told in the following chapter in Dr. Inglis' own words. The quotations are taken from her weekly letters to the Committee. We see in them how the work of the S.W.H. grew during those months, and they bring Dr. Inglis before us vividly. Her extraordinary genius for organizing (shared in by so many of the women who have worked in the Units) makes itself felt; and in her description of visits of inspection to the hospitals and camps of the S.W.H., and of her many journeys, from one town to another, to interview the necessary authorities for the furtherance of her many schemes, her energetic spirit lives before us. The letters are full of numerous references to her beloved Serbs, and readers will be glad to know that "the lost *Gloucester Castle* equipment," so often mentioned, and for which such untiring search was made, was eventually found.

"The peaceful summer" contains the story of the Valjevo Unit. This, the 3rd Unit of the S.W.H., left England in April under Dr. Alice Hutchison. It was detained at Malta a fortnight by Lord Methuen to look after our British wounded, and then on arrival in Serbia was sent to Valjevo—"poor little Valjevo," which had been so much on Dr. Soltau's heart. The equipment for this Hospital was the finest yet sent out

by the S.W.H. Extracts from Dr. Hutchison's letters given at the end of this chapter describe the work of the Unit at Malta and at Valjevo.

When Dr. Inglis arrived in Serbia the idea of those in authority was to have a line of "blocking hospitals" in the north — at Mladanovatz, Posheravatz, and Palanka. These hospitals were to act as disinfecting camps, preventing any infectious diseases brought by the army from spreading again into Serbia. The surgical cases only were to be brought down to Kraguievatz. The Scottish Women's Hospitals were to provide these three camps. Dr. Hutchison's Unit, which was then on its way from home, "the finest hospital under canvas ever sent to the Balkans," was to be sent to Posheravatz. Of the three hospitals at Kraguievatz the two fever ones were to be closed, and the Staff, with their equipment supplemented by Sir Ralph Paget from his store, were to form one Camp Hospital at Mladanovatz; for the Palanka Camp reinforcements were wired for from Scotland. Eventually this scheme fell through, but the S.W.H. formed a line in the north, though not exactly in the same formation as had been planned. Their blocking line was composed of the two camp hospitals at Valjevo and Mladanovatz, under Drs. Hutchison and McGregor respectively, and a Serbian hospital at Lazarovatz staffed by the Scottish Women under Dr. Hollway.

DR. INGLIS' LETTERS.

"NISH, 4th June 1915.

"What brought me up to Nish was to see Sir Ralph Paget about the new scheme, and also Dr. Hutchison. Her Unit had been stopped here, because a bridge has come down in the floods north of Kraguievatz and south of Posheravatz. Dr. Hutchison's equipment

is, however, south of the bridge, and it has been suddenly decided by the Serbian authorities that she is to go to Valjevo at once, as the bridge cannot be mended for ten days. Of course she is delighted, as that means work at once; but it knocks the 'scheme,' which was a very much bigger thing,—and I am safe in saying Colonel Hunter's idea,—on the head. The scheme was to block the whole infectious disease, which always appears in every army, up north, by these three big disinfecting camps, and to bring only surgical cases south to Kraguievatz. Now we again begin simply attacks on isolated centres like Valjevo, which from all accounts is bad enough, but unless we can make Mladanovatz very fine and effective, I am afraid whatever attacks the army will attack Serbia—as typhus did. I am writing quite frankly, as this letter is to be brought by hand.

"Dr. Hutchison is looking very well, and all her Unit whom I have seen—very pleased, too, with what they were able to do at Malta. Sir Ralph says the Governor has written him a most eulogistic letter. I wonder if the War Office would let us send a real Unit for our own men there. . . .

"You can think of us really being of use—all three hospitals at Kraguievatz have been full and very busy. In the surgical one last week we had twenty-three operations, and one man told Dr. Chesney that he was going to write to his brother—a doctor in Bosnia (he is a prisoner)—what magnificent surgeons the English are. Major Protitch says this is the 'best surgical hospital in Serbia,' but you must not take that too literally; they are awfully kind people, and love saying pleasant things. Did I ever tell you that our Doctor's uniform hat is really the Serbian army hat? I was amused when I first saw it."

"Kraguievatz, 10th June 1915.

"And now for our news. My last letter went from Nish, taken by Captain Bennett, and I told you Dr. Hutchison had been ordered to Valjevo. Sir Ralph got Colonel Hunter to come up, and everything seemed all right, and we arranged that she and her sanitary inspector and her three men should come on that night with me, and the Unit follow in two days. Suddenly—at six o'clock in the evening—she got orders to take her whole Unit up at once. The train started at eight. With great good luck she collected them all, and even fed them, except two who were found missing at the station, and Dr. Phillips had to go back for them. These sudden bursts of energy in a people who generally love delay are terribly upsetting!

"One delightful Serbian officer—at Mladanovatz, where I spent a weary hour trying to nail Colonel — down to which site he intended to give us for our camp—suddenly leaned forward and said to me in English, 'Don't lose heart, Madam; things go slower in Serbia than in England!' I did laugh. I might have said to him that there are cataclysms in Serbia which break the slow monotony, and certainly one of them carried Dr. Hutchison's Unit up to Valjevo. There is another funny thing about Serbia, and that is that you seldom get the reason for anything. I told you that Dr. Hutchison's Unit could not go to Posheravatz because a bridge was down. Well! will you believe it, there was no bridge down? The next morning at Lapobo, the junction, at 3 a.m. we found Mrs. Haverfield, Mr. Smith, and Colonel Michalovitz, and when we all exclaimed, 'How did you get here?' they said that there was no railway bridge down at all, only a road bridge which did not affect the traffic. So why Dr. Hutchison went to Valjevo remains a mystery. It *may* have been because

there were movements of troops near the frontier at Posheravatz ; it *may* have been because Miss Christitch has arrived at Valjevo, and wants a hospital. Anyhow, it was *not* a broken bridge, and she is at a point there where she is much needed, and she is by now fully installed. . . .

“ . . . She leaned out of the window that morning, on the train, with all her pretty red hair fluffy, in a blue kimono. I was dreadfully afraid all these people I introduced her to would not realise she was really head of a Unit ! However, I know that would not last long after they had had dealings with her.

“ And now about our camp at Mladanovatz. After innumerable delays, finally Mrs. Haverfield, Dr. Laird (who is, I told you, to stay here permanently in the Surgical Hospital), and I went off in Colonel Gentitch's car, with him and another Serbian officer, to Mladanovatz for the wildest motor drive I ever had in my life. We skidded at least fifty times in the course of the day, but we never upset. We bumped all the day, and at one time charged a string of boulders, which had been used to mend the road, and *got over them* ; but it was the most glorious run as regards scenery. For a long way the road ran along the top of hills, and we had the most wonderful distant views of hills and valleys, and the lights and shadows were magnificent. I don't know when I enjoyed anything so much. And we did the business we set out to do, namely, chose our site. Unfortunately Colonel Michalovitz was still at Valjevo, and Colonel Hunter had just got his orders to go straight off to Malta, and could not spare the time to come ; but one of his men, Captain C——, was there, and came up in the nick of time ; so we got a very good site, gently sloping ground, with a good water-supply, and an iron shed at the back where we can put stores. . . .

"We shall miss Colonel Hunter and his young men very much. They have been extraordinarily helpful. Tomorrow the equipment goes. Matron and Sister Brown have done all the separating and packing beautifully. Sir Ralph Paget gave me 300 sheets, and with these and your most generous equipment we can keep the Surgical Hospital here fully up to the mark, and manage 300 beds at Mladanovatz."

"MLADANOVATZ, 16th June 1915.

"The camp is on a slope facing the s.w., and there is the most glorious view you can imagine across the valley, and away to high hills in the distance. It has been hard but most interesting work getting the Hospital arranged, but now we are practically ready, and patients may come any day—indeed, we expected some to-day. . . .

"I wish you could see our kitchen—the quaintest little place, in a shed, which was here when we came, and to which we have added another shed, the whole open all round. *And* our incinerator—which I built! It burns up everything so beautifully!"

The part of the letter which follows refers to a question that had arisen. As the country was now comparatively free of disease, were the S.W.H. and other Hospital Units to accept this as likely to be a permanent condition, and withdraw from Serbia to centres of greater need, or was provision to be made for the treatment of the wounded from the battles which would follow the arrival of the British and French forces then confidently expected? It will be seen what decision was arrived at, at a conference of the various Hospital Units held later.

"As to the future development of the work, your telegram came this morning asking if the Serbian authorities and Sir Ralph Paget want another Unit here,

and it was that that finally decided me to go back tomorrow and see the Chief of the Medical Department, Colonel Gentitch. There is no doubt that there is very little sickness in the country at present. The whole point is how much they mean to prepare for the future, and I'll wire after I have seen him. The last two letters I have written will explain the situation, so I need not go into it again. Mrs. Hunter's letter has arrived, in which she says the Committee propose rather to strengthen and equip the Units already out than send new ones; and that is an excellent policy at present.

"Our Director here is very nice—Dr. Zdravkovitch—most anxious to help in every way. He is in charge of another camp, a little nearer the village, on the same hill. A trench marks the boundary between the camps, and they call it 'the Straits of Dover'! We messed with them at first, but now we have our own kitchen in working order, and all our Unit is up here.

"I got a *Scotsman* yesterday showing that the funds have reached £28,000—apparently apart from the Welsh and London funds. *Good!* What about a Unit to Malta, or Alexandria, for our own men? Lord Methuen would welcome them! He was very loath to let Dr. Hutchison's Unit come away."

"Kraguievatz, 22nd June 1915.

"The Valjevo camp is beautifully situated, lower down the valley than that at Mladanovatz, but on sloping ground with a good water-supply. It is, of course, thoroughly well arranged, and every detail well thought out, as you would expect from Dr. Hutchison. General M——, the General in command of the Drina district, came to see it when I was there, and was very pleased with the whole thing. (Mladanovatz is under the Belgrade command.)

"Wood is very precious here, so we have decided at Mladanovatz not to put down our wooden-floors, but to use the planks for dividing up the magazine. That would have cost us £40 otherwise. The only tent in which we will put a wooden floor is the operating theatre, and there we shall make it in four pieces. There will be no heavy beds, and we shall empty the theatre once a week, take out the floor and scrub it, and spray the ground with formalin.

"In the other tents we have cleared away the thick grass, beaten the ground hard, and dug a deep trench round to carry off the rain-water. The ground in the tents is sprayed with formalin every morning.

"There were seventy patients in yesterday morning at Mladanovatz when I left, and they are coming in at the rate of fifteen to twenty a day—medical cases entirely. Some of them seem to be cases of pure fatigue. They arrive with a temperature of 103° or 104° , they are put to bed, given milk and some light supper, and the next morning the temperature is normal. Then after a day or two they begin to rouse up. There were two bad pneumonias in, a case of rheumatic fever, and a man who might possibly be enteric. Everybody is settling down splendidly to their work. . . .

" . . . One day I got a message from Col. Gentitch to say he would like to come over to say good-bye to the Staff, who were going to Mladanovatz, and see some Scottish dances, after dinner. So I at once wrote off and asked him to come to dinner; and I also asked Capt. Javanovitch—the Censor—and Dr. Kopje, and Col. Harrison, and we had a very nice evening. Two nights after, they gave a banquet to the departing Unit—which I missed, having started for Mladanovatz; and he made the most extraordinarily warm speech, in which he said the Scottish Women's Units were always first in the

field, first when the war broke out, and first when the bombs fell.

"But perhaps the thing that will interest the Committee most was a conversation I had with Dr. Curcin. He said to me that he did hope we would not lose patience, and that we would realise that one of the greatest difficulties in Serbia is that they are not used to women doing this sort of work. He said, 'At the bottom of his heart Col. — can never believe that a woman can do a thing as well as a man! And,' he said, 'the most of the men in Serbia are like that! Now I know,' he said, 'that that is absurd, and, Madam, I want you to realise that I, and the men who think like me, the advanced party, we are almost more grateful to you for coming out and showing what women can do, than for the Hospitals you have given us.'—Now, wasn't that nice?

"As regards the work out here, when the move comes, and I suppose that will be when Constantinople falls, or the Russians gain a decisive victory, there will be a tremendous need for us! The whole army is massed on the frontier, a quarter of a million of men (I am offending the Censor, so you will be careful—won't you?). We see them streaming past at Mladanovatz, and they have only about 300 Serbian doctors altogether. One hundred and twenty-five of their doctors died during the typhus outbreak; so you will see how short-handed they must be. And we all know now how long it takes to get out help from home, therefore it seems to me that the help ought to be *ready*.

"... By the way, Mrs. Hunter says you have been criticised for the meagreness of your equipment. *What* things people will say! Why, we are running 450 beds at this moment with an equipment you sent out for 300! And with only sheets and towels for 100 beds we shall

run 550 beds *easily*! And in two hospitals — which means the duplication of many things.

"Sir Ralph Paget has given us some delightful boxes of stores.

"*P.S.* — Just home from the conference at Mrs. Stobart's. General Soubititch, Head of the Red Cross, was there, and Capt. Javanovitch. There is no uncertainty about it at all. Col. Gentitch said definitely that *no one is to leave*, and all Units on the way *to come at once*. Capt. Javanovitch put it that this is the 'lull before the storm.' It is reported to-day that the German Emperor has invited the Prime Ministers of Bulgaria and Roumania to visit him at his Headquarters. If they go against us there will be savage fighting here. Then there is a possibility that Germany may try to break through to help the Turks in the Dardanelles. In any case 'there is a storm brewing, and we must have everything taut for the gale.' They did not mince matters at all, and I pass it all on to you, knowing that you will remember that the *Censor has not seen this letter*."

"Kraguievatz, 1st July 1915.

"I only wish you could see both camps at Valjevo and Mladanovatz. They are both in perfectly lovely country and well placed. It was curious to go up on the hill the evening I was with Dr. Hutchison, and look down on that peaceful valley, and the clean little white town, and think what a change had come there since the winter.

"With Miss Holme arrived the two motors—the Welsh ambulance and the seven-seater. Will you tell the donors how very pleased we were to see them, and how much they have been admired, especially the Welsh ambulance, which we have been told is the finest ambulance in Serbia. I cannot say I *hope* they will soon be in use, but I can say this, if the need arises, which is ex-

pected, it is a great thing to have two such cars ready. Sir Ralph Paget says he will lend us two other ambulances in that contingency also, till our other ones come out.

"Everything depends so much on events over which we have no control, and there are so many possible contingencies that it is very difficult to say definitely what should be done, to my mind, but this much is certain, that if anything does happen, this plucky little country will need help more than any other of our Allies, and we have definitely undertaken to help them.

"One way and another I have been able to see a good deal of the country going from one of our Hospitals to another, and up to Belgrade, and so on. Most people find the travelling very tiring, but I must say I have enjoyed it all. I have had the most extraordinary luck—the Government have given me a free pass over all the railways. Once I got into a Sanitary train and was invited to breakfast by one of the doctors in charge. I generally find my travelling companions most interesting and ready to talk: twice I have travelled with Serbian officers, who have told me a lot about the country.

"I am going to take this letter down to the censor tomorrow, and if he passes it I shall register it home. I don't know that I have thrown much light on your problem. You must know better than we out here do where most help is needed, and perhaps events will have settled the question before this letter arrives. Anyhow, we have all our plans ready, and my own feeling is that we can probably be more helpful here than anywhere, though I *would* like a hospital ship at the Dardanelles!"

"KRAGUIEVATZ, 10th July 1915.

"I have just been reading an article in the *Times* which gives a very good account of the conditions here

now. You have probably seen it. The typhus is over, there is no fighting for the moment, and the country is wonderfully healthy. Sir Ralph Paget is coming to Kraguievatz to-morrow—and has summoned a Conference of the Heads of British Units to consider the position. I shall finish this letter to-morrow after the Conference and tell you what takes place. My own feeling strongly is that we should wait here in readiness for emergencies *which must come*, and when they come there will be no country in more need than Serbia—with under 300 doctors and no nurses whatsoever. In the meantime, it seems to me there is a good deal we can do here. As soon as our drugs arrive, and our tent-poles—which have stuck for some unknown reason in Salonique—Dr. McGregor is going to open a dispensary for the civil population at Mladanovatz.

“Then we are arranging for Dr. Hollway and the new doctors, with some Sisters, to take over a Serbian hospital at Lazarovatz, and run it.

“... We are waiting to hear from Lazarovatz. And I think it ought to be a most interesting bit of work, and also a very fine experiment. I should like to see what could be made of a Serbian hospital, using their own workmen and their own things, and see how much more is really needed. And Dr. Hollway likes the Serbians so much that it ought to work out well. In a small way, I have been trying the same in our Surgical Hospitals here—for the new theatre and the improved sanitary arrangements, etc. In the theatre, for instance, instead of taking the glass cupboard for instruments, which we might have had from the things sent out by the British Government to Col. Hunter, I have had a first-rate wooden cupboard made by an ordinary carpenter, and painted white. And the iron stands, for the lotion bowls, Col. Darrach is making for us at the Arsenal. And it

is going to be as nice a theatre as any in Serbia. By the way, I got the concrete floor after all, thanks to Lieut. R——, the engineer officer who is carrying out our improvements. Getting the courtyard in order has been quite exciting work. The cesspool, they admit, has not been emptied for four years. I think it is more like ten. We have pumped and pumped and pumped, and then last night they tried to empty it with buckets. One of the carts broke down and upset the whole awful mess in the street. It was perfectly awful. We have been at it for five mortal weeks. We have done, however, more in three days than we managed the three weeks before.

"They sent down ten Austrians to fill in a dreadful pit of dirty water, but they sent no picks or shovels! There were exactly two shovels and one pick in Hospital, and when I went down, eight Austrians were lying under the trees smoking—two were leisurely throwing loose earth into the pit. When they got to the end, another man dragged himself to his feet and broke up some more ground with the pick while the two overworked shovellers smoked. I watched this for about ten minutes, and then I descended on them. I asked for the officer in charge; they said there wasn't one. Ten Austrian prisoners and nobody in charge, you know!! Eventually we found the Serbian non-commissioned officer *asleep* at the back of the bathroom. I stood over them for two hours, and I don't think those Austrians can have worked so hard since they came to Serbia. They worked in five-minute shifts three at a time, one breaking up earth and the other two shovelling. In two hours we had made the slope where the cart is to stand which is to carry away our dirty water, and thrown all the earth into the pit. Then I went up to Col. G——'s office and said that if they

wanted me to spend my time standing over Austrian orderlies I was quite willing to do it, but I thought it was a job for their officers. They were horrified. So all yesterday and to-day there has been feverish energy, and the place is tidied out of knowledge. We have half(!) emptied the cesspool. We have built an incinerator for all the dressings (which before went into the pond!) and solid refuse from the kitchen. We made a 'tamp,' namely, a slope in which a cart with two barrels will stand, and all dirty water will be emptied into them, and carted to the fields. We are to have two carts and a yoke of oxen, but don't be surprised if you find I have bought a yoke of oxen for you, for we shall find it much easier to keep our carts circulating if we control them entirely. And we have filled in the awful pit or pond—and the Serbians have tidied up the grass, which is so like them, the dear things. While we struggle with the cesspool they make the grass nice.

"Well, that hospital will be a demonstration in Kraguievatz of what they can or ought to do on their own system with their own implements. Everybody who has seen the incinerator is so taken with it, from Col. Gentitch, who came especially to inspect it, to the little peasant woman next door, who stood rapt in admiration saying, '*Dobra*' (good).

"The Conference is over. Sir Ralph and Lady Paget arrived here at 7 o'clock for breakfast, and we had the Conference in our dining-room at 10.30, and half the people stayed to lunch, and everybody came back to tea and Miss Patrick's Scotch scones!

"The resolution, which was unanimously passed, ran as follows:

"'That in view of the possibilities of the situation this Conference decides that no British Unit at present

in Serbia shall leave the country. The Conference shall meet again early in September.'

"It appeared that, counting the two doctors and nineteen nurses just coming to us, we are only 270 strong."

"Kragujevatz, 19th July 1915.

" . . . The Serbs are a strikingly handsome race. Our patients are delightful. The other day Dr. Chesney got up a gymkhana for them in the Hospital yard—a very simple affair—and they did enjoy it so. A good many of the things had to be done by the Austrian orderlies—for instance, a stretcher race, where I thought it distinctly safer to have a well man in the stretcher. But there were several events for the patients: an egg-and-spoon race, and a crutch race, and a needle-threading race—when the Sisters threaded the needles. I went into the wards in the middle to give some tobacco to the men who could not come out, and heard the laughter and cheers, and I could not help thinking, there we all were—Turks and British and Serbs and Austrians, all playing together as happy as possible. Perhaps if we played more together, and knew one another better, such awful things as this war would not happen. We gave some simple prizes—tobacco and cigarettes and knives. Major Protege, our Director, came and said the men were obviously so well that he was going to send them back on command at once—a joke that was hugely enjoyed. Dr. Chesney organized the whole affair splendidly, and deserves a lot of credit. Somebody said to me that it had been so nice that it was a pity we had not asked if the Crown Prince would come and give the prizes. Of course we never thought of soaring so high; but I said I only wished I had thought of it, for then the Crown Prince would have noticed the awful smells in our yard, and perhaps something would have

been done. However, I gave the prizes, and we ended by playing the National Anthem on the violin, and singing 'God Save the King.' . . .

"I wish you could have seen us last Sunday afternoon. That was one of the unexpected things that happen. We went up, some of us, quite unsuspecting, on a quiet, sunshiny afternoon to the Stobart Camp for service (by the way, we have one here every Sunday), and instead of a calm service we spent the afternoon hanging on to tent-ropes and rescuing patients from under collapsed tents. The wind suddenly got up, and in about two minutes a peaceful camp was a roaring chaos. Eventually, when it died down, there were seventeen tents down, and five centre poles broken. I wish I had time to tell you of all the funny things that happened. Almost everybody's hair came down. One patient with a crutch hurled himself out of the tent, and twisted himself and his crutch into a rope and sat down on it. In another place the patients were all found sitting in a row—on the fly—but I must say they saved the tent. Mrs. Stobart took it awfully well, and as nobody is any the worse we can all laugh as much as we like. I was so stiff I could hardly move the next day. *The achievement was the cooks'.* When we eventually emerged with time to look round, we found the kitchen fire still alight, and the evening meal being cooked, though all the tents, kitchen stores, etc., were down. I am not sure that Mrs. Stobart did not nearly equal them, for she invited us all to stay to supper! But we didn't. . . .

"I do not think you should alter the uniforms, for everybody is beginning to know it—here, at any rate—and people come up to one and say, 'You are the Scottish Women, aren't you? I travelled with your people on such and such a boat, or met them in such and such a

place.' But could not a felt hat—soft—be added for undress uniform, exactly to match the grey of the winter uniforms? Dr. Hutchison was asking, what has become of the 'serpents' for her Unit?

"It was nice getting a glimpse of her when she came down for the Conference, looking so well. I have heard all sorts of complimentary things about her camp: its splendid sanitary arrangements and good order."

"SKOPLJE, 10th August 1915.

"The Committee will be surprised at this address. Lady Paget wired to me last Sunday and again on Monday, asking me to come down and help them, as they had some bad surgical cases and no surgeon. I had already lent her three of the new Sisters, and said that Dr. Hollway could come for ten days or so. Dr. Hollway was at Lazarovatz investigating the position there, and she followed me here and took over Dr. Morrison's work—he is going home next week; Mrs. Laurie knows him—125 beds and the surgical work, and he went up to Belgrade to see what he could arrange there about a surgeon. He wires that he is coming back to-morrow morning, bringing a surgeon with him. We all exclaimed, 'Well done!' So I shall go off to-morrow night—straight to Mladanovatz, and from there to Valjevo, where they are in great trouble—six cases of enteric—three doctors and three Sisters.

"After Valjevo I shall go to Lazarovatz—which lies between Valjevo and Mladanovatz—and see them fairly started. Dr. Hollway's account is very interesting. It is a village, and the 'Hospital,' which consists of 200 beds, is in eight different houses—really miscalled 'gast houses.' It is a junction, and will be a splendid dressing-station some day. We shall go thoroughly into the equipment, but Dr. Hollway says there are 1000 sheets;

which makes me think they expect developments there. (By the way, not a single thing sent by the *Gloucester Castle* has arrived yet. I told Mr. Smith to wire direct to Lord Methuen.)

"Lady Paget's is a beautifully organized hospital—on a hill about a mile out of Skoplje. They have 350 beds, and could expand in an emergency to 1000. Lady Paget is the 'soul' of the place. I have *lent* them three of our new nurses. It really is a place to be proud of—and so beautifully situated with glorious views of the hills. There is a first-rate laboratory, and they have their own carpenters' shop and mechanics and everything. Skoplje itself is very interesting—quite Turkish. Dr. Maitland took me in yesterday, and it was interesting walking through the bazaars. It is all quite different to Northern Serbia.

"*P.S.*—By the way, I bought that yoke of oxen for Kraguievatz. It was quite necessary."

"VALJEVO, 15th August 1915.

"I wrote last week from Skoplje, and this is just a little note to say I left there on Wednesday night, Dr. Morrison and Dr. Turner, the surgeon he got at Belgrade, arriving on Wednesday morning. Lady Paget telegraphed that Dr. McDougal and her party had arrived at Salonika, and were travelling up in the same train as she. They made a record journey, arriving in Kraguievatz a fortnight from the day they left Southampton.

"I wanted very much to come straight here and see if Dr. Hutchison wanted help, but I thought it better to place the new people first. This I did on Friday morning, and went on to Mladanovatz by car that afternoon, and on here on Saturday.

"This is a very fine camp, and the Committee may be very proud of it. Sir Ralph writes to me that he inspected Dr. Hutchison's camp, and that he 'has nothing but praise for it.' It really is a splendid piece of organization.

"The Staff all looked well, and there is an enormous amount of superfluous energy, as there is in all the British Units here!

"I go back by Lazarovatz to-morrow, and see them fairly started. I'll send you a report about that as soon as possible. Then I shall stop at Mladanovatz on my way back, and see how it is working.

"This is such a lovely place. I seem to say that in every letter—wherever I write from! But it is perfectly true, Serbia *is* a lovely country. We are right up among the hills here; and on this grey and rather misty morning—we might be in Scotland. Could any Scots-woman say anything more? But the blue blue skies and the glorious sunshine are all Serbia.

"*P.S.*—The *Gloucester Castle* things have not arrived yet. Sir Ralph has wired to Lord Methuen about them; and Mr. Behrens in charge of our stores at Salonika will send some one over if we do not hear soon."

"MLADANOVATZ, 13th September 1915.

"... I have all sorts of interesting things to tell the Committee this week.

"First about the opening of the Fountain here. This took place last Tuesday. Colonel Gentitch and Colonel Michalovitz came up from Kraguievatz for it. We came up in two cars—our seven-seater and an ambulance car belonging to the Government. We started at 6 a.m. We *meant* to start at 5 a.m., but that was quite good for this dear, unpunctual country. It is curious how one gets used to things. You remember I

told you what an awful road it was, the first time Mrs. Haverfield and I came here with the Colonel to choose the site. Positively this time I thought the road quite good! It was a much colder, greyer day than last time, but still very beautiful, and we all enjoyed it. We got here at a quarter to ten, having stopped for coffee at Topola, and Colonel Gentitch went round the camp, which was awfully nice and neat, and then at eleven we went to the Fountain.

"It was a dedication ceremony, five Greek priests performed it. All the Bevis Camp (the 1st British Field Ambulance Corps), and all our people who could be spared, and Serbian officers representing the artillery, the cavalry, and the infantry, about twenty of them—and some engineer officers, friends of the architects, and the squad of men who did the actual building. The Fountain is between the camp and the village, on the same hill, looking right across to Kosmai, the mountain where they fought one of their big battles last year.

"A table covered with a white cloth stood in front of the Fountain, and on it a silver crucifix, a bowl of water, a long brown candle, lighted, and stuck in a tumbler full of sand, and two bunches of basil, one fresh and one dried. The priests in their canonicals ranged themselves behind the table, and Colonel R—, who is in command here, and Colonel Gentitch, and Colonel B—, the head of the Medical Department, stood facing them, and all the rest of us, round about. Quite unconsciously we all got together on the right, the Bevis people and us, and the Serbian officers on the left, which was just as well when it came to the blessing and sprinkling with the Holy Water. It would have made an awful muddle if we had all been mixed up. The very first thing that happened was so impressive with



OPENING OF THE FOUNTAIN AT MLADANOVATZ.



INSCRIPTION ON FOUNTAIN.

[To face p. 122.]

them all standing together like that. The service was intoned, and at the first note, just as if it had been a word of command, each man swept off his cap, and crossed himself—just in a flash, like drill. They cross themselves the opposite way to Catholics, from right to left. The singing of the service was very beautiful; the priests passed the books from one to another, singing alone, and then together. A peasant, dressed in ordinary rough peasant clothes, swung the censer towards us and the others and the priests, and whenever it was swung towards any side the people there bowed. The service went on, and the crucifix was dipped in the bowl for some time. They blessed King Peter of Serbia, Nicholas, Tsar of Russia, and George, King of England. Then they turned round and blessed the Fountain, sprinkling the water on it with the bunch of fresh basil, first in front, and then all round to the back. After that, one of the priests made an address, of which, of course, we understood nothing except Lady Paget's name; but later on Colonel Michalovitz translated it into French, and it was a very pretty little speech, saying how grateful they were to the Scottish Women's Hospitals, and that they are a poor people, and cannot do big things, but they had done this little thing to show they were grateful, and to keep the name of the Hospitals 'for ever' in the countryside, so that the peasants always would remember. When Lady Paget was ill the peasants prayed in all the country in their little houses for her recovery. Happily I wasn't ill, but they would pray for blessings all the same. Wasn't it all prettily put? Colonel Michalovitz stood in the middle and said it all to me, and I felt, as a Suffragist who can speak, I ought to make a speech in reply! But in the first place I should have had to speak in French, and in the second I knew they weren't used to women speaking,

so I just said I thanked them a thousand times, and they did not seem to expect anything more.

"However, I have run ahead, for Colonel Michalovitz did not make his translation till later. After the Fountain had been blessed, and the address given, the priest came to the front of the table, holding the crucifix in his left hand and the basil in his right, and all the officers there went up one by one, beginning with Colonel Gentitch, and the priest sprinkled the water from the basil on their heads, and they kissed the crucifix, and some of them kissed his hand. Then he went round to where the squad of men stood, and sprinkled them, but just walking along in front of them, not individually.

"That was the end of the service, and Colonel Michalovitz made his translation. The priests gave me the two bunches of basil, the fresh and the dried one, and these are some of the few things I shall certainly keep.

"Dr. McGregor had invited all the Commanding Officers, about fifteen of them, to lunch, and we all came back here together. Unfortunately there was not room to have the Bevis people too. They had made the mess tent so awfully pretty with red berries, and Charlie—their Austrian cook, who was a waiter at the Trocadero when the war broke out, and had had eighteen months under a chef—produced the most *recherché* lunch! Colonel Gentitch proposed my health, and the Director, through Colonel Michalovitz (for he cannot speak French), proposed Dr. McGregor's, and altogether the whole thing was most successful. Two of the priests came up to lunch, and one of them sang Serbian songs to us afterwards. I do wish you could all have been here. It seems such a shame that we should see all these interesting things, and have all the interesting work, and

you should have all the drudgery at home. *Everybody, literally*, here envies us our Committee. Your thorough organization and your abundant supplies and constant helpfulness makes us hear very often, 'If only we had your Committee.'

"We have got your papers about organization and shall try to live up to them. They strike me as excellent. And will you tell Mrs. Walker that the Swastica sign on our bales and boxes is blessed by everybody who has to do with equipment, British and Serbian alike. It makes it so easy to pick out our boxes.

"The second interesting thing is the work at Lazarovatz. Colonel Gentich said he would come on there, after the opening of the Fountain; however, he found he could not. But Colonel Michalovitz came. Colonel Gentich and the others went back in the Government car, and Dr. McDougal, Colonel Michalovitz, and I went on in the seven-seater. Colonel Michalovitz is a splendid man for getting things done, and we spent the whole of the morning going round with him (next morning). As I told you, the Hospital at Lazarovatz is housed in various houses in the village, private houses, and inns. I don't know if the Censor will let this pass, but as I want the red blankets, I *must* tell you the number of beds! We are expected to be ready for 600 beds there. The Director has arranged that we shall have charge of the store and the laundry *for the whole Hospital*, so we are responsible for the care of the whole equipment.

"They are having quite a rush of work, considering how healthy the country is. One day a division passed through and left a hundred sick behind them. This more than filled every bed we had ready. So you can imagine our feelings the next evening when we suddenly heard that fifty more were coming down the line. It

was really like war work, *as one imagines it!* We went and turned out a gast house, people who had been sitting there in the café helping to clear out the tables and chairs, the proprietors helping too, and showing us where extra wood was to be had, and so on. We swept the whole place out to the light of storm lanterns, made a roaring fire, got on some boiling water in the little kitchen place, and then down on us came the patients, beds, bedding, all together. Some of the men were really ill, and all of them were dead tired. Fortunately Serbian beds are made more quickly than our iron ones. Mrs. Haverfield came down in the nick of time with all our house orderlies. We packed that house as no English Hospital would ever dare to pack! But we got a bed for each man. There was no question of bathing, of course! We just tore off their uniforms and their heavy muddy boots. Dr. McDougal wandered round with tea, which they love (they had had their rations all day and weren't hungry, but they gulped down the tea), and it was good to see them sink back on their pillows, saying, '*Leppo, Sestra, leppo,*' which means, 'It is beautiful, Sister, beautiful.'"

"Kraguievatz, 26th September 1915.

"There are all sorts of exciting things to tell the Committee, so I am glad to have the opportunity of sending this home by Sister B——. You probably know more of what is going on at home than we do here—but the last week has been full of rumours. What seems to be certain is that Bulgaria is mobilising—probably to attack Serbia; that Greece and Roumania are also mobilising—object unknown; and that an Austrian—some say German—force is massing on the frontier, and that there is certain to be an attack on Belgrade. I travelled up from Nish yesterday, and the whole line

was blocked with trains full of soldiers and transport. We took twenty-one hours on the journey; started at eight o'clock at night and got here at five o'clock the next afternoon—dead tired! Last week Austrian aeroplanes were 'announced,' and the authorities evidently believed the report; for the Arsenal was emptied of workmen—and they don't stop work willingly just now. So—as a Serbian officer said to me yesterday—'Serbia is exactly where she was a year ago.' It does seem hard lines on our little Ally. If only they could have sent a British Expeditionary Force up here this summer, it would have made absolutely all the difference—all the Balkan States would have declared on our side, Germany could not have got ammunition through to the Turks, and probably things would have been easier for Russia. I suppose one ought not to criticise—but to lengthen our line in France and have muddling diplomacy out here! Of course I believe we have poured in money and munitions and stores—but an Army Corps would have simply solved the situation.

"Well, as to how this affects us. Sir Ralph was talking about the various possibilities. As long as the Serbians fight we'll stick to them—retreat if necessary, burning all our stores. If they are overwhelmed we must escape—probably *via* Montenegro. Don't worry about us. We won't do anything rash or foolish; and if you will trust us to decide, as we must know most about the situation out here, we'll act rationally.

"Colonel Harrison was dining here last night and says there are developments in the political situation, and we must all be ready for work immediately. We are awfully worried at the *Gloucester Castle* equipment not arriving—for if there is any rush I am afraid we shall be short of dressings.

"Colonel Gentitch is coming up with me next week to

see Mladanovatz, Lazarovatz, and Valjevo. Your telegram has come about calling Mladanovatz 'The Neil Fraser Hospital,' and you will see from the enclosed letter that he is very pleased. He spoke about it the other night too.

"Mr. Smith is going over to Malta to try and find that lost equipment. . . .

"We have succeeded in getting the cesspool closed altogether, and are using the bucket system. Huz and Buz—the two oxen we bought—do the carting. Such a funny thing, we had to sign a special Act to have them called Huz and Buz! It seemed their Serbian names were something else, and you cannot alter an ox's name without an Act. I laughed till I cried, and now an orderly comes up to salute and say solemnly something about the fodder for 'Hooz and Booz.' I believe Dr. Chesney has carefully explained to the whole Hospital that they are Biblical characters, but what they make of it all I don't know. When we had bought our own they sent us down two more from the Military Hospital, which is *so* like them, and they were promptly named Gog and Magog; but I have said those must be strictly pet names, for I am not going to sign Acts for altering the names of Government oxen."

"MLADANOVATZ, 29th Sept. 1915.

"Mr. Smith is still in Malta hunting for the *Gloucester Castle* things. I may hear of them when I go in to Kraguievatz this afternoon. I *must* go to see Colonel Gentitch about things for Lazarovatz, wood for a new laundry, etc.; and also the winter plans for here—but I shall come up again to-morrow for the operations.

". . . I meant to stay at Nish only one day, but it took so long to get all the things collected at the Red Cross Store that I had to stay two. Sir Ralph has established the most delightful Rest House at Nish for

the use of the Units, just opposite the station, in little white temporary buildings. It is such a comfort—the cleanliness and orderliness. An American turned up one afternoon while I was there, and sank into a deck-chair, exclaiming, 'How neat and English!' It is a most interesting place to stay in—all sorts and conditions of Britishers drop in and out, going one way and another. I saved up some nice things I heard for the Committee."

Of these let us give one: A man from another Unit working in Serbia, during a conversation with Dr. Inglis poured out his woes with regard to the dissensions in his Unit. He wound up by saying, "I suppose you never have these troubles—you seem such a happy family!" "I looked at him," writes Dr. Inglis, "to see if he was laughing. But he wasn't. He was in dead earnest. So I hid my smile and said, 'Well, perhaps women *can* manage other women better than men can!'"

And so "the long, peaceful summer" drew to a close. In the last letters we can hear the brewing of the storm that was so soon to envelop Serbia.

VALJEVO

Dr. Hutchison's letters which follow carry us back again to the month of April, when she with her Unit, closely following on Dr. Inglis' departure, sailed for Serbia from Cardiff. They tell the story of this particular Unit from the day of its starting until it left Valjevo.

"S.S. 'CERAMIC,' OFF COAST
OF SPAIN, *Friday*.

"After the last handkerchief-wavings at the Caledonian Station things went wonderfully smoothly, up to our arrival at Cardiff.

"That night we spent in the docks, and only finally set sail next morning at 9.30. What a strange and unforgettable send-off we had, one which will live in the memory for all time. To me it was so strongly suggestive of the influence of the war in drawing us all nearer to our fellow-creatures, known and unknown.

"Well, to describe our send-off, having first piqued your curiosity about it.

"We first caught sight of some army nursing sisters, who, we soon learnt, had been prompted by a kindly feeling to give us a heartening send-off. As we moved slowly into the dock, I realised that quite a crowd was gathering, and not a known face among them. Dock labourers seemed to rise out of the ground, so quickly did their numbers swell. Grimy and untidy in their working garb, they still were to me a more welcome sight than any well-dressed crowd. Next came 'Tommies,' strolling along from odd corners till quite a company of them had assembled. A number of these seated themselves on a suspended chain and regaled us with 'Tipperary' and other songs—Welsh, Scotch, and English; we in turn fully contributed our share. Jests were shouted up from the shore and quickly replied to by the more nimble-tongued among us.

"From the shore came: 'Are we down-hearted?' To which we replied with suitable vigour: 'No! No!! No!!!' 'Are we going to win?' shouted the crowd on the shore. 'Yes!' we frantically cried. So the time quickly passed as the waters rose in the dock, till a most unexpected anticlimax came with the snapping of the chain and the precipitation of a struggling mass of 'Tommies' on to the ground. To this we shouted from our Olympic heights, 'Encore!' And still the waters rose, and an increasing inclination showed itself among the 'Tommies' to cast off light music and jests and to

blend their voices more and more insistently in a plaintive 'Song of Farewell.' Intervals came, when ringing cheers were raised for us, to which the Chief Medical Officer replied by voicing the thanks of the company; but the 'Song of Farewell' became more and more the dominant note. At last the gates were opened and the *Ceramic* took her stately course towards the open sea and the unknown. A few last cheers were raised, but were quickly subdued by the 'Song of Farewell,' which floated over the waters to us till it became only a faint wail in the far distance.

"... We are all a very harmonious company, and each person seems bent on making the expedition a big success."

"CAMERATA, STRADA MERCANI,
MALTA, 8th May.

"I seldom set out to do one thing, without tackling something quite unexpected on the way, therefore instead of now being somewhere near Salonika *en route* for Serbia, I am working with my Unit in a British Military Hospital at Malta. At this moment I am sitting in the entrance courtyard of our Hospital, waiting for the arrival of a fresh contingent of wounded. We have the good fortune to be working in the building which was in the fifteenth century the Hospital of the Knights of St. John. Now it is merely called the Valetta Military Hospital, but those who have the inner eye open, realise the immense attraction of working in a building of such historic interest. Entering by the rather insignificant doorway, you find yourself in a large, square, flagged courtyard. Brightly coloured flowers grow in what may have formerly been the central fountain, and clamber up the walls to touch the balustraded balcony. By the arched entrance at the far end you go down a flight of stairs and then proceed

along wide whitewashed corridors till you enter the gigantic wards, one of which holds 90 patients comfortably. So thick are the immense walls that on the hottest day the air is deliciously cool in every part of the building. Quaint little recesses indicate that the building is not modern, and the heavily barred windows of the slaves' dungeons tell their own tale ; but indeed the whole atmosphere is charged with scents of the olden days. Where formerly the Knights of St. John, in their flowing white robes, tended their sick folk, may now be seen, moving among the beds, four painfully modern women doctors in their painfully modern ward coats ! Alas ! why *are* we so keen for the times to move on.

" You will, however, want a few words of explanation on the situation. Well, we had been here three days when we were summoned into the Governor's presence (after a preliminary interview with the P.M.O.), and it was explained to us that the services of the Unit were very urgently required, as a sudden and unforeseen strain was going to be put on the medical organization of Malta.

" We liked our Chief from the first moment we set eyes on him, and we think he should get a D.S.O. for the splendid way he has organized the Hospital at short notice. Guess who our patients are ? The men who have been wounded at the Dardanelles—a mixture of Australians and Britishers. It is lovely to have the chance of looking after our own men for a bit, and I have been thrilled and appalled at the account they give us of the landing of our troops on the peninsula of Gallipoli ; but I expect it's wiser not to write about it. The Australians arrived here first and are very interesting as a character study, though it's early days to sum them up. When the second batch came, I said to one

man, 'Are you Australian too?' The reply was, 'No, just plain British.'

"15th. We are all saddened because of a death we had to-day. He was an Australian, and a more friendly, plucky young fellow I have never seen. He had repeated hæmorrhage from a wound in his arm, which had finally to be amputated yesterday. He was game to the last, and all the convalescents stood to attention when an hour or two later he was carried from the ward covered with the Union Jack. It doesn't sound much, but I'll never forget it. Nor shall I forget another man, whom I also found in the early hours, pulseless but conscious. Literally with his dying breath he reassured me: 'Honestly, you know, Doctor, I'm perfectly fit.' One glories in such pluck, and yet one loathes war more and more every day, because it makes you see everything through blood and tears. I won't write more to-day. We sail for Serbia on Saturday next, and it will cost us a big pang to say good-bye to our British Tommies. I'm so glad, *ever* so glad, to have had this little chance of serving them and mothering them, and it's a great joy to us that they should so quickly be enthusiastic about their women doctors.

"The Australians and New Zealanders we found delightfully frank and easy to get on with. They were always ready to jeer at the sentimental effusion of the *Malta Chronicle* over 'our wounded heroes.' When an Australian was asked one day where he had managed to get a coat he was sporting, the quick reply came: 'Pinched it from another wounded hero, Doctor!'"

Dr. Hutchison and her Unit remained in Malta until they were wired for from Serbia, where they were urgently needed.

That they did good work in Malta is shown from

the letter of appreciation written by the Governor, Lord Methuen, after the Unit's departure :

"SAN ANTONIO PALACE, MALTA.

"DEAR SIR,—As I have written to Sir Ralph Paget, it is not in my power to express my gratitude sufficiently for the help given me by the Serbian Unit. There came the first avalanche of wounded, and no further aid from home was due for a fortnight, so, sooner than see my men neglected in order to nurse Serbians, I took it on myself to detain the Unit for one fortnight. They leave here blessed by myself, surgeons, nurses, and patients alike, for they have proved themselves most capable and untiring workers. They never made the smallest difficulty, and would not have been sorry had I ordered them to remain another week.—Yours truly,

"23/5/15.

(Sgd.)

METHUEN, G.M."

"VALJEVO, 6th June 1915.

¹ "What an eventful day ! This is the day on which our first tent has been pitched. I am now sitting in it, so as to be at hand and superintend everything. Our camp is on the slope of the hill just above the Hospital where we are at present living. It has a glorious outlook towards the immense semicircle of hills in the shelter of which Valjevo lies. In the heat haze of mid-day I can only guess the outline of the distant high hills, but in sunset lights they stand out so proudly in their serene blue, a joy to the eye and food for the soul. I shall describe the camp to you when it is all pitched and ready for work. I am longing to see the lines of white tents, and the flags waving, and patients tucked into nice clean beds with pretty red coverlets. At 7 a.m. this morning five of us were here to watch the first tent go up under the skilful manipulation of our 'handy men.'

¹ Dr. Hutchison's letters continued.

We had no bottle of champagne and no speech to mark the portentous moment. We only stood around in apparent curiosity, but it seemed to me there was a touch of awe and reverence in the atmosphere as, with a flap of her wings, our first tent rose to her full height—an emblem of hope and wonder. As a white-sailed ship sets forth eagerly for strange ports, so it seemed to me our first solitary tent symbolised the position of our Unit. Into what unknown regions was it going, for how long, and to what end? Time only could answer these questions, so we turned our attention to the business in hand.

"I somehow feel that our adventure is going to work out happily, and I shall write soon to tell you all about the camp."

"VALJEVO, 15th June 1915.

"... We are now hurrying forward our camp, and Campfield and McAllan are working their hardest with a lot of Austrian prisoners. The position as regards work is as follows: Typhus is getting steadily less, and all the cases are being dealt with in one hospital (the one in which we are staying as guests). It is almost certain that we shall not have typhus to deal with at present, but get medical cases first, and surgical work whenever the advance takes place. I find we have really been sent here to be ready for the Serbian advance, which is expected to take place at any time. It is fully expected that there will be a recrudescence of typhus in winter, so if we are still here then we shall have to deal with it. . . .

"Miss Jack is a splendid administrator, and I do think the Unit should run with the minimum of friction. We have started a camp journal and a bugle, and I intend to organize fortnightly entertainments whenever the work allows of it. It's a great thing to keep people happy, and I should like the thing to be a success."

"VALJEVO, July 1915.

"... Our wards look very well indeed, and are fortunately the coolest of all the tents, as they are so large and we can take the sides entirely away and allow whatever breeze there is to blow through. The smaller tents get unpleasantly hot during the daytime, but we have fortunately got some *ladnaks*, where we repair when not otherwise occupied. *Ladnaks* are of various sizes, but they are all built on the same principle. A supply of wood in the shape of young trees and cut branches is brought in, and the trunks are stuck into deeply cut holes in the ground to form any size or shape of shelter. Other trunks are then placed from post to post lengthways and crossways and firmly nailed to form a roof, and on the roof are piled the cut branches. The result is a delightfully cool retreat on hot days, in any part where trees are lacking. I must give you a little description of our camp. Valjevo itself nestles in a long dip between two hills, while we are on the lower slopes of one of them. Leaving the town of Valjevo, one follows a broad road which slants upwards to a plateau, on which stands the 3rd Reserve Hospital, which gave us food and shelter for close on three weeks. The plateau in its turn soon slopes upward, and from the Hospital gate one sees an imposing array of tents up the hillside and flags fluttering from two tall poles in the foreground. A generous extent of ground has been ringed in with barbed wire, and visitors are challenged at the entrance gate by the sentry before being allowed to proceed up the newly made road to the encampment. The road ends at the C.M.O.'s office tent, from which stretch, on the right hand side, the remainder of the office and other working tents; on the left stands the big mess tent, with a large *ladnak* in front of it; and farther up the hill the cook-house, storeroom, and sleeping quarters.

Beyond this collection of tents comes a clear space, then down the farther slope are the six big ward marquees, and still farther down the slope, wash-house, patients' kitchen, receiving and bath tents, and the arrangements for the destruction of refuse.

"At the back of our tents is a fairly large orchard, which has been rented for us, and where members repair freely in off-duty time, for the heat is really very intense.

"I shall be able to tell you more about the work and the patients in my next letter. So far my colleagues have done the medical work, and I have only come in touch with a few serious cases apart from my usual round of inspection. My day is spent in flying about from one side of the camp to the other, with an occasional walk down to the 3rd Reserve Hospital to enlist the help of the Director, who has been told off to assist me in every possible way.

"One morning before 7 a.m., when the whole camp was astir with the energy of a beehive after having enjoyed its first night under canvas and was anticipating the pleasure of its first camp breakfast, an enormous bird (a French biplane) came into sight and began to wheel and curve above our heads, then finally settled on the plateau below us. The C.M.O. tried to continue a business conversation with the carpenter, till the carpenter began to move downhill, and finally with a most expressive, '*Oh, Gospodgitza!*' ('Oh, Madam!'), broke into a run, followed by the C.M.O., the cook with a kitchen ladle in her hand, the sanitary inspector with her broom, and all the other members of the Unit. John Gilpin's flight was mild compared to ours. . . .

"Nothing gives me so strongly a sense of topsyturvydom in the universe as the presence of Austrian orderlies in our camp both for hospital and house service. To become familiar with the blue uniform

under such novel circumstances gives me a feeling of the creeps sometimes. To have it in one's tent, scrubbing the floor, filling and emptying one's bath, and doing many kindly offices, to see it in the wards giving kindly care and attention to its own enemy—these are sights which I never quite get used to. It keeps me in constant remembrance of our own men in a similiar capacity; one wonders whether perhaps they too may not have just such offices to perform, and so one does all one can to make life as pleasant as one can for them. One of the prettiest touches in our camp life is the friendship which has sprung up between McAllan, our handy man, and one of the prisoners, a young Hungarian boy called Michael. Michael calls McAllan 'Vater,' and though he speaks an (to me at least) incomprehensible muddle of German, and McAllan speaks broad Scotch, they have no difficulty in understanding one another. One often sees them sitting side by side on a packing-case after working hours having a heart-to-heart talk. One night, as they were separating, McAllan was overheard to say, 'Well, a've enjoyed your crack fine, Michael, but a just wisht a'd kent what ye was talkin' about.' Delicious, isn't it?

"McAllan is really a treat, and has become absolutely indispensable to me. His favourite axiom is that broad Scotch is the best means of making oneself understood in Serbia! . . ."

"August 1915.

"As I went to-day to pay my morning visit to the invalids in the orchard, different companies of soldiers dashed into the orchard from various points and then dropped on one knee with raised rifles, prepared to fire at an unseen foe. Then one realised sharply once again that, in spite of all the joy of autumnal days, the fight one had just seen in our peaceful orchard was being

played in earnest over almost the whole of the civilised world. . . . There is no longer the silence and restraint of the early days. A lively chatter is ample testimony that the men no longer feel themselves to be in foreign surroundings, but are very much at home with the various *Sestrae*, and looking forward to being soon *kod kuche*. Those two words mean 'at home,' and are interwoven with the days of work in Serbia. One day a patient was clamouring loudly to be allowed to go *kod kuche*, when I heard a voice murmur at my side, '*Kod kuche*.' Looking round, I found the speaker was an Austrian orderly who was evidently (from the look in his eyes) seeing beyond patients and hospital wards to his own little home in a quiet Austrian valley. Perhaps others than patients and Austrian orderlies sometimes murmur, '*Kod kuche*,' and see invisible things.

"When night falls the red-swathed lamps glow in the darkness, throwing a strange glamour over the sleeping patients and the watching figures of Sisters and orderlies. Then one sees the invisible, as one recalls the long ward with its crimson-shaded electric lights at Valetta Hospital, and one's thoughts stretch out to feel the touch of the international. Surely it is hardly possible for Britisher and Serb to arrive at a mutual kindly understanding with laugh and gesture and isolated words (appropriate or inappropriate), and then part to be as if they had never met. One likes rather to think that when we leave the hillside once again silent, with brown, grassless areas alone speaking of its former more bustling existence, that we shall have left more lasting imprints in the shape of a wider international understanding sympathy.

"The enteric tents have been to me the most interesting. It has been a great joy to see many serious cases come round the corner, don the blue convalescent

suits, and then join the happy throng going *kod kuche*. The blue convalescent suits are greatly coveted by the patients, and each man bequeaths his to a pal before he leaves. The suits are, in fact, booked a week or two in advance. One gets some quaint votes of thanks, and one man wrote a poem to Dr. Phillips, the refrain being in the style of 'Mother, my Mother.'"

"September 1915.

"The camp has been inspected by several people, among them the Head of the Serbian Sanitary Department and the Head of all the French Missions in Serbia. The most recent visitors were Sir Ralph and Lady Paget, who expressed themselves as more than satisfied with everything. During their stay I had the interesting experience of dining with them first at a Medical dinner and then at an Army dinner. The Army dinner was quite a big thing—very prettily arranged in a large hall. I had there the honour of conversing with the big Serbian Field-Marshal whose name will be handed to posterity as the saviour of Serbia from the Austrians. He asked whether he might do himself the honour of visiting the camp, to which I of course replied that the honour would be mine!"

CHAPTER IV

THE GREAT RETREAT

THE "long-drawn-out fight with typhus" had ended in April—"the peaceful summer" was drawing to a close—when in November the storm of the German-Austrian invasion burst over Serbia. The line of hospitals in the north at Mladanovatz, Lazarovatz, and Valjevo was ordered hastily to retreat. Mladanovatz and Lazarovatz evacuated in an incredibly short time—packed their equipment and came down to Kraguievatz, where Dr. Inglis was. From there the Lazarovatz women with Dr. Inglis' party had to make a further evacuation to Krushevatz, this time losing most of their equipment. Dr. McGregor and her party were taken from Kraguievatz to Kralievo, from which place they joined the Great Retreat. Dr. Hutchison's Unit in the meantime were first taken to Pojega, and then moved to Vrinjatcha Banja. On Sir Ralph Paget's recommendation the women were given the choice of going home if they desired with the parties who were attempting a trek across the Albanian Mountains, or staying behind at their posts. Both Dr. Inglis and Dr. Hutchison decided to stay, and with them a number of their Staff. These were all taken prisoners by the enemy in the month of November. The rest, who desired to go home, were formed into two parties under Mr. Smith and Dr. McGregor, and successfully accomplished the Great Retreat.

LETTER FROM DR. INGLIS, BROUGHT BY MR. SMITH

"KRUSHEVATZ, 5th November 1915.

" . . . Just in case Mr. Smith gets home, this is a little line to the Committee to explain where we are, and what is happening.

" We are in the very centre of the storm, and it is anything but pleasant to be part of a beaten and retreating army. All our Hospitals, planned as part of a campaign on the Danube, have had to be 'evacuated.' The first to be moved was Dr. McGregor's, immediately after the fall of Belgrade. This was inevitable, lying as Mladanovatz does on the line from there. She and Miss Pares performed really a feat—packed in two days and got the *whole* of their equipment down. They were stationed at Kraguievatz, in the Artillery Barracks, to open a hospital for slightly wounded and a huge dressing-station. They organized it magnificently, and had 600 beds running, and I think 5000 cases a week through their hands in the fortnight they were working. Then Kraguievatz had to be evacuated. The next to be moved was Dr. Hutchison's. They had more warning, but also got all their goods off. They were sent to Pojega. But within a week it had to be evacuated, the Austrians pouring over the western frontier. That was a surprise (for good soldiers thought that, at any rate, this Western Morava valley could be held—especially the western end, with its hills). Dr. Hutchison is now at Vrinjatcha Bania, farther east, along the same line, where she has a small hospital and a dressing-station. The Hopes are with her.

" Of all our three Hospitals in the north, Lazarovatz was the last to be moved—rather puzzling, as it was between the other two; but they expected to be able to hold that bit of ground, evacuating Valjevo without

fighting, to shorten the enormously long line they have to defend. In the end, Lazarovatz had also to go, the people leaving in an awful hurry and in awful discomfort. Some day we'll tell you all about it. They were sent here to Krushevatz, have got two big store-houses, and have done good work for the last week, with innumerable dressings. At Kraguievatz, our Hospital filled to the doors, 175 beds instead of the 125 we ought to have, and we took over two 'gast houses' for convalescents—60 patients more. The Sisters worked splendidly, and Dr. Davidson and Dr. McDougal are a capital pair of assistants. (Dr. Chesney was off with the Field Ambulance.) We had 75 new cases to start off with, and from 30 to 40 a day after that, clearing out as quickly as we could—dressings all the morning, operations all the afternoon, and the patients X-rayed on their way to the operating-room. It was heart-breaking work leaving the Hospital. We cleared the 'gast houses,' and sent off every man who could walk, but even so there were left 20 bad cases, with six ignorant orderlies to look after them, and three doctors for all the hospitals together.

"We left in two parties, and I went back the last thing to give the men some cigarettes. Already the whole place was in chaos, windows shut, and one man with a long splint, with his splint off, sitting up winding up his bandages. One man with secondary hæmorrhage nearly died, and, as everything was packed, I had to have him removed to the Military Hospital with a tourniquet on.

"All this will make you understand how I came to the conclusion that if we are really to help the Serbs now, we must stick to our posts. Sir Ralph did not at first agree, and especially felt that we ought to move in order to save our expensive equipment. But when he came to think of it, he realised that in this headlong

retreat we cannot save it. We each got our equipment off in the first instance—complete—but it is absolutely impossible to move it now. Sir Ralph, himself, has lost the whole of his, in Nish. Further, the constant feeling that the Foreign Hospitals must be saved was only an added worry to the Serbs. Instead of helping, we were adding to the difficulties, and if the Committee could have seen Col. Gentitch's face when I said to him that we were not going to move again, but that they could count on us just where we stood, I think they would have been touched.

“Sir Ralph decided that everybody who wanted should go down to Novi-bazar and over into Montenegro, if possible. A party of twenty left here to-day—five of Dr. Hutchison's, nine of Dr. Hollway's, four Field Ambulance, and two of mine—Mr. Smith goes with them. My matron has since decided to go too!

“Dr. McGregor has trekked with her whole party from Kralievo (where she was sent from Kraguievatz to form another dressing-station), and I think intends to form a hospital at Novi-bazar. But we have missed one another every time, and I only know what Miss Pares told me. Getting no answers to our telegrams, and hearing nothing, and with there being no trains, I went up to-day to Kralievo in the Welsh Ambulance (which is now the Field Ambulance really), to the undisguised distress of the officers at Headquarters! Campfield drove, and we did not see the shadow of a German. Col. Antitch is left there with 700 wounded—three assistants and no nurses. The dressing-station moved two days ago to Rashka—he understood for Novi-bazar, to form a hospital. They have not a scrap of equipment, and cannot get it. Still, the place may be a perfectly good one, and it may be possible to give valuable help in a Serbian hospital.

ON THE RETREAT.



HOSPITAL AT KRALIEVO.



S.W.H. PARTY WAITING THE LAST TRAIN FROM KRAGUIEVATZ.



RESTING DURING THE RETREAT.

[To face p. 144.]

"My 'line' has lengthened. Some day we'll have lots to tell you. Just now one can think of nothing but these poor little people in this awful hole—with the country they have fought so hard for overrun from end to end. They can hardly speak to one without breaking down—even strong men among them. They look at one so eagerly, and say, 'When will your men be up?' *When?* The road to Kralievo to-day was crowded with refugees in their shaky bullock-carts full of all their household things. And there were groups of stragglers from the army. As we came back these men were being gathered up by officers. The whole of Serbia has been thrown back on this Western Morava valley, and now there is nothing left but a further retreat south, and then—surrender? They have lost their heads. There is no denying it. They admit it themselves. And no wonder. It is as bad as Belgium.

"I have forgotten to tell you that we have a Hospital here in the gymnasium—200 beds—very nice building, and all our equipment. And we have had charge of an English sailor—Danials—ever since the bombardment of Belgrade, where he was wounded. He is going with Mr. Smith to-morrow."

It is with a feeling of sadness we read of the breaking up of the beautiful camps at Valjevo and Mladanovatz, and the evacuation of the Hospital at Lazarovatz—the Hospitals into which so much thought and labour and enthusiasm had been put; but we know they had done good work, and were prepared for any amount more. The members of the Units who trekked through the mountains gave proof of the enduring powers of women, and those who stayed behind and faced the storm and lived through it were, as Dr. Inglis expressed it, "the fortunate ones," for to them

was given the privilege of standing by the Serbian men in their hour of crucifixion—the men of whom it was said by an American Red Cross doctor to the war correspondent of the *Daily Mail* (23rd February 1915): “My word, Clarke, but I tell you these men are great. I feel so small beside them that I could hide myself. Pain! Suffering! You’ve not seen bravery until you’ve seen these men suffer. I’d take off a hand, an arm, or a leg—without anæsthetics, mind you—and will the fellow budge?—no, not an eyelid. And if you hear them say ‘*Kukn lebe*’ (Oh dear!) that’s as much as you hear, and not often that much. And die! They’ll die without a sound—unless it is to thank you, if they can, before they go. Where this race of soldiers sprang from I don’t pretend to know, but I tell you right now they are God’s own men.”

Mr. Smith tells the story of the Retreat as it affected some of the S.W.H. women:

“For some time rumour had been busy about another invasion, this time by a combined German-Austrian Army, which was known to be massing on the Danube. Ferdinand of Bulgaria, after playing with the Allies till he was ready, at last, to show his hand, declared war on Serbia immediately after the attack of the Austrian-German Army opened on the Danube. Serbia might have held out for a time in the north, but, to meet the new enemy on the Bulgarian frontier, her army, something like 250,000, had to be divided, each section having to face a fresh army of 300,000 strong. Help had been expected from Britain and France, also from Greece. Greece and Serbia were bound by treaty, arranged after the second Balkan War, to help each other in case of invasion by Bulgaria. We all know how Greece kept her promise. So, when her hour of bitter trial came, Serbia stood alone. News reached us in Kraguievatz

in October that Belgrade had fallen, and that the Serbian Army was being hard pressed. We were warned to have all our stores in readiness, as it might be necessary to evacuate the town in a week or ten days. But within twenty-four hours of this warning we got orders to leave Kraguievatz at once, for a town farther south. The situation was now desperate, and the Serbian Army was everywhere in retreat. During all our stay Kraguievatz had been the seat of the Serbian Army Staff, which was now preparing to leave for safer quarters. With the departure of the army chiefs, despair seemed to seize upon the poor people, and there was a wild scramble to escape from the doomed city. Confusion and disorder reigned everywhere. At no time does the Slav shine as an organizer, but in the time of trouble his talent for disorganization becomes absolute genius. The sound of the guns had been an everyday experience for us, but they were getting nearer, and the railway was threatened, and no time was to be lost if we were to get clear. We got away with our stores by the last train which left the city, passing through the junction only an hour before it was shelled. We had been ordered to Krushevat, which had been considered safe, but on arrival we found that it was safe no longer. After consultation with the Army Authorities it was decided that all Foreign Missions that wished to get away should make for the Adriatic by Montenegro and Albania, or south by Monastir to Salonika. The great difficulty was to get transport. The trains had stopped running, so bullock-wagons were our only hope. We were promised eight. We loaded up six of our wagons, and most of our party got away that afternoon. My own detachment was to follow the next morning with the remaining two wagons. More delays the next morning! The enemy was now quite close, and shells were falling near the town, which was

also being bombed from the air, and the enemy was reported to be but a few miles off. We finally got away from the Hospital about noon, joined the main road, and became part of what was to be known as the Great Retreat. The road was a moving mass of transport of all kinds—motor-wagons, bullock-wagons, horse-wagons, men, and guns, besides the civilian population, men, women, and children, all intent on escape. The country here is undulating, and the procession, as it dipped into a hollow and reappeared on the crest, to dip and reappear again and again, until it was finally lost as it passed over the distant hills, looked like a great dragon wandering over the countryside. This procession had been passing continuously for days, stretching from one end of Serbia to the other, and one realised that this was something more than an army in retreat: it was the passing of a whole nation into exile, a people leaving a lost country."

It has been said that in all history there is no parallel to this exodus, unless it may be the flight of the Israelites out of the land of Egypt; but in their case the exodus led to freedom—in this, it was a nation going into exile. "We kept going during the daylight, but towards sunset the wagons commenced to draw into the fields by the roadside for a few hours' rest. About ten o'clock we took the road again, and as I was anxious to overtake the party which had left the day before, I decided to keep going all night. Rain fell about midnight, and in an hour or two the roads were as only Serbian roads can be. The going became ghastly, the wagons were frequently up to their axles in mud, and breaking down everywhere and causing endless delays. The night was as black as the pit, and the rain got worse, but there was nothing for it but to keep plunging on, sometimes up to the knees in mud and water. In the dark the road was difficult to follow, and wagons fell

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THE GREAT RETREAT.

From a drawing made by Mr. William Smith.

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foul of each other, and got jammed. Here and there some one in authority would come along with a lantern, and try to clear up the confusion. Officers shouted orders, drivers swore at their bullocks, and at each other, tempers gave out, and quarrels were frequent. Weeping women were seen staggering along with babies in their arms, or carrying the pitiful remains of their household goods. Every one was soaked to the skin, and sick at heart, but there was nothing for it but to stumble on, praying for the dawn. Dawn came at last, and with it the promise of a better day, and an hour or two afterwards we came upon our party, which had started twenty-four hours ahead of us, and who were preparing breakfast. A good meal, and our troubles of the night before assumed their proper perspective. The sun was shining when we took the road again, and there seemed something in living after all. We kept going all day, and about eight in the evening pitched our camp in the outskirts of a village, glad to lie down after a march—bar three hours' rest of the night before—of thirty-six hours.

"We took seven days to reach Prishtina, sleeping mostly in the open, if the weather was not too bad. One wet night we got shelter in the house of a mountain gendarme—a bleak outpost on a hilltop, which might at a pinch have held a dozen with comfort, but over thirty weary souls thought themselves lucky to get inside. At Prishtina we hoped to get instructions about the route we were to take, but nothing definite could be fixed. Rumour was busy that day in the town about the advance of the Allied Army—the French and British Force—which, as a matter of fact, was itself at that moment in retreat towards Salonika. Next morning we left for Prisrem, where the Army Headquarters Staff had gone, and where definite orders about our route would be issued. That day's march led us over the

fatal Plain of Kossovo, where centuries ago the old Serbs, under the great Czar Lazar, the hero of a hundred ballads, made their last stand and fell before the onrush of the Turk. Serbia was now staggering under the heaviest blow since this great battle five hundred years before. At Prisrem we found many members of different medical missions, French, Russian, and British, who, like ourselves, were finding a way to the coast. The route *via* Albania and Monastir to Salonika was pronounced impossible, as the one available road was now in the hands of the Bulgars, so our only way lay over the snow-clad mountains of Montenegro and the Albanian Alps. The Serbian Headquarters Staff was here, and many of the Foreign Diplomats, amongst them the British Minister, all trying to get clear. So this route was our only hope, and we set about getting what provisions we could. By this time food was unpleasantly scarce, and famine prices were the rule. Everybody was searching for food, and one day I met two British officers whom I knew—one an Admiral, carrying a big tin of biscuits, and a Colonel with a tin of bully beef under either arm. Both hailed me cheerfully and displayed their good luck.

“Everything was now ready, so we set out for Ipek, where we were to leave our bullock-wagons, buy ponies, and cross the mountains of Montenegro and Albania to the Adriatic. The day began badly for us. From the start we were in difficulties with our oxen, and we found out later that the poor beasts had got little or nothing to eat at Prisrem, and were now starving. The rest of the procession was soon far ahead of us. I managed to buy some hay at a roadside farm, but our beasts were too weak to go far, and in the end we had to give them to an Albanian at a wayside farmhouse. By this time it was dark and we were miles behind the

rest of our party, so there was no hope for it but to keep going all night. After one wagon was drawn up a hill, we had to unhitch the oxen and go back with them to help up their weaker brethren. This went on the whole night long, and hills were all too frequent, and it was a tired and sorry-looking party which crawled into a small town, the name of which I cannot remember. We rested here for a day, partly for the sake of the beasts, partly for our own, and set out again next morning, hoping to get to Ipek the following day. That night we rested in the Monastery of Dechani. This monastery, one of the biggest in the world, was full of refugees, making, like ourselves, for Ipek. Through the kindness of one of the priests we got tea on arrival, and a room to ourselves, which the priest told us we might find rather cold, but all the rest of the building was full. It was savagely cold, and we shut the windows, to find next morning that we were in a newly built part of the monastery, and the windows had, as yet, no glass in them. Towards the end of the thirtieth day we reached Ipek, and obtained quarters in a Military Barracks. The great difficulty now was to get horses, as the Government had been commandeering all available beasts for transport purposes. The refugees were glad to get beasts at any price, and the Albanian horse-dealers of Ipek had been having the time of their lives and reaping a rare harvest. It took me the better part of three days to get the number we required. After buying fifteen ponies we set about getting provisions, for no food of any kind could be bought while crossing the mountains. Snow was falling when we turned out the next morning, and looked likely to continue. This was the first big snowstorm of the year, and we had been in hopes of crossing the mountains before it came. The ponies were loaded up, and we got away from Ipek about ten.

We knew we were in for a long day's march, as no camping was possible, except at one place far ahead.

"We had now tackled the most trying part of our march, and should the snow continue, it would mean disaster and death to thousands. As we went on, the track became narrower, with just enough room for the pony with pack to pass along. The snow continued for hours. The going was fairly good at first, but later on in the day, as it grew colder, our difficulties increased. There were thousands of refugees and ponies ahead of us, and with all this traffic the paths became hard and icy. The track was at one time at the bottom of the pass, alongside the rushing river, then there would be a sharp rise, and it would wind its way in and out to the top of the pass, with the rushing river now far below. By this time the going was more than difficult, and the greatest care was necessary, especially downhill. One horse fell over, and finally rolled into the river, luckily at a place not far above the stream, and after some trouble it was got out, looking little the worse. Others were not so fortunate, and the day's march cost the life of many a poor beast, which fell into a place where it was impossible to lend help. Sometimes a merciful bullet would put an end to its suffering, but as often as not it was left to die where it fell. Progress was slow. At awkward corners the ponies had to be slowly led one by one, and this meant a wait of an hour or more in the bitter cold till one's turn came, often at a place where it was impossible to go forward or turn back. Night came down when we were far from our camping-ground, and a great part of this trying march was done in the dark. Ticklish work leading a pony on a dark night down a narrow icy path, with a high cliff on one side, and nothing but a dark abyss on the other, with a rushing river far below; but the mountain pony is very surefooted, and it is better to leave

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THE GREAT RETREAT.

From a drawing made by Mr. William Smith.

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him to take his own way. During this part of the Retreat the plight of the Austrian prisoners, captured in the battle of a year ago, was terrible. They were shepherded in great bands before the retreating Serbian Army.

"At last we reached our camping-ground. A few of our party had already arrived, though the majority were still struggling through the Pass, but to our great relief all arrived safely, and we set about preparing supper. Trees had been felled and fires were burning everywhere, and the scene amidst the snow was unforgettable. A party of peasants invited us to their roaring fire, and we shared what supper we had with them. The only house near was full of refugees, and there was nothing for it but to sleep in the open in the snow. We sat round the camp-fire, and though roasted in front, and frozen behind, we managed to get a few hours' sleep. We took the road at dawn. It was snowing hard, and perishingly cold, and we started with considerable misgivings. We were now far into the Pass, and there could be no turning back, and a big snowstorm during the march through the Pass would in all probability have meant the death of thousands, but luckily the snow only lasted for an hour or two. During this part of the Retreat we were often helped by the Albanian peasants, who had posted themselves where they knew their help would be needed with the horses. One would take the pony's head, and the other the tail, and all three would then slide and slither down the icy descent in the cleverest fashion.

"By this time our food-supply was running out, and we were passing through a country where food, even in times of peace, is never plentiful. During this part of the march I fear we often forgot Serbia, and the tragedy and death that was going on around us. Our only thoughts were of food, and our talk was of food, and to

recall any delicacy would bring our hearts to our mouths. The march through this Pass occupied four days in all, and was by far the most trying part of the journey. On the evening of the fourth day we reached more open country. We were now nearing Andrievitza, and the lights of the town were the most cheering sight we had seen for many a day. At Andrievitza we obtained quarters at one of the inns, and here we decided to remain for a day to rest, and try to buy provisions. Nothing could be had in the inn, and the shops were mostly closed because there was nothing to sell, but after a long search I managed to buy a sheep, and we were supplied with black bread by the authorities. I borrowed a huge pot from the inn-keeper, and, along with a brother Scot and a Russian medical student, spent the day cooking. I have heard it said that cooks rarely enjoy the meals they prepare—nothing could be more absurd—the soup we made from that sheep was the finest ever made in the Balkan Peninsula.

“We expected motor-wagons to take us to Podgoritza, but floods and broken bridges made this impossible. We were feeling fitter after a day's rest, and once more set out at dawn the following morning. A thaw had set in, and the roads were many inches deep in slush and snow. A steep ascent lay before us, and night had fallen before we reached the summit, over 7000 feet above the sea-level, the highest point on our trek. From here the road descended sharply, and the ponies (they seemed to know the worst was over) assumed quite a rattling pace. We had sent our interpreter on ahead, and to our delight a voice from the darkness hailed us with news of quarters at a Montenegrin inn about a mile beyond. It was not much of an inn, even as inns go in that poor country, and to our way of thinking it was full before we arrived. We cooked our

supper at a fire in the middle of one of the three rooms, curled up on the floor, and soon fell asleep.

"This was the climax of our trek ; by another day we were in a different climate, and had left the snow behind. We had still to reach Podgoritza and Scutari. The motor-wagons which had been promised us were not forthcoming, so twice again we had to foot it before we saw the Adriatic and San Giovanni di Medua. Provision ships were expected to be waiting there, but when we arrived, the rumour we had heard on the way about Austrian submarines having shelled the port and shipping proved only too true. The wrecks were lying off the shore with the provisions still aboard. The people at San Giovanni were salving what they could, and we lived for several days on bread made from flour reclaimed from the sea. After camping for three days on the shore, an Italian ship arrived unexpectedly, and the captain arranged to carry the refugees to Italy. The Austrian submarines which had sunk the provision ships were said to be lying in wait outside, but towards midnight the captain decided to risk it, and accompanied by two destroyers we slipped into the night. The next morning we arrived at Brindisi, and our troubles were at an end. We had been part of the Great Retreat for nearly seven weeks. Every one in my party won through, and all did well, especially the women, who throughout showed splendid courage and endurance."

Our other party of women under Dr. McGregor, after their retreat from Mladanovatz to Kraguievatz, were sent to Kraljevo, whence *via* Rashka they went to Mitrovitza, there joining the retreating army. It was just after leaving Rashka that the accident occurred in which one of our finest nurses, Mrs. Toughill, was killed. The car in which she and other nurses were, when

passing a huge motor-lorry, went too near the crumbling edge of the road and was capsized over the steep cliff. Mrs. Toughill met with injuries which resulted in her death on the following Sunday, 14th November. From Fortier Jones' book, *With Serbia into Exile*, we get a description of the valley where Rashka lies, and of the very road crawling along the high cliffs where the sad accident occurred:

"The valley of the Ibar is one of the wildest and most beautiful in the world, but in that three days' march we came to regard it as monotonous beyond endurance. Twenty or thirty miles of it out of Rashka surpasses the far-famed Gorges des Loups. The road that twists along the tortuous, shelving cliffs that form its banks is as marvellous as the Route des Alpes and as beautiful as any Corniche road must be. Also it is just about as bad as a road could be and still remain a road. Rashka lies in a narrow plain at a widened part of the valley. The road leads out along this plain for a little way, then follows the rapidly rising banks, first on their crest, and later, when they tower to extraordinary heights, is cut from the living rock midway up their sides. With the rising of the banks the valley narrows to a gorge, so that it is like a great funnel, in the widespread mouth of which lies Rashka. Converging at this place, the refugee throngs from most of northern Serbia flowed through this gigantic funnel."

Mention is made of Caroline Toughill, and of all the women who died "on active service" in connection with the S.W.H., in another chapter, but the account in Dr. McGregor's words of the touching burial-service may well find a place here.

"We decided to bury her in a little graveyard on the top of some low hills to the left of the road, on which a tiny hamlet of wattle huts was placed. We climbed

up beyond the village and found on the summit of the hill a handful of graves cut into the very rock, and clustering round a little Christian church no more than 20 feet square. Some people in the camp found moss and berries, and a wreath was made. A cross of wood was made by the Serbian surgeon himself, and at three o'clock in the afternoon two priests of the Greek Church came to assist in the religious ceremony. All the officers, soldiers, and prisoners gathered round, and the priest read prayers and made an oration in Serbian in her honour. At the end of this he hailed her as she lay there in the rough soldier's coffin, 'Salve, Carolina' and all the soldiers round about cried, 'Salve, Carolina.' I then read the first part of the burial-service, and then the coffin was carried by relays of soldiers up the steep hill, and there we left her."

Shortly before the accident, Mrs. Toughill had said to one of the nurses with whom she was travelling, "Oh, to be allowed to rest for ever on such a hill and to be alone with God." Dr. McGregor's party and Mr. Smith's met later on and arrived together in England towards the end of December.

It is impossible to think of the Great Retreat without calling to the memory the 23,000 Serbian boys who met their fate on that cruel march. To save them from being captured by the enemy 30,000 of the boys of Serbia were ordered out of the country. They made part of the great exodus of their nation. They were young boys from twelve to eighteen years, and they were unable to stand the cold, the hunger, and the physical misery of that march. Fifteen thousand died in the mountains, "and those who saw the ships and the sea had nothing human left of them but their eyes."

"The Italians at Avallona had no hospital accommodation for 15,000. . . . They had the boys encamped

in the open country close to a river, and gave them all the food they could spare—army biscuits and bully beef. . . . By the time that the ships to convey them to Corfu arrived the 15,000 had been reduced to 9000. About 2000 more boys died during the twenty-four hours' journey between Avallona and Vido, and thus only 7000 reached the encampment in the grove of orange and olive trees by the sea on the island of Vido."¹

In the story of another Unit of the S.W.H. working in the island of Corsica we pick up again the thread of the lives of some of these 7000 boys, and rejoice that once again, along with other societies, the Scottish Women are to be found "where the need is greatest."

"If the skies were all paper and the sea were all ink we could not even then write the sorrows of our country," says a Serbian writer.

¹ *With Serbia into Exile.*

CHAPTER V

DR. INGLIS AND DR. HOLLWAY AT KRUSHEVATZ

WE have watched Dr. Soltau and her nurses at work in the typhus wards. We have followed Dr. Alice Hutchison's Unit from the day it left Cardiff. We have trekked with the women through the blinding snow across the plain of Kossovo, from town to town we have walked with them, and we have shared with them the horrors of the narrow passes through the Albanian mountains. We have wondered at their fortitude and all their powers of endurance. One writer, speaking of the Englishwomen with whom he made the trek, says, "They were the heroines of the Serbian tragedy, and they realised it not at all." The women in his particular party did not include any of the Scottish Women, but that does not preclude our claiming the same praise for them. We have now to re-enter Serbia and live through those winter months, from November 1915 to February 1916, with the women left behind in Krushevatz.

"Krushevatz," says Fortier Jones, "was the sort of picture which, having once been seen, changes for ever the aspect of life. If I were asked to give the death of Serbia in a few sentences, I should tell of a tearless woman beside the shreds of her little boy, struck down by an aeroplane bomb, for 'moral effect'; of old men and young men, old women and young women, boys and girls, starving hopelessly in a frozen wilderness;

of the Serbian Army groping and staggering into Scutari, *and of the wounded at Krushevatz*. One does not get rid of such pictures. One goes on living with them long after the events themselves."

It is here in Krushevatz that we find Dr. Inglis and Dr. Hollway with their party of women. The story of their work there is told in Dr. Inglis' own words, and we have also been fortunate in being given permission to publish extracts from a private diary kept by one of the women in the Unit.

"SCOTTISH WOMEN'S UNIT,
SERBIAN MILITARY HOSPITAL,
KRUSHEVATZ, 30th November 1915.

"DEAR MISS MAIR,—We are told we may send letters home—open, of course—so this is to tell the Committee that Dr. Hollway's Unit and mine are here working in the Serbian Military Hospital. I enclose a list of the people here, so that you may tell their friends. Dr. Hutchison's Unit is at Vrinjatcha Bania, and Dr. McGregor went southward—possibly you may have heard from her. Some of our people also left with Mr. Smith.

"I am sure the Committee would approve of our work here. We have charge of the 'Magazine' where the overflow patients from the Hospital are taken—about 300 wounded (there are 900 altogether). We are working in the dressing-rooms and certain wards in the Hospital—and the Director has put all the sanitation and laundry work into our hands. We live in the Hospital. There are two rooms given to us.

"On the whole, we have been extraordinarily well. Matron has had influenza—but it has not spread at all.

"I forgot, in telling of our work, to say we have also charge of the little infectious diseases hospital under Dr. Botha. Dr. M—— and two Sisters live there.

"This is just a bare report for the Committee. I cannot tell you what our next move will be. At the present the prisoners are being sent through in thousands. They stay in the Hospital grounds, and leave their sick and wounded here, and pass on northward.

"The Committee must not worry about us. We are well and very busy, and doing the work they sent us out to do.—Ever, dear Miss Mair, yours affectionately,

"ELSIE MAUD INGLIS."

Before, however, following the fortunes of the women in Krushevatz, we shall trace with interest the life led by Dr. Hutchison and her Unit during their time of imprisonment.

"SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, VRINJATCHA BANIA,
SERBIA, 20th November 1915.

"DEAR MISS MAIR,¹—I expect you never got a letter and wire which I sent you from Pojega about a month ago, reporting everything up to date. I can now, of course, only write very briefly, as we can only write open letters. I asked as a favour from Austrian Headquarters that a wire might be sent to London assuring our people that we are all well, and that there is no cause for anxiety. We knew every one must be very anxious, and longed often to be able to write home and assure you all that we were wonderfully comfortable, in no danger, and although living very simply compared to our life at Valjevo, that we have never suffered hunger as some I know must be doing.

"After getting orders to leave Valjevo, we were moved to Pojega, and then, a week later, down the line to this place. We managed, in spite of a very hurried packing, to bring everything away from Valjevo except the disinfectant and our wooden flooring, but during the travelling about we got separated from some of our belongings.

¹ Letter from Dr. Hutchison written after the retreat from Valjevo.

"I should like to say that we have not the smallest thing to complain of in our treatment. The difficulty in getting many commodities we share with others. Owing to the wish of the Serbian Red Cross to protect the Units, five are unfortunately together here, with a very insufficient amount of work. We are now, however, to be moved down the line, and will have ample work, for which I am glad. In the meantime there has been no proposal to send the Units home. Should such a proposal be made, each member will, of course, be left free to do as she likes. Personally, I should prefer to stay on, as I cannot help feeling that before the winter is over there may be great need for medical help. You will understand that I cannot discuss the question further. For over five weeks we have had no letter or news of any kind from the outside world. That is the most trying thing of all to bear. Everybody has kept in wonderfully good spirits, and it didn't seem to occur to any of us to be afraid. We were more concerned over our inability to battle with Serbian mud! The Unit, I am glad to say, has kept well.

"The Unit has been loyal, and I have not had many difficulties in our own circle to contend with. I feel it is very unsatisfactory writing in this disjointed way, but I am most anxious to put in nothing which would prevent the letter from going through.

"As there is practically nothing private in the letter, I should be grateful if you could let it be used for my friends. One could write much of great interest, but that must be kept back. It's strange to know nothing whatever about anything outside this town.

"My kindest regards to the Committee and to yourself.—Yours very sincerely, A. M. HUTCHISON.

"You will find out how to communicate with us."

SERBIA.



DR. ALICE HUTCHISON.
C.M.O., Calais and Valjevo ; St. Sava Hrd.
In Russian cap and coat, the only ones left to her during
her imprisonment.

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The story of the Valjevo Unit, after the evacuation of their Hospital and during the time they were prisoners in the hands of the Austrians, makes good reading because of the unfailing courage and resourcefulness of their "little General," the name the patients in Valjevo gave Dr. Hutchison. No privilege that could be got for the women in her charge was unclaimed, nor any bad treatment that could be averted allowed to continue if "the little General," waving the Geneva Convention in the face of the Austrians, could obtain what was necessary. She once sadly remarked, "The Austrians do not seem ever to have heard of the Geneva Convention!" In the beginning of October the Unit were hurriedly moved from Valjevo to Pojega, taking their equipment with them. Here they were to form a base hospital, but they had hardly got into working order, when they were again moved to Vrinjatcha Bania, which was reached on 29th October, where they were given a hospital of a hundred beds. On 10th November the enemy took possession of the town. They behaved well, and the Scottish Women were allowed to carry on their work. In the end of the month, however, the Unit was ordered to Krushevatz, where Dr. Inglis was, ostensibly to work in a hospital there. They were not, however, allowed to take their equipment, which was seized by the enemy for use in their hospitals. But Dr. Hutchison refused to give it up until she obtained a receipt for it, in order that it might be paid for after the war, according to the provisions of the Geneva Convention. At Krushevatz the only complaint made by the women was, that in the hotel where they were billeted the officers' table was always served first, with the result that there was seldom enough food for the women in the background!

"During my¹ peregrinations over the town I came on Dr. Inglis and her Unit. If I had up till then felt that we in no way merited the title of 'the heroic band of women,' I came away from Dr. Inglis' Hospital feeling that they *had* earned it. Picture over twenty people—including the head of the Hospital—dining and sleeping and eating and washing in one room;² picture all their equipment gone, and them looking after Serbs in the best way they could in hospital corridors. They were, however, wearing no air of martyrdom."

On 4th December they were again moved, and in a few days arrived at Kevavara, in the plains of Hungary, where they stayed nearly three months. The food at first was not good: "I found it was exactly the same as the rations served out to the Russians and Italians who were prisoners, so I made a protest, pointing out that doctors were entitled to officers' treatment under the Geneva Convention. After this we got better bread, and fresh meat sometimes."

During all the weary weeks at Kevavara the spirits of the women never failed. They played rounders sometimes in the little yard behind the house where they lived. They enjoyed long walks, though the Austrian guard who had to accompany them did not. "After one expedition our guard got so tired that he complained to the captain, though we had only been about six or eight miles. He reported that it would not be so bad if we would only walk, but we 'flew like geese over the mud.'"

"Three armed men were on guard day and night in the passage, and at first were very surly, but gradually their behaviour improved, till at last they were

¹ Quotations from Dr. Hutchison's report.

² Later on Dr. Hutchison herself had to suffer the same hardships, her party of thirty-two being entirely confined to two small rooms during her three months' stay in Kevavara.

quite friendly. We used to borrow their uniforms for the charades and tableaux which we got up to pass the evenings, and sometimes they took part in these entertainments themselves, but not when we represented the Kaiser or Emperor Joseph." "On Christmas Day we had quite a jolly time, with a Christmas tree and a first-rate dinner. We went out and got some live geese from the market, which were killed and cooked, and we had all kinds of cakes, and even butter—at five shillings a pound! In the evening we sang carols and drank toasts. We even ventured for the first time to sing 'God Save the King' under our breath. After this we sang it every night, and it cheered us up wonderfully. We had our British flag with us too. I wound it round my body, under my clothes, when we evacuated our Hospital, so that it should not be trampled upon and insulted."

On 4th February they were taken to Budapest, and from there to Vienna, where their troubles were practically at an end. On their arrival in Switzerland, as they crossed the border, they waved the precious flag out of the windows and shouted, "God Save the King."

* * * * *

On her return home, Dr. Inglis wrote an account of their work in Krushevatz for the *Englishwoman* of June 1916. The following extracts are taken from that article:

"The Units left at Krushevatz, however, were the fortunate Units. To them fell the honour of caring for the Serbian wounded through the first three tragic months of the foreign occupation. At first they worked in two parties: the one in the Girls' School, which was arranged on the lines of the Hospital at Kraguievatz, with the equipment brought from there; and the other

at the Serbian Military Hospital,—the Czar Lazar Hospital,—where they were given charge of the annexe formed in the storehouses. The Hospital at the Girls' School had a short, if brilliant, career, for it was seized, with all its equipment, by the Germans two days after their entry. 'Of course they took it,' said our Serbian Director. 'You had made it so beautiful.'

"After the loss of the Girls' School both units worked at the Czar Lazar until it was evacuated on the 9th of February.

"The German occupation of Krushevatz was heralded in proper form by bombardment. The Serbs blew up a railway bridge, which attracted their fire, and they threw three bombs and several shells into the town. We felt that we had had our baptism of fire.

"Their entry next morning, 7th November, was almost in the form of an anticlimax. We turned into the principal street to find a German regiment lined up there. The best of the Serbs had left, white flags were hanging out of most of the occupied houses, and Krushevatz was taken. . . .

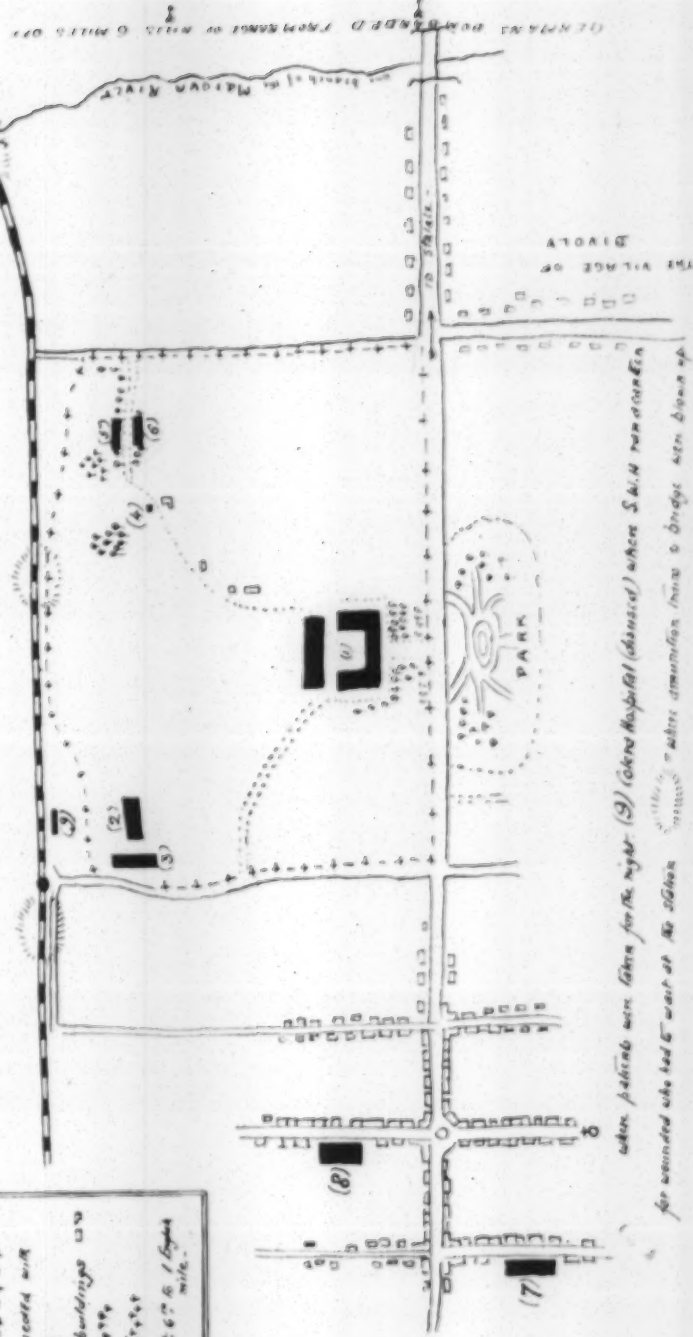
"The Czar Lazar Hospital was in a building designed for the barracks, and could have held comfortably four hundred beds. In the grounds were two small buildings, intended as the hospital in connection with the barracks, two big stores, or Magazines, as we always called them, and numerous outhouses. When we went up there, there were nine hundred patients, three hundred of them in the Magazine under Dr. Hollway. During the greatest pressure the numbers rose to one thousand two hundred. Patients were placed in the corridors—at first one man to one bed, but later two beds together and three men in them. Then there were no more bedsteads; mattresses were placed on the floors. We filled up the outhouses. The

KRUSHEVATZ

- Railway -----
- Roads =====
- Trails- - - -
- Boundaries of ground round
- Hospital - - - - -
- Buildings connected with
- S.W.N. - - - - -
- Other houses & buildings
- Trees
- Grass

Scale about 6" = 1 English mile.

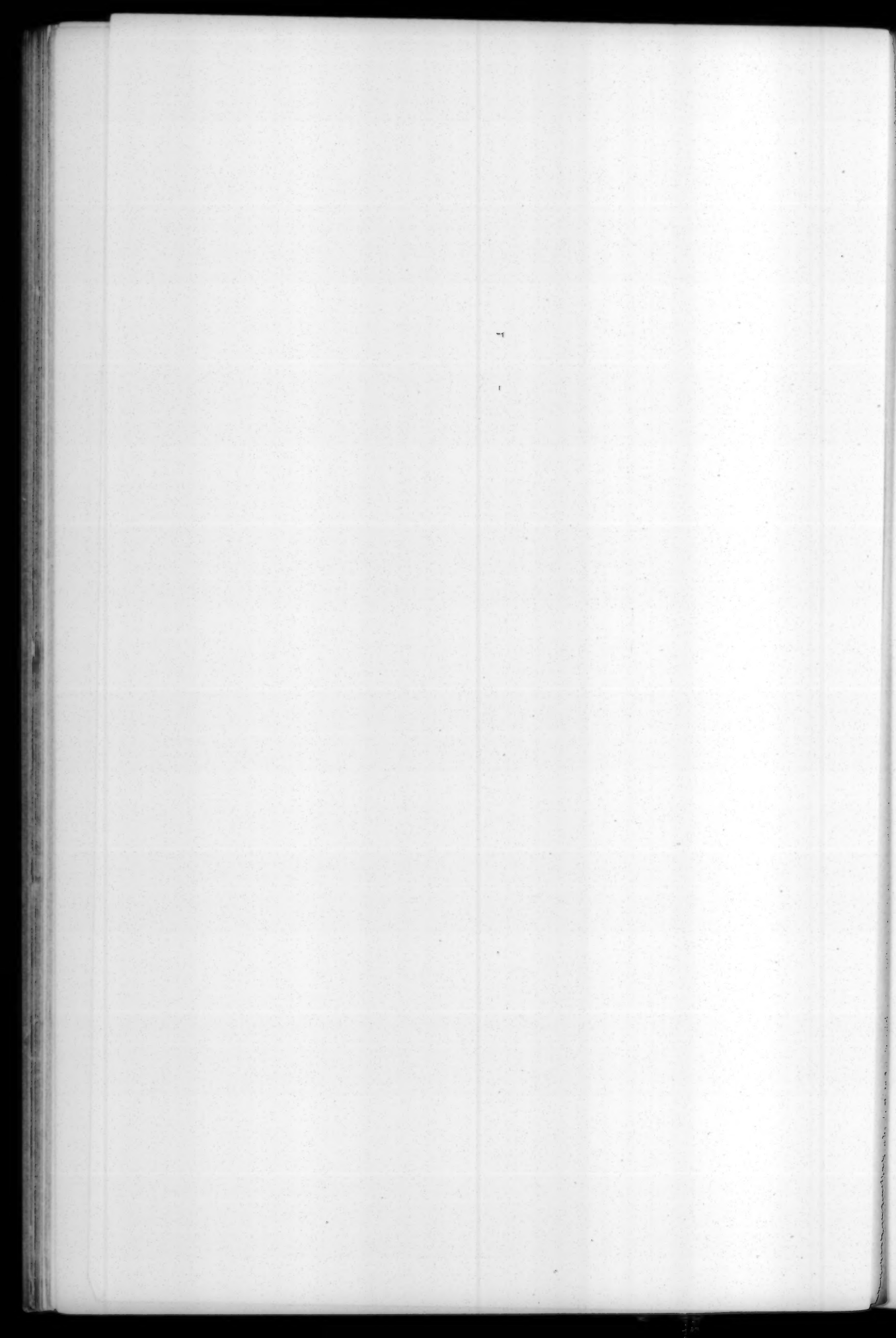
- (1) HOSPITAL Tzar LAZAR formerly Serbian Bombs (2) MAGAZINE given to D. Lazarek Hospital at Hospital 570 when it
- (3) Magazine, upper story only, used by S.W.N. to store for equipment - one end as operating table.
- (4) Cottage used as sick house by S.W.N. (5) FEVER Hospital - (6) Part of the line when they returned from Kingjane
- D. Lazarek's Unit stayed here. (7) D. Lazarek's Hospital which was taken from her by the Germans (8) Town Hall



MAP OF THE CZAR LAZAR HOSPITAL AND GROUNDS.

Drawn by Miss Vera Helme for this History.

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Magazine in full blast was a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten. The ground flat had an uneven earthen floor, not the place one would choose to nurse surgical patients. Dr. Corbett and Dr. Scott—the latter had come home from New Zealand 'to do her bit'—in charge. But upstairs in Dr. Hollway's domain, the patients occupied the shelving which ran the whole length of the building in four rows. There were three tiers, the slightly wounded men in the highest tier. The time of day to see the Magazine at its best—or rather worst—was in the gloaming, when two or three feeble oil lamps shed an uncertain light over the scene, and the tin bowls clattered and rattled as the evening ration of beans was given out, and the men swarmed up and down the poles of their shelves, chattering as Serbs will chatter. The Sisters called the place the 'Zoo,' the only name to describe it.

"We could not take away the men's uniforms either in the magazines or corridors, for the weather was bitterly cold, and there was already a shortage of fuel. This fact, taken with the overcrowding and the condition of the men,—fatigued, depressed, and underfed,—made the possibility of an outbreak of typhus a very real danger. At the request of the Director of the Hospital, Major Nicolitch, we opened a small building in the grounds as an infectious diseases hospital, and he appealed to the Austrians for the use of another building to relieve overcrowding. 'There is no other building,' was the answer, though all the time the upper storey of the prefecture was empty (the lower one was used as a store for Red Cross equipment, which they had taken from us without receipts), and the fact was brought to their notice. But we soon realised that no help was to be expected from that quarter, and that we must help ourselves. So we improvised a bathroom in the corner of the Magazine,

took over all the bathing arrangements for the Hospital, set the two French disinfectors going, with the help of a Russian and one of ourselves, who was something of a mechanic, and last and most important of all, we took over the laundry, and the Hospital got clean linen. We worked round the Hospital, bathing and disinfecting every five days. In this connection we must always remember Sister Strange's name, who took over this very necessary if uninteresting work, from the point of view of a fully trained nurse, and carried it through triumphantly. We had not a single case of typhus.

"Only two cases of typhus appeared in our little infectious diseases hospital, and they were both from among the civilian population. We heard that there were a great many cases in the Austrian Army. . . .

"Later the Director made over to us the whole downstairs flat of the Hospital, with the room for dressings and the medical ward, as well as the little hospital for infectious cases, the Magazine, the laundry, the sanitation. There was one bit of work which we were offered and refused to take—the care of women suffering from venereal disease. It was very difficult to refuse, with our modern vision of the solidarity of womanhood; but the Hospital was not opened for the safety of the women, but for the protection of the German Army. To have taken over that work would have been to encourage vice, and that we could not do.

"Perhaps the most important department was the sanitation. We had not an expert amongst us; but, when Dr. Hutchison's Unit passed through, her Sanitary Inspector, Miss Gordon, came up to inspect us, and was pleased with the result. When we arrived, that hospital compound was a truly terrible place—the sights and smells beyond description. We dug into the ground the rubbish, emptied the overflowing cesspools, built incin-

erators, and cleaned, and cleaned, and cleaned. That is a Briton's job all over the world, and our three untrained British orderlies took to it like ducks to water. It was not the pleasantest or easiest work in the world; but they did it, and did it magnificently. Miss W—— especially developed wonderful powers of command—managed her men, fed them, clothed them, and left that hospital compound not, it is true, exactly like an English park, but at least clean.

"The prisoners taken in the south were brought through Krushevatz on their way to the Concentration Camps in Hungary—one day as many as three thousand. We had seen these men all through the summer just beyond our camps at Mladanovatz and Valjevo with their heads held high, and conscious of the good work they had done for the Allies in driving back the Austrian 'punitive expedition.' They used to say to us with such childlike pride, 'We are the only ones who, so far, have beaten our enemy.' They came back to us broken and dispirited men, over-fatigued, and dirty, and underfed. They were turned into the Hospital grounds, given their scanty ration of beans with a little meat and half a loaf of bread for twenty-four hours. For some weeks they got only a quarter of a loaf—one loaf among four men. Their camp-fires flickered fitfully through the long, bitter cold nights. Every scrap of wood in the enclosure was torn up: the doors and windows from the buildings wrecked by the first bombardment; the little foot-bridge over the drains; the trees hacked down. One night the scene might have been the retreat from Moscow. The ground was white with snow, a fine blizzard was blowing, almost blotting out in the distance the crouching figures of the men as they sat in their ragged uniforms round the fires. . . .

"There was shortage of food even while we were

there. Remember what a hospital diet usually is, and then remember that we had to feed our patients on beans and a scanty allowance of meat—which was not always good—half a loaf of bread a day for each man, and some weak tea. One day the Director got five hundred eggs, but they were seized at the Hospital gates by the Austrians. There was rice in the stores, and we had some sacks too, and we boiled it up with condensed milk and made ‘sutly-age,’ which added something to the diet, but when sugar failed, as it did eventually, half the good of this addition failed also. Our Administrator, Mrs. Haverfield, scoured the country for milk and eggs, and we bought what we could with the Scottish funds, but it was not enough.

“These months at Krushevatz were a strange mixture of sorrow and happiness. Was the country really so very beautiful, or was it the contrast to all the misery that made it evident? There was a curious exhilaration in working for those grateful, patient men, and in helping the Director, so loyal to his country, and so conscientious in his work, to bring order out of chaos, and yet the unhappiness in the Serbian houses, and the physical wretchedness of those cold, hungry prisoners, lay always like a dead weight on our spirits. Never shall we forget the beauty of the sunrises, or the glory of the sunsets, with clear, cold, sunlight days between, and the wonderful starlight nights. But we shall never forget ‘the Zoo’ either, or the groans outside when we hid our heads in the blankets to shut out the sound. Nor shall we ever forget the cheeriness or trustfulness of all that hospital, and especially of the officers’ ward. We got no news, and we made it a point of honour not to believe a word of the German telegrams posted up in the town. So we lived on rumour, and what rumour! The English at Skoplje, the Italians at Pojega, and the Russians over the Carpathians—we could not believe that Serbia had been

sacrificed for nothing. We were convinced it was some deep-laid scheme for weakening the other fronts, and so it was quite natural to hear that the British had taken Belgium and the French were in Metz.

"When we reached Zurich and found everything much the same as when we disappeared into the silence, our hearts were sick for the people we left behind us still waiting and trusting.

"At last, on the 9th of February, our Hospital was emptied. The chronic invalids had been 'put on commission' and sent to their homes. The vast majority of the men had been removed to Hungary, and the few remaining, badly wounded men who would not be fit for months, taken over to the Austrian hospitals.

"On the 11th we were sent north under an Austrian guard with fixed bayonets. Great care was taken that we should not communicate with any one *en route*. At Belgrade, however, we were put into a waiting-room for the night, and after we had crept into our sleeping-bags we were suddenly roused to speak to a Serbian woman. The kindly Austrian officer in charge of us said she was the wife of a Serbian officer in Krushevatz, and that if we would use only German we might speak to her. She wanted news of her husband. We were able to reassure her. He was getting better—he was in the Gymnasium. '*Vrylo dobra*' ('Very well'), she said, holding both our hands. '*Vrylo, vrylo dobra*,' we said, looking apprehensively at the officer. But he only laughed. Probably his Serbian, too, was equal to that.

"That was the last Serbian we spoke to in Serbia, and we left her a little happier.

"And thus we came to Vienna, where the American Embassy took us over. When we thanked one of the secretaries for all the infinite trouble they had taken, he answered in truly American phrase: 'Well, I cannot

say it has been any trouble. But it has taken some doing.'

"From Vienna we went to Bludenz, where, thanks to 'military reasons,' we had eight days' delightful rest ; and then to Zurich."

A plan of the Czar Lazar Hospital and its grounds is given, because it is felt that the scene of the wonderful work done by the Scottish Women through those winter months is full of interest, a work which has been one of the strongest factors in binding our little Ally with us in bonds of friendship.

Further, those who know her best feel that it was here, going in spirit with her beloved Serbs through their time of extremest woe, that Dr. Inglis' "heart broke," and the "beginning of the end" came upon her. . . .

* * * * *

But we cannot end on this note. For Serbia we know, that "sunset in the West is sunrise in the East." And as regards the Scottish Women we are glad to hear of them "playing" in the station at Belgrade, where they were kept waiting several hours, seeing how long they could walk along a rail of the railway lines without slipping off! Also we rejoice in the thought of their first breakfast at Vienna when, told by Dr. Inglis that they were to eat as much as they wanted and the Unit would pay, they each had "plates and plates of ham and eggs, and cups and cups of coffee."

SERBIA.



DR. INGLIS AND PARTY AT ZURICH—FREE AT LAST.



GROUP OF PATIENTS AND STAFF AT SALLANCHES.

(To face p. 172.)

LETTER FROM M. PACHITCH, PRIME MINISTER
OF SERBIA

"CLARIDGE'S HOTEL,
LONDON, 4th April 1916.

"To the President of the Executive Committee of the
Scottish Women's Hospitals for Foreign Service.

"DEAR MADAM,—Our Minister in London, Monsieur
Boschkovitch, informs me that Drs. E. Inglis and
Hutchison, together with the members of their repre-
sentative units, have recently returned from Serbia,
where they had remained as long as they could, taking
care of our wounded soldiers.

"In the name of His Royal Highness the Crown
Prince, in the name of the Serbian Government and of
the whole Serbian nation, I have the honour to convey
through you the expressions of our highest gratitude to
the noble daughters of the great British nation who
have risked their lives and sacrificed their freedom for
the health and the good of the Serbian soldier and the
Serbian people.

"I avail myself of this opportunity to tell you how
much we appreciate the help rendered to Serbia by the
Scottish Women's Association, who sent so many and
so splendidly organized hospitals to our country, and
who are still continuing to help our people as much as
they can.

"The Serbian nation will never forget what the
Scottish Women have done for them.—Yours very
sincerely,

(Sgd.) Prime Minister of Serbia,

NIK. P. PACHITCH."

PART FOUR: OUR CHIEF¹

*"Le cœur de la femme est un trésor d'où Dieu tire ce que l'humanité
a de meilleur."*

STRANGE that within the limits of one century the awful spectre of war should so conspicuously make actual the potentialities of women.

In 1854, Florence Nightingale and her little band of nurses astonished a too conventional world by proceeding to the seat of war to tend the sick and the wounded. Sixty years later Dr. Elsie Inglis re-enacted the drama at a more advanced stage of evolution.

By the year 1914 the impetus given in 1854 had produced a merciful supply of efficient nurses whose services were gladly and as a matter of course accepted by the war authorities. But the medical woman, the woman surgeon, was still an unrecognised asset of the State. Perhaps a dim consciousness of her existence and possible usefulness as a stopgap at home in certain hospitals during war-time did exist in the minds of the more advanced of the authorities, but that she should dream of offering her services to tend her own countrymen, to wield "the healing knife" of the surgeon in the wards of our hospitals at the seat of war, was to outrage the most sacred traditions of womanhood as conceived by the official mind.

Nevertheless the vision had dawned in the soul of at least one far-seeing capable medical woman. It came

¹ By Miss S. E. S. Mair.



DR. ELSIE INGLIS.

Founder of the Scottish Women's Hospitals.

SERBIAN.

Order of the White Eagle, Vth Class (the highest Order in Serbia, and for the first time given to a woman).

Order of St. Sava, IIIrd Class.

Order of the White Eagle with Swords.

RUSSIAN.

St. George's Medal for Bravery under Fire.

Russian Medal for Meritorious Service.

Medal of the 1st Class. To be worn on the ribbon of St. Anne.

[To face p. 174]

to Dr. Elsie Inglis in the early days of that fateful August 1914.

Refused recognition by the War Office, and thrown back on her own sad heart yearning to serve and make it possible for other professional women to do likewise, there leapt to her clear mind the solution of the problem. "Let us," she exclaimed, "have a Unit of our own." A Unit to be entirely staffed by women, and to be offered with a fleet of cars to the Allies of Great Britain.

This is not the chapter to deal with the actual work of the Units of the S.W.H. Its object is rather to give some faint picture of the woman herself—of the personality that has filled no small place in public interest through the terrible years of war, of which she has been well called "the Florence Nightingale." The name conferred is more descriptive than all, to whom its superficial appropriateness appeals, may quite realise. The outstanding facts in the lives of these two remarkable women cannot fail to suggest the comparison, but a study of their characters reveals a still deeper resemblance. To both the service of man was the part of their creed which gave richness to their service of God. To both the obligation to use whatever powers and talents they possessed for the good of the world was paramount. Both believed in the absolute duty of "following the gleam" that shone on their path of life whatever might be the apparent obstacles. Difficulties to them were only so many stones on the road to be pleasantly stepped over if possible—or otherwise sternly cast aside.

The heroine of 1854, in her luxurious home and loving family, had more of the psychological difficulties to contend with than she of 1914. With a heart full of aspirations for a high calling in the remedying of the evils of ignorant nursing and of desperately defective

sanitation, Florence Nightingale had, throughout many years, to tame her spirit to the affectionate bondage of a conventional home of the early nineteenth century. Whereas the ardent spirit of Elsie Inglis met from her earliest days full sympathy and understanding in her more modern home circle—no beating of the wings against the cage was her lot. To this one thinks was due some of the radiance of her nature throughout life—the sunny smile, the indomitable optimism.

Promptitude was a striking note of similarity in these kindred spirits. Quickness of perception and prompt action were of the essence of these very vital characters.

On 20th September 1854 the battle of Alma was fought, and in the *Times* of 10th October publicity was given to the terribly inadequate arrangements for the nursing of the British soldiers—on 27th October Florence Nightingale and her band of nurses sailed from Marseilles to Scutari.

On 4th August 1914 the Great War was proclaimed, and on the 19th November the first Scottish Women's contingent crossed the Channel. These dates are eloquent of the strength of purpose, the will-power that inspired in both cases the tremendous activities of the intervening weeks.

To this wonderful courage and intrepidity of action Dr. Inglis owed much of her power. Whilst others were considering and planning she acted, and if occasionally her rapidity overstepped the constituted order of things, it was generally justified by the event and pardoned by those responsible for the business management of the scheme. The measure of her earnestness was the measure of the occasional asperity that spurred the sides, as it were, of the slower of her co-workers. A certain stir of feeling might be perceptible in the busy hive at the office of organization when

a specially energetic visit of the Chief had been paid. Had the impossible been accomplished? If not, why? Who had failed in performance? Take the task from her; give it to another. No excuses in war-time—no weakness to be tolerated—onward ever onward.

To those inclined to hesitate or at least to draw breath occasionally in the course of their heavy work of organizing, raising money, gathering equipment, securing transport passports, and attending to the other innumerable secretarial affairs connected with so big a task, she showed no weakening pity; the one invariable goad applied was ever, "It is war-time." No one must pause, no one must waver; things must simply be done whether possible or not, and somehow by her inspiration they generally were done. In those days of agonising stress she appeared in herself the very embodiment of wireless telegraphy, aeronautic locomotion, with telepathy and divination thrown in—neither time nor space was of account. Puck alone could quite have reached her standard with his engirdling of the earth in forty minutes. Poor limited mortals could but do their best with the terrestrial means at their disposal. Possibly at times their make-weight steadied the brilliant work of their Leader.

Something of the spirit of the great Napoleon's maxim, "Never employ an unlucky General a second time," directed the policy of "the Chief." But with what a rewarding smile or affectionate hand clasp she recognised any special effort made on right lines by her subordinates or fellow-workers! To her it mattered not, indeed it was the more valuable, that useful and successful schemes sprang from other minds than her own—the "rightness" was all that counted with her. This splendid activity of Dr. Inglis must not be confounded with the restlessness of one rushing hither and thither

in feverish excitement—far from it; her nature was of the strong depth of the ocean, at all times working by laws and principles, but capable at times of raising a breezy surface—a clearing stir. She could never have danced over the surface of life in light-hearted fashion; her soul could only find satisfaction in sounding its depths and touching its spring of action. Hers was truly a great soul.

Twenty years of earnest professional life in the city of her affections, with many cognate interests pursued in limited intervals of leisure, notably schemes for the uplifting of the downtrodden, the widening of opportunities for women, and the cause of justice and fair play for every one, had prepared her for any great enterprise that the future might require of her. It was with girt loin and lit lamp that August 1914 found her. For three years her great nature was to be privileged to do a work exacting its full powers, demanding the uttermost of her strength even to the last breath of the gallant spirit as it winged its way to the higher sphere.

This is not the place to deal with Dr. Inglis' visits to and correspondence with the War Office, Foreign Office, and the Admiralty; but these were important factors in the moulding of her schemes, and can hardly fail to suggest further comparison with the work of Florence Nightingale. More especially does it resemble that of her first Crimean expedition, when by her wonderful grasp of the needs of sanitation she effected so many great improvements that later on she was in a large measure instrumental in causing the appointment of a Royal Commission, resulting in improved military sanitation such as enormously reduced the death-rate among British soldiers. Had it been decreed that Elsie Inglis' precious life on earth was to be prolonged beyond the Armistice there can be little doubt that from the spirit that had been so "finely touched" there would have

been further "fine issues," specially for the advantage of the smaller nations whose splendid contribution to the war for Right and Liberty has won them a worthy place in the polity of nations. The name of Dr. Elsie Inglis will be linked for ever with that of Serbia, and handed down from generation to generation with something of legendary veneration.

In outward appearance the Leader of the S.W.H. was no Amazon, but just a woman of gentle breeding, courteous, sweet-voiced, somewhat short of stature, alert, and with the eyes of a Seer, blue-grey and clear, looking forth from under a brow wide and high, with soft brown hair brushed loosely back ; with lips often parted in a radiant smile, discovering small teeth white and regular, but lips which were at times firmly closed with a fixity of purpose such as would warn off unwarrantable opposition or objections from less bold workers. Those clear eyes had a peculiar power of withdrawing on rare occasions as it were behind a curtain when their owner desired to absent herself from discussion of points on which she preferred to give no opinion. It was no mere expression such as absent-mindedness might produce, but was, as she herself was aware, a voluntary action of withdrawal from all participation in what was going on. The discussion over, in a moment the blinds would be up and the soul looked forth through its clear windows with steady gaze. Whether the oral doors had been closed also there is no knowing.

But words are poor portrait painters, and for a presentment of Dr. Elsie Inglis, respected, admired by a wide public, beloved of her patients and followers, recourse should be had to a bust, the work of the great living sculptor, Mestrovitch of Serbia. In this beautiful bust we have a representation in bronze of our Chief such as will express for posterity something of the

outward form of this wonderful woman, but it is in its spiritual interpretation of her whom we love to remember as our Leader, Inspirer, and Friend that this bust is so satisfying. In its deep seriousness, its calm, reflective expression, we seem to see the very soul that animated the splendid activities of mind and body. With the insight of the true artist, Mestrovitch tells us more in bronze of the source from which flowed Dr. Elsie's powers of service than any words can convey. We feel, as we look at his representation, that here is one who in all the stress and strain of life never let go the anchor of Hope, the cross of Faith, or the heart of Love.

It seems fitting that the nation to which this great and beautiful life was given should in its turn present to the Scottish people this tribute of undying gratitude for the heroic sacrifice of one of its noblest daughters, whose life and death will for ever emblazon the pages of Scottish history.



"OUR CHIEF."

Bust by Mestrovitch, in the Scottish National Gallery.

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PART FIVE: WITH THE SERB DIVISION IN RUSSIA AND ROUMANIA ¹

CHAPTER I

MEJIDIA

IN the month of July 1916 the Serbian Minister in London, M. Boskovitch, asked Dr. Inglis if the Scottish Women's Hospitals would be willing to supply one or more of four field hospitals for service with the Serb Division in Russia. As soon as this request was made known to the Scottish Women's Hospitals by Dr. Inglis, the London Units Committee of the Scottish Women's Hospitals offered to equip and maintain two of these field hospitals, with a motor transport attached to them. At the time, Dr. Inglis was busy in making preparations to take out a Unit to the Serbian Army in Salonika, but when she found that these Serbs in Russia were in very great need of medical relief she decided to accept the offer to take charge of the Field Hospitals and Transport Section and go to Russia.

That a clear understanding and appreciation of subsequent events affecting the relations between Dr. Inglis and the Serb Division may be reached, a brief account of its genesis must be given here.

The division consisted mainly of Serbo-Croats and Slovenes, that is, Serbs who, as subjects of Austria-Hungary, were obliged to serve in the Austrian Army. Nearly all of these men had been taken prisoners by the

¹ By Miss Edith Palliser.

Russians or, perhaps more correctly, had voluntarily surrendered to the Russians rather than fight for the enemies of their co-nationals. In May 1915 a considerable number of these Austro-Serbs volunteered for service with the Serbian Army, and by arrangement with the Russian Government, who gave them their freedom, they were transported to Serbia. After the entry of Bulgaria into the war it was no longer possible to send them to Serbia, and 2000 were left behind at Odessa. The number of these volunteers increased, however, to such an extent that, by permission of the Serbian Government, Serbian officers from Corfu were sent over to organize them into a military unit for service with the Russian Army. By May 1916 a first division was formed under the command of the Serb Colonel, Colonel Hadjitch, and later a second division under General Zivkovitch. It was to the first division that the Field Hospitals and Transport were to be attached.

The Unit mustered at Liverpool on the 29th of August, and left for Archangel on the following day. It consisted of a personnel of seventy-five, with three doctors, in charge of Dr. Elsie Inglis, C.M.O.

In a letter, Dr. Inglis gave an account of the voyage to Archangel, which was "a most pleasant one and very restful." "This," she said, "is a very steady little boat, and we have had very calm weather after the first day, when we pitched and tossed a good deal. The majority of the Unit collapsed, but reappeared none the worse, and bustling with energy! The British girl is a very delightful creature.

"Some of them were really too funny the day of the alarm for boat drill—quite indignant that there was no submarine there. We did sight a submarine early one morning, but she took no notice of us, so we took none of her. She was very big, possibly the *Deutschland*."

They reached Archangel on the 10th of September, and heard that their destination was Odessa. From the moment of their landing in Russia, and throughout their journey south, the Unit met with a most cordial welcome. Dr. Inglis in her letters repeatedly refers to the extraordinary kindness shown them both by the Russian officials and their own countrymen. A magnificent reception was given to the Unit on their arrival at Odessa on the 21st of September. The Governor of the town, the head of the medical department of the Russian Army, the British Consul and Mrs. Bagge, and numerous Russian officials met them at the station. Twenty Serb officers were also present, lined up to salute them.

The news that greeted Dr. Inglis was grave. General Zivkovitch informed her that the first division was in action and had suffered heavily. Later, a full account of the battle showed that the Serb Division had gone into the fight 14,000 strong; they were in the centre, with the Roumanians on the left and the Russians on the right. The Roumanians and Russians broke, and the Serbs, who had fought for twenty-four hours on two fronts, came out with only 4000 men.

General Zivkovitch was at first inclined to keep the Hospital at Odessa to take charge of 1000 wounded Serbs, and to send the transport immediately to the front. Dr. Inglis expressed her willingness to carry out his wishes, but explained that if her hospital were separated from its transport it would become practically stationary, and it was not equipped for this. General Zivkovitch saw the reasonableness of these representations and it was decided that the Unit should go on to the front. He asked Dr. Inglis to make arrangements meanwhile for the care of the wounded Serbs in the town. This she gladly consented to do, and she was successful in obtaining from the Russian authorities a building

admirably suited for a hospital. In this task Dr. Inglis had the invaluable aid of the British Consul, Mr. Bagge, who introduced her to the leading Russian authorities, and was unsparing in his efforts to render her assistance in every way.

The days of waiting at Odessa were enlivened by constant festivities. It was not, indeed, possible for the Unit to accept the cordial invitations showered upon them. Chief among these events were the Serb Mess dinner and the gala performance at the Opera House. At the Serb Mess, Dr. Inglis and her party received a rousing welcome. As they entered the room the two hundred officers rose and greeted them with cheers which were all but deafening. General Zivkovitch himself was present part of the time, and the guests were entertained by songs and dances. All the national anthems were sung, including the Croatian and Czech national airs.

Of the gala performance at the Opera Dr. Inglis gives the following account :

¹ "The Mayor of the town sent us tickets for the performance at the Opera. Fourteen boxes were put at our disposal, sufficient to accommodate everybody. After the second act the Grand Duchess² intimated that she wished to inspect the whole Unit, and we were accordingly drawn up in the corridor. The Consul presented me to her, and then I presented the officers. She walked down the whole row, speaking to all the members. . . . When we returned to our seats the orchestra played the British National Anthem three times, and the third time the Unit took up the air and sang. The whole audience rose, turned towards us, cheering and waving handkerchiefs. We all felt so touched. It is a great thing to feel that we are going on to our work with so much enthusiasm behind us."

¹ Dr. Inglis' report.

² Olga Petrovna, an aunt of the Czar.

RUSSIA.



AT THE STATION ON THE WAY TO ODESSA. POPULACE TURNING
OUT TO SEE BRITISH WOMEN. I



WINTER CONDITIONS AT
MEJIDIA.



A CORNER OF THE HOSPITAL,
MEJIDIA.

To face p. 134.

On Monday, the 25th of September, the Unit left Odessa for Reni *en route* to Czernavoda, where Dr. Inglis was to receive her instructions. This journey, which in ordinary times was a matter of some five or six hours, occupied four days and three nights. The long delays were the more trying to all, haunted as they were by the thought of how urgently they were needed. It was quite usual to wait two hours for every half-hour travelled, and the rate of progress was so slow that some members of the Unit would jump out and run alongside the train.

¹ "We meandered quietly through the country. We went into the villages and saw the people and the churches while we waited at the stations. A great many of the Unit basked in the sunshine on the open trucks which carried the motors. At one village where some of us came in for a service, it being a feast day, the priest was reading the New Testament lesson, and when he had ended he said, 'Let us pray for the English Sisters who have come to help us.' At another village the priest came in and blessed our food. The children were always most friendly. In one place, a little Jewish girl, in their funny German dialect, told us she knew all about England; she had learnt about it at school, and England was 'little, little'—putting her forefinger and thumb together—and Russia was big 'like that'—throwing her arms wide. The Russian officials were very kind, and as helpful as they could be, but at last in despair I wired back to Odessa to say we must have a Russian officer on our train. We wondered very much if the telegram got through, but we certainly got on more quickly after that, and we heard later that the telegram did arrive."

From Reni the "Greys," as the Hospital Staff were

¹ Dr. Inglis' report.

called (to distinguish them from the Transport, who wore khaki and were called the "Buffs"), went by steam-launch down the Danube to Czernavoda. There they were met by an Irishman, an officer in the Russian Army, who, Dr. Inglis said, "spoke Russian like a Russian, French like a Frenchman, and English like an Irishman, not to mention Spanish, Italian, German, Hindu, and a few other odds and ends." This officer's name was Bryson, and he was most helpful in seeing them and the equipment on to the train for Mejidia. There they arrived at eleven at night and slept in the train, no arrangements having been made for them. The Transport section had a more uncomfortable experience. The cars and lorries had to be taken down to Czernavoda in two barges, and there was no accommodation for the drivers. They lived, slept, and ate where they could find room on the iron decks, without any shelter.

They were told they would arrive in Czernavoda in a few hours, but the few hours lengthened out to a night and a day. On landing at Czernavoda at night they found the place deserted: all the civilians had evacuated the town. There was no food, and, to make matters worse, the rain came down in torrents and the wind was blowing half a gale.

The drivers stayed by their cars all night, taking turns at sentry-go. At daylight, preparations were made to leave,¹ "so in streaming rain and seas of mud we made a start. After about ten kilometres the stone road came to an end, and there we saw, stuck in the mud in every kind of attitude of helplessness, several Russian lorries that had been in the barges next to us on the journey up, and had gone off in the inky darkness the previous evening with much noise and bluster.

"The road having come to an end, we had to go

¹ Mrs. Haverfield's report.

along a track through fields. Here began many strenuous hours of real labour. There was a specially steep pitch to be surmounted, the soft surface preventing the wheels getting any grip, but with rope around the rear wheels and much pushing and heaving, all were got up, including the big lorries. On arriving at Mejidia we discovered we had come the wrong way in spite of our guide. The distance covered was only fifteen miles, but it took eight hours to reach Mejidia!"

The day after the Hospitals arrived at Mejidia Dr. Inglis saw Colonel Hadjitch at the Serb Headquarters at Bulbul Mic, and they decided to take a barrack offered by the head of the Russian Medical Department and open a hospital at Mejidia, the cars to run out to Bulbul Mic, about ten miles, to bring in patients.

"It was no good in the world," wrote Dr. Inglis, "talking about regular Field Hospitals to them, until they had tried our mettle. The ordinary male disbelief in our capacity cannot be argued away; it can only be worked away."

It was not long before the Serb and Russian authorities received proof of the capacity of the Unit for hard work, and of their powers of endurance under the strain and stress of war conditions.

The same day, 2nd October, the operations of cleaning and whitewashing the barrack were begun. Half the equipment was unloaded and sent up to the Hospital, and, for its better security, Dr. Potter and Dr. Corbett made it their bed for the night.

"That evening, after we were all in bed, a Russian officer came to ask if we were ready for wounded. A message was sent down saying 'No.' Then the question came up, 'When will you be ready?' and I sent back the answer, 'To-morrow evening.' The Unit took it with the greatest calmness; only Mrs. Haverfield

murmured from her bed, 'I wonder you did not say to-night!'"¹

The Hospital stood on the top of a hill overlooking Mejidia. On the hill were other barracks, one occupied by the Russian Red Cross and another by the 2nd Serb Lazarette, to which the Unit was attached.

The barrack had two storeys: on each storey was a long room divided down the middle by a brick partition which did not reach up to the ceiling, so there was a thorough draught. At either end were three or four small rooms: office, bathroom, and disinfecting room. For the first five days the Unit camped in the top room—seventy-five in one room—an arrangement which did not make for comfort, especially as work had to be carried on at full pressure during those days; but every one bore the discomfort cheerfully.

¹ "No patients arrived that night (Tuesday), but the next morning the cars were ordered out, and at once the wounded began to pour in. We bathed them all and dressed most (but the first dressings were excellently done), and had done four necessary operations by 3 o'clock the next morning. We had taken in 102 patients, two of whom died almost immediately, and we were full. The cars had been running steadily both to the Hospital and the station until after 10, when Mrs. Haverfield ordered the chauffeurs to bed, to start again at 5 a.m. Miss Henderson got no sleep that night, for she insisted on seeing us to bed first and then the Transport off at 5. We evacuated almost half our patients after forty-eight hours' rest and took in more, but we found 100 mattresses in those two rooms too close for proper nursing, so we reduced the number to 75, and decided to pitch our camp for the personnel and take the upstairs floor for the Hospital. Then Dr. Hartsoff (Head of the

¹ Dr. Inglis' report.

Russian Medical Department) asked me to take over another small barrack, and I agreed on condition that he gave me the mattresses. However, before that could be accomplished, orders came in from the Serb Headquarters to send Hospital 'B' out to Bulbul Mic, so I told Dr. Hartsoff we could not undertake more than one barrack at Mejidia, but I promised 140 beds there, including two rooms for officers.

"More than half our patients were Russians. We had two Roumanians. It was very interesting to see how the attitude of our patients altered as the days went on. Our Serbs, as always, were grateful and trusting, but the Russians could not at all understand the situation. They were very reluctant to come into the operating-room, and grumbled to the numerous officers who came in and out. One of the officers, quite a boy, sent for me and said brusquely that the men were not getting enough food. I thought it time to stop it, so I said quite firmly that there was ample food, and that I should like him to remember that we were a Serb hospital and that the diet was arranged on Serb lines; that I was more than willing to take in Russian soldiers, but if they did not like it they need not come. In quite a different tone he said the Russian soldier always wanted *kasha*, a kind of bean porridge. So I said if that was the only difficulty, *kasha* they should have. I remembered what Mrs. Kinnell¹ had said about tea, and increased that in quantity. The Russian sisters in the other barrack kindly allowed their cook to teach ours how to make *kasha*, and I went down to the Russian Headquarters and demanded *kasha*. The dear little Russian sister put her finger on another sore point: 'They do not love open windows,' she said, 'and they

¹ Mrs. Kinnell, vice-chairman of the London Committee of the Scottish Women's Hospitals.

do not love to be so clean.' On these two points we were adamant, and it was very interesting to see how human nature accommodated itself. Gradually the faces began to smile, and the inquiring officers used to turn to us and say, 'He says everything is good; the only difficulty is the language.' One boy who had his arm amputated said, 'It is so good here I am in no hurry to go back to Russia.' We got a Serb student to come round twice a day and interpret for us, and then a Serb who could speak English and Russian to be orderly in the ward. He liked to be called 'Chris,' and had a strenuous time, night and day, at everybody's call. He was most helpful and willing."

The Transport had been attached to the 1st Serb Hospital and had no easy time driving in a strange country with the roads in such a terrible condition. Mrs. Haverfield's description of their work gives a vivid picture of the difficulties encountered. Two places, Equibior and Bulbul Mare, from which they had to bring patients, were about fifteen kilometres from Mejidia station.

¹ "The road to Equibior was just a track across endless plains after leaving the main road to Bulbul Mare. Here the usual struggle began to get the cars through the mud. We found the place all smoking and much battered by shells. We filled up with the wounded, two in each car, and got them safely back.

"After a few days of this work we received the order to pitch camp at Bulbul Mic, ten miles from Mejidia. Here enemy aeroplanes visited us daily, dealing death and destruction everywhere, but we all escaped injury. The days were lovely and warm, but the nights were very cold and damp.

"Suddenly wounded began to pour in, and we and

¹ Mrs. Haverfield's report.

the Hospital worked night and day. Things were not going well at the front, and we were told we might have to evacuate at any moment.

"There were a few cases of cholera, and we were asked to keep an ambulance separate from the others in order to take cases to the isolation hospitals. One of the drivers (Ruth Plimsoll) had charge of the particular ambulance, and drove a wounded officer all the way to Czernavoda, accompanied by the doctor. When they arrived there the doctor went to find the right place to deposit his patient—a long process, and meanwhile bombs suddenly began to fall on all sides. Ruth Plimsoll remained calmly on her seat, and when the doctor returned and the car moved away a bomb fell in the exact spot where the ambulance had been waiting, making a large hole in the ground. The patient, in spite of his pain, insisted on having Ruth Plimsoll's name written down, and told the doctor that if he lived he would see she got a special decoration for the great courage she had shown. Most of our drivers have been in the midst of falling bombs whilst carrying wounded, especially to the station, and all have shown the highest courage and perfect calmness amidst frantic panic on the part of all in the street at the time."

In response to the order from Serb Headquarters, Dr. Chesney was sent to Bulbul Mic to form a Field Hospital (Hospital "B"), and the equipment was sent out in charge of four orderlies. "That was the first time I realised," wrote Dr. Inglis, "what a first-rate Unit I had. Although Bulbul Mic was only ten miles off they took twenty-four hours to get there. They refused to sleep in the passenger carriage provided for them for fear the equipment waggon should be slipped, so they camped in the waggon. I worried a good deal over their having no food with them, when I heard they had

not arrived at Bulbul Mic, but they were fed by Serb officers, and arrived smiling, saying they 'had had the time of their lives!'"

Dr. Chesney found on arrival that what was wanted was a clearing station that could be evacuated at an hour's notice, so almost all her equipment was sent back. She made a beautiful little camp. All her transport was arranged for by Dr. Stanovitch (medical director of the 1st Serb Lazarette, to which she was attached). She kept only ten of the Unit with her, including Miss Henderson (Administrator).

The work at Mejidia, with the exception of a few days' lull, went forward steadily from the 3rd of October until the 22nd.

On the 19th the sound of the guns became both more intense and continuous. The raids from enemy aeroplanes over Mejidia averaged about three or four a day, and there were several casualties. At one time a falling bomb killed two soldiers in the courtyard of the Hospital.

The first intimation that all was not going well at the front was the news that Dr. Chesney had left Bulbul Mic and fallen back about eight miles, half-way to Mejidia. Then came orders from Colonel Hadjitch, by a special dispatch rider, to remove the bulk of the equipment of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, and to keep only what was necessary to carry on the Hospital at Mejidia.

From the Russian Headquarters Dr. Inglis had the disquieting information that she must not count on a train for taking the equipment. What was to be done? Forty-five tons of equipment could not be taken by three lorries. Dr. Inglis, never recognising such a word as impossible, went to the Commandant at the railway station and explained how precious the equipment was

and what its delay and probable loss would entail. Three wagons were then supplied at 1 p.m., the equipment was packed, and by 3 a.m. the camp was struck.

While waiting for their train to leave, Miss Bowerman and Miss Brown, who were seated on the platform, saw to their consternation the wagons and the precious equipment disappearing with a refugee train. In a flash they were on their feet and in full flight after the train, which they triumphantly boarded. The wagons, however, were shunted again and again and repeatedly held up, until these resourceful women hit upon the expedient of writing telegrams to British Consuls, which they never intended to send, and inventing a General Popovitch who, they said, would be very angry indeed if the equipment did not get through quickly. This bluff was perfectly successful, so much so that they began to wonder whether a General Popovitch really did exist.

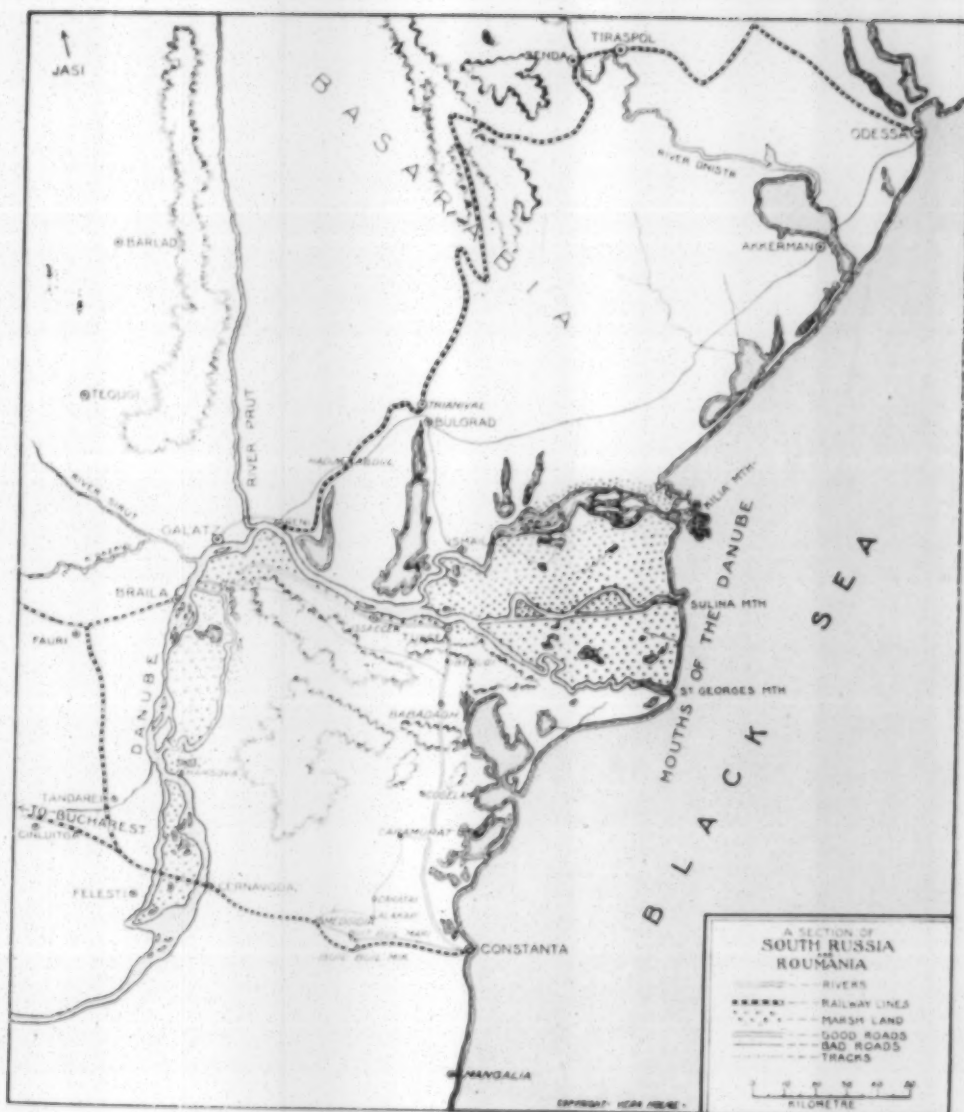
The whole of the Unit went to Galatz in charge of Dr. Corbett. Dr. Inglis only kept what was absolutely necessary to carry on the Hospital or any other she might have to form, seventeen persons in all.

¹ "The station was a curious sight that night. The flight was beginning. A crowd of people was collected at one end with boxes and bundles and children. One little boy was lying on a doorstep asleep, and against the wall, farther on, lay a row of soldiers. On the bench to the right, under the light, was a doctor in his white overall, stretched out sound asleep between the two rushes of work at the station dressing-room; and a Roumanian officer talked to me of Glasgow, where he had once been invited out to dinner—so he had seen the British '*custims*.' It was good to feel those British

¹ Dr. Inglis' report.

customs were still going quietly on, whatever was happening here—breakfasts coming regularly, hot water for baths, and everything as it should be. It was probably absurd, but it came like a great wave of comfort to feel that Britain was there, quiet, strong, and invincible, behind everything and everybody."

RUSSIA.



MAP OF DOBRUDJA.

Drawn by Miss Vera Holme for this History.

[To face p. 195.]

CHAPTER II

THE RETREAT FROM THE DOBRUDJA

ON Sunday morning, October the 22nd, Mejidia was practically deserted, except for Dr. Inglis and her party; the Russian hospital had slipped away quietly without any notice to Dr. Inglis of their departure, and scarcely a chimney smoked in the town. The stillness was broken only by the booming of the guns, sounding very near. Dr. Kostich brought the order at 10 a.m. to evacuate immediately. Every car that could be spared had been sent to Mrs. Haverfield for the wounded, and there remained the Staff car, one ambulance, and a lorry lent by a young Russian officer. The party set out on their journey that afternoon.

¹ "As far as Carlos Premier, the run might have been an ordinary one through any country with second-rate roads, at any time. When we turned eastward at Carlos Premier we met the whole stream of refugees from Constanza and the south. One reads of refugees but never could imagine such a sight. The whole road was one continuous stream of carts loaded up with luggage on which were children; men and women tramped along beside them. Every now and again there was a regular cart with boards stretched across measuring from 10 to 12 feet, piled up with household goods—they filled the whole roadway. Against this stream we tried to go, and through it barged cannon and ammunition wagons, and squadrons of cavalry. Loose foals and dogs ran about everywhere, and when we turned on our headlights

¹ Dr. Inglis' report.

the whole thing became unreal—seemed like a well-staged piece at the theatre. At one point we came on a flock of sheep, and for a minute we saw only red lights reflected from ours in their eyes—no sheep at all; one foal got quite mesmerised by our lights and danced about in front of them. Suddenly another car loomed out of the darkness, and there were two of our Transport girls. Eventually we got into Caromarat, where a room was found for us by a Serb officer."

They all slept very soundly that night on the straw-covered floor, and were joined next morning by Mrs. Haverfield, Miss Henderson, and the rest of the Transport.

The party of seven who had become separated from Dr. Inglis on leaving Mejidia landed at Saragea, where they were hospitably cared for by the Russian Headquarters. They sent a message to Dr. Inglis to say they were safe, but completely stranded, as the borrowed Russian lorry had taken its departure. Dr. Inglis went over to their rescue and found them in the verandah of an inn, seated on the equipment, smiling.

"I thought," wrote Dr. Inglis, "that there might be something in what a Russian woman said to me apropos of the great cheerfulness of the Unit: 'There is certainly something great in the British character which the continental nations do not possess.' And when I replied, 'I don't know, we all have our strong points and our weak ones,' she said, 'There is no other nation goes into trouble smiling.'"

Hospital "B," with the 1st Serb Lazarette, had been hard at work dealing with a constant stream of wounded at Bulbul Mic when the order came on 20th October for them to fall back to a little village eight miles to the rear. All the wounded had then been sent to Mejidia. The next day (21st October), at 5 p.m., they started off;

a party of ten, each perched on the top of a pile of equipment in the wagons provided for them by the 1st Serb Hospital, their destination unknown. On the 23rd they came across Dr. Inglis in the darkness, seated in her car, where she was waiting for the light of morning to proceed on her way. There was a halt of five minutes, and then they pushed on once more, reaching Harsova the next day. There they heard that Mejidia and Czernavoda had fallen, and that no defence could be made. Dr. Stanovitch came to see Dr. Chesney and said the position was very serious. He had lost his Staff and had no instructions what to do or where to go. It was impossible to cross the Danube at Harsova, as all the barges were crowded with troops. Moreover, he had no knowledge of the country or the roads, and could only advise Dr. Chesney to follow the stream of the retreat with the hope of finding a pontoon bridge at Isakcea. He also gave them the uncomfortable intelligence that, as far as he knew, there was every possibility of the Bulgars swooping down upon them at any moment, as there were no troops between them and the Bulgars. The trek was resumed, progress being, on an average, about three miles an hour, never more. Fortunately Dr. Stanovitch's advice proved to be sound, for they arrived at Isakcea, found the pontoon bridge, and reached Ismail at 3 p.m. on the 3rd of November, after ten days of continuous trekking and camping in the open.

Some of the Transport's experiences in this first retreat are recorded in a report from Mrs. Haverfield: "From Bulbul Mic we moved to Bulbul Mare, and after one night were ordered to Alacap. We did not get away till about 10 p.m., as the ambulances were busy between Bulbul Mare and Mejidia. The road was so crammed with retreating troops and weary animals that it was impossible to get through with the wounded, so

when the last ambulance came in we made a start for Alacap. Meanwhile the rain poured down, making it impossible to use the field track I had hoped to take in order to catch up the Hospital carts (1st Serb Hospital) that had gone on some hours before. We made for Mejidia, from whence I was told there was a good road, —a fallacy, as usual,—and, after sticking in the mud, decided to wait till dawn. There was the same old mud track up hill and down dale, over which we pushed and pulled ambulances and lorries the whole day, till we reached Alacap, where we found Dr. Chesney and the 1st Serb Hospital. Here we fondly hoped for food and rest. We were told to get ambulances ready for wounded and to prepare a meal. Before we had time to eat it we were ordered off again. . . . Streams of troops, refugees, wagons, guns, and animals of all kinds were trailing along all day, and, as darkness fell, all converged on Caromarat. The streets or, rather, muddy lanes between the houses soon became one mass of terrified humanity, screaming, crying, and cursing; cars and scared animals added to the noise—scenes of terror and despair never to be forgotten. We remained in the mud till 2 a.m., when a start was made. At the corner of four cross-roads I found our lorries and Dr. Inglis. We remained in the mud till 2 a.m., when off we went once more."

Dr. Inglis, after seeing her seven off from Saragea to Harsova *en route* to Galatz, spent two days and a night in pursuit of her Serb Lazarette owing to the rapid changes in the orders it received as to its destination. Lack of petrol at length compelled her to make for Harsova, where she was asked by Dr. Costinesco (Head of the Roumanian Medical Service) to take charge of a dressing-station on the wharf. There she worked and set up a feeding-station, but it was only for

a day. Dr. Costinesco came down in the evening and said she must go. They left by boat for Galatz the same night, and not too soon, for the next morning Harsova was shelled by the enemy. The Transport went with the 1st Division of the Serb Army, which had withdrawn from action, to Ismail.

In the following letter to the London Committee, Dr. Inglis pays tribute to her Unit's work: "In case this arrives before my report, I should like to say first that the Committee may be thoroughly satisfied with the work done and the spirit displayed by almost every member of the Unit. They worked magnificently at Mejidia and took the retreat in a very joyous indomitable way. One cannot say they were plucky, because I don't think it ever entered their heads to be afraid. In the middle of a panic, when people were actually running along the road and throwing things off the carts to lighten them, and men with their rifles and bayonets were actually climbing on to our Red Cross carts to save a few minutes, our girls in that particular party were picking up the thrown-away vegetables and things they wanted. The last five days at Mejidia, when we were bombed by aeroplanes every day, they did not even stop their work to go and look."

On 30th December the following communication was received by the London Committee from the Secretary of the Admiralty:

"MADAM,—I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that a report has been received from an officer of the Royal Navy who visited certain ports of the Danube in October last (1916), which contains the following remarks on the Scottish Women's Hospital at Braila:

"A camp of the Scottish Women's Hospital was

here (at Braila, 28th October), having retreated from Mejidia, where they were nearly forgotten and left behind.

“ ‘He (General Zaioutchowsky), like every one else, had nothing but praise for the Scottish Women's Hospital, whose motor ambulances were the first thing to be noticed on landing at Braila. They have all lost their kits in the retreat.’—I am, Madam, your obedient servant,

J. W. S. ANDERSON
(FOR SECRETARY).”

After the withdrawal of the Serb Division and the Hospitals from the Dobrudja, Dr. Inglis was asked by the Russian Red Cross to work with them, which she agreed to do, with the concurrence of the Serbs, who told her that the best work she could do for them was to help the Russians while the Serb Division was resting. The Transport was therefore attached to the 3rd Russian Division, and on the 30th of November sent once more into the Dobrudja at Babadagh, half-way between Tulcea on the Danube and the first Russian dressing-station at Cogevalak. The cars ran between Cogevalak and other villages, picking up the wounded from the clearing stations and field hospitals and taking them to the hospital at Babadagh. Mrs. Haverfield found that the Russian ambulances, which were supposed to take the wounded on from Babadagh to Tulcea, either ignored the orders to come in with their ambulances or delayed so long that they could never be relied on for effective help, so she stationed six of her cars at Cogevalak and six at Babadagh, the first six plying between Cogevalak and Babadagh, and the other between Babadagh and Tulcea. Sometimes the cars would travel the whole distance from Cogevalak to Tulcea, about fifty miles. “On one occasion,” writes Miss Onslow (second Trans-

port officer), "a wounded Russian soldier was being put into the ambulance, and asked the little Russian Sister if it really was a motor-car, and would not be satisfied until she got out to look. He knew, poor fellow, that it took two days in a horse ambulance while a motor took only a few hours and saved him much pain."

On the 13th of December the Transport was ordered to leave Cogalak and to remove all the patients from the dressing-station and take them to Tulcea. The following account of this experience of the second Dobrudja retreat is given by Miss Onslow: "After two days in Tulcea we were ordered to report at a hospital at Enichioi, a village half-way back to Babadagh. On arrival, no hospital was to be seen or even heard of. So we set off in the dark and mud to find quarters, the best accommodation available being a canteen by the roadside. The next morning we tried to get back to Babadagh, but found it impossible, as the Russian Army was in full and hasty retreat. The road, white, and stretching across the plain as far as the eye could see, appeared to carry an ever-moving ribbon along its surface. On turning back we met a messenger sent to recall us to Tulcea, where the whole transport column was urgently needed to evacuate all the hospitals there on to barges. We all worked hard, as every patient had to be moved no matter how ill he might be. Some were so bad they died before reaching the wharf. The accommodation on the barge was so pitifully inadequate for the large number of patients who were packed so tightly together, that one could not feel sorry for those who died before reaching the barges."

The work done at Tulcea received high praise from the Russian authorities, who sent in a report of it to Dr. Inglis at Galatz. The Transport returned a third time

into the Dobrudja, picking up wounded and evacuating hospitals in isolated parts of the hills, going to and fro under endless difficulties and not without risk of falling into enemy hands, as the Bulgars were in close pursuit.

¹ "We evacuated as many as we could take, but in comparison with the total it was a mere handful—men with the dirt and blood still on them as they had come in. My car was crowded with about ten or twelve, piled in anyhow, and how I pitied the rest, limping, weary, crawling despairingly the ten miles to Isakcea."

On the afternoon of Christmas Day the Transport finally arrived at Bulgrad, after three weeks of work and wanderings in the Dobrudja.

¹ Miss Onslow's report.

CHAPTER III

BRAILA, GALATZ, AND RENI

WHEN Dr. Inglis left Harsova it was on the understanding that she and her Staff were to move to Galatz, but owing to the bridge of boats on the Danube being closed they were disembarked at Braila.

Perhaps at no time in the history of the hospitals had there been such a heavy task before the Scottish Women. Braila was one vast dumping-ground for the wounded, who poured in every day; and there were no adequate hospitals. Cafés and public buildings were requisitioned, and the wounded made as comfortable as circumstances permitted, but as there were only seven trained doctors in the town before Dr. Inglis' arrival, and already some 11,000 wounded, it was an almost hopeless task. As one of the orderlies wrote in her diary: "Here an endless flow of wounded. We have put some of the beds together and the men three in two beds, but even then had not enough room. You see groups of hungry, weary men crowding the pavement before every hospital." Dr. Inglis' report shows that the work was also complicated by other difficulties. "We arrived here on 25th October. We went straight into the hospital the evening we arrived, and helped at the dressings. The next morning we were asked to take over another hospital. Seeing the great need, I instantly agreed. The work has been quite satisfactory, and everybody—doctors, Sisters, and orderlies—has worked splendidly. Besides the work in the big hospital we had a house on

the opposite side of the road for slight cases where there were no operations—only dressings—and we had charge there.

“The authorities gave us a very comfortable house, just round the corner, with electric light; and those of us who could not find room here slept in the British Consulate, which is empty.”

The work went on at Braila until the beginning of December, and the Hospital Staff were working at high pressure throughout their stay there. On December the 3rd came the news of a move “to form a large dressing-station near the front. . . . Some French Sisters are taking our places here. . . . When I went to say good-bye to the patients they all touched their foreheads with the back of my hand and then kissed my hand. Several of them assembled on the stairs and gave three cheers for England and the English Sisters.”

Some of the extracts from letters and reports show that the Staff of the Scottish Women were watched with great interest, while their capacity for work called forth every one's admiration. “Now at last I see that women can work,” said an anti-feminist Russian officer who inspected the Hospital. More qualified was the praise given by some of the patients. “The Russian Sisters¹ are pretty, but they are not good; the English Sisters are good, but they are not pretty.” Their clothes, too, were a source of interest. Dr. Inglis comments on the impression made by their workmanlike rubber boots, which were found so useful in the winter mud.

“We have made friends with many Roumanian women, both in our own hospitals and others. One of them said what they loved about us was our ‘simplicity.’ We wondered what ‘simplicity’ could mean, and Dr. Corbett suggested it must be our *boots*! There is no

¹ The term “Sister” is applied to all nurses in Russia.

doubt our boots have made a great impression. We hear of them on all sides!"

The attempt to form a dressing-station "nearer the front" resulted in a further week's wanderings.

Eventually the party reached Galatz in safety and took up work there. "So ended my third and I sincerely hope my last retreat," wrote Dr. Inglis. "We thought we should have to go right back into Russia, but orders arrived this morning, to our great joy, to say we are to stay here. The Consul says it is the worst news he has had yet, for I am such a bird of ill-omen that he knows that the moment the equipment is unpacked and the Hospital arranged the whole town will be evacuated! But I tell him things always go in threes, and that therefore retreats are done with.

"We were given a building—a school near the Port"—her report continues—"which was in many ways satisfactory, as most of the wounded were being brought up by a barge. The building itself made quite a good hospital for 100 beds, leaving room for a good receiving-room and bathroom, a room for dressings, and an operating-room. The rooms were quite nice and wonderfully clean, and it proved a most satisfactory and necessary arrangement having the mess-room in the Hospital, as we were able to get meals whenever we were free.

"The wounded were pouring through Galatz at the rate of about one thousand a day, and we got practically nothing but bad cases at our Hospital. Dr. Potter has a story that she gave orders for any cases that could walk to come down to the dressing-room, and a few minutes afterwards the door was burst open and a man crawled in on all-fours; that was the nearest we could get to a walking-case!

"The night we opened we got 109 cases. We bathed

and dressed them all, and began operating the next afternoon at one o'clock, and then went on without a break until five o'clock the following morning. We owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Scott, Surgeon to the British Armoured Car Corps, who met one of the girls and asked whether he could be of any use. I sent back a message at once that we should be most grateful, and he worked with us without a break until we evacuated. He is a first-class surgeon, and it was a great thing to have him there. The cases stayed in a very short time, and we evacuated again down to the barges going to Reni, the Hospital filling up, and more than filling up, each time. We had eventually to lay down one room entirely with straw, where we simply put the men in their uniforms after dressing them, and the more serious cases we gradually moved from there to mattresses. Commander Gregory of the British Armoured Car Corps sent down a message to us that 'in the last resort he would see us out'; so we were able to work on with quiet minds. M. Ileachenko, our Chief (*Chef de la Croix Rouge Russe avec l'Armée sur le Danube*), left me with a written order to stay in Galatz to the 'last moment,' and then to go to Foltesti.

"On Thursday, 4th January, the evacuation officer ordered us to evacuate the Hospital. . . . I told him our orders were to stay until the 'last moment,' and he said that the 'last moment' had come. He arranged to send ambulances for the patients at eight o'clock the next morning, and we went up to the station to arrange for wagons to take us to Foltesti. We found, however, that the line to Foltesti was absolutely blocked, and we could neither get there direct nor by going round by Jassi, for the line was blocked northwards. M. Ileachenko had gone to inspect a hospital along the Jassi line, and no one in the office could give me any instructions.

While I was there, debating what to do, Commander Gregory sent down a message to say that he would take us all over to Reni in a barge which had been given him for his corps. We therefore cleared out all the equipment on Thursday afternoon, and the personnel went that night, except four who stayed to evacuate the Hospital the following morning. The Committee will not be surprised to hear that at least half the Staff came and asked for leave to stay; in fact, one said she thought the whole twenty-two ought to stay. Late that evening, when I went down to the barge to see how the loading was getting on, Mr. Scott came up with a fresh message from Commander Gregory that he did not wish any of us to stay. However, it was obviously impossible to leave the Hospital, which at that moment contained sixty-six cases—every one of them bad cases—and I assured Mr. Scott that we would find our way out. As a matter of fact, this was not necessary, for another barge belonging to the Armoured Car Corps went next day and we came off in it.

"I have so often said to the Committee that the Unit works splendidly, that I am afraid they will be rather tired of the phrase. But I cannot possibly allow the work which was done at Galatz to pass without special mention of the magnificent way in which everybody worked. Nobody was off duty; the night nurses stayed on until they went to bed, and the day nurses stayed on for most of each night. Most of us got only two or three hours' sleep each night. Dr. Scott pointed out to me that we operated thirty-six hours on end the first day, with three hours' break in the early hours of the morning—and as we had been working twenty-four hours before that—admitting, bathing, and dressing—you can imagine what a time we had. Dr. Corbett has also been calculating, and she says we worked sixty-five hours on

end with two breaks of three hours' sleep! We came out of it very fit—thanks to the kitchen Staff, who had food constantly ready from early morning till late at night."

Reni, which was to be the home of Hospital "A" for the next eight months, proved a dreary and cold spot during the winter. "This is on the banks of the Danube, windswept stretches of bare, undulating ground, a station and barge port," wrote the matron. "On the north, half a mile away, a queer old-world town, and to the south railway lines, where there is nothing but barracks."

One of the Unit described the new quarters in a letter. "Our Hospital is a one-storeyed building, light and airy, built of wood. We are living in a pagoda-like house, quite nice, and we have the most lovely views across the Danube, and to the hills beyond. The guns were very loud and near during the fine weather, but we have not heard them since the cold began." Though the Staff quarters were only a short distance from the Hospital the severe weather sometimes made the journey between the two buildings one of considerable difficulty." Dr. Inglis wrote: "One snowstorm nearly cut the house off from the Hospital owing to the great drifts between. I wish we could have got for you a photograph of the Staff struggling over to Roll Call in the morning in their top boots, short skirts, and peaked *barliks* (hooded capes) over their heads. The Danube has been frozen over, and the carts for the wood crossed over on the ice. That is another photograph I wish I could have got: streams of men carrying wood across the river. They say that it has not been frozen for seven years." The freezing of the Danube was, however, considered a happy circumstance by many of the Staff. Owing to the inadequacy of the well, they had hitherto

used Danube water for culinary purposes. "We have our tea made with boiled snow now ; it is much cleaner than Danube water, and tastes nicer," wrote one of the Sisters. And an extract from an orderly's diary is even more explicit: "It (*i.e.* the Danube water) is the same colour as tea, only it is opaque instead of clear, and by now we know our Danube too well to enjoy drinking it. Soup made with it looks lovely, so nice and thick."

Dr. Inglis felt that the Hospital was fulfilling its purpose, as a quotation from one of the reports shows: "The work we are doing is to take in the badly wounded men from the Evacuation Hospital. (All the rest are sent on in ambulance trains.) It is work we are especially fitted for, with our well-equipped theatre and our highly trained nurses, and the Committee may, I think, feel satisfied that that Hospital is in a very useful niche for the moment." But in spite of this, she was anxiously awaiting an opportunity to rejoin the Serbs, for whom she had originally been sent out. Early in February, therefore, she went up to Odessa to see what the future of her own division was to be. But the visit proved clearly that at present the Serbs did not need her Hospital. They impressed on Dr. Inglis the fact that she could best help them for the moment by helping the Russians, and she therefore returned to Reni and carried on the work there, an "Act" having been signed by the Russians that they would at once release the Staff whenever the Serbs required their services.

Under this arrangement, Dr. Inglis was still working in Reni when the Russian revolution broke out in March. The spirit of unrest and indiscipline, which manifested itself among the troops, spread also to the hospitals, and a Russian doctor reported that in the

other hospitals the patients had their own Committees which fixed the hours for meals and doctors' visits and made hospital discipline impossible. But there was no sign of this under Dr. Inglis' kindly but firm rule. Without relaxing disciplinary measures, she did all in her power to keep the patients happy and contented; and as the Russian Easter drew near, she bought four *ikons* to be put up in the wards, that the men might feel more at home. The result of this kindly thought was a charming Easter letter written by the patients to the—

"Much-honoured Elsie Maud, the daughter of John. The wounded and sick soldiers from all parts of the army and fleet of great free Russia, who are now for healing in the Hospital which you command, penetrated with a feeling of sincere respect, feel it their much-desired duty, to-day, on the day of the feast of Holy Easter, to express to you our deep reverence to you, the doctor warmly loved by all, and also to your honoured personnel of women. We wish also to express our sincere gratitude for all the care and attention bestowed on us, and we bow low before the tireless and wonderful work of yourself and your personnel, which we see every day directed towards the good of the soldiers allied to your country. . . . May England live.

"(Sgd.) THE RUSSIAN CITIZEN SOLDIERS."

In consequence of the revolution there was a constant changing of troops in the neighbourhood, and it was this, combined with the "spy-fever" which had broken out all along the front, that led to a highly disagreeable incident. The curious form in which the Staff quarters were built made the building a centre of interest to a newly arrived regiment, and some one spread the report that signalling was taking place from the

turret-window of the dispenser's room. Miss Murphy was therefore arrested as a spy, and as Dr. Inglis insisted on accompanying her—since no affirmations of the girl's innocence availed—they both spent the night as prisoners. Much to their indignation, they were not set free until the Unit had signed a paper, "guaranteeing the fidelity" of Miss Murphy. Dr. Inglis had meanwhile managed to get word of the arrest through to General Kronpensky, the Red Cross Commissioner, who came up at once from Galatz to put matters right. General Zourikoff, General in Command of the army to which the regiment belonged, wired at once:

"Please accept and convey to Sister Murphy the expression of my heartiest regret at her arrest, she being one of a Unit of the best workers of the British nation.—ZOURIKOFF."

Dr. Inglis' reply showed that she was determined that the incident should be forgotten. "I desire to express in my own name, in Sister Murphy's, and in that of the Sisters of the Scottish Women's Hospital our heartfelt thanks for your telegram, and for the kind thought that prompted it. It will always be a proud memory to us that we were able to work with the great Russian nation in that war in which our two countries are allied."

After the excitement of the spy incident had died away, time went by uneventfully, and since there was little active fighting there was also a lull in the work. In fact, nothing of interest was reported during the early summer except the reception of two patients from the British Armoured Car Section, which gave the Scottish Women the joy of nursing their own countrymen.

While Hospital "A" was stationed at Reni, the second detachment of the London Units, Hospital "B" had also filled a great need on the Roumanian front. It had left Odessa in March and was attached to the Russian Division at Tecuci, a small town in Roumania about ten miles behind the line. They were given a field to camp in, and a house, which had been used as a Russian and Roumanian hospital, and was indescribably dirty. They set to work and whitewashed and cleaned it, chiefly with their own hands. The hospital consisted of four wards, with ten beds in each ward, a theatre, dispensary, and dressing-room. They had surgical cases, mainly bombing accidents from aeroplanes, as there were constant raids from enemy aircraft. The first week in July, Hospital "B" moved forward, right up to the front to Varnitza, a small hamlet in a valley of the Carpathians. Here they were told by the Russians that there was to be a great advance, and Dr. Chesney put up hospital tents for the patients, and for the Staff, consisting of two doctors, two sisters, X-ray assistant, matron, an interpreter, and three orderlies.

"We were surrounded by Russian big guns," wrote a member of the Staff. "The enemy being entrenched on a slope of the Carpathians commanding our valley, we were told that the valley would be shelled and that we must make dug-outs. This it was quite impossible to do, as we had neither enough time nor men. The noise of the guns was deafening. Soon after our arrival the Russians succeeded in driving the enemy out of their position and forced them back some distance. After remaining there ten days we were moved forward again to another valley, where we camped for about a fortnight. The Germans shelled our valley every day, but we were safe enough as long as we kept under the shelter of the hill—the shells used to burst in the river bed. At length

it became obvious that the Russians would not fight, and as the shelling became more violent the Russian General said we must go.

"We had to travel by night, the roads being shelled by day, until we reached Tecuci; there we rested for a couple of days and resumed our journey by night to Reni, where we joined Dr. Inglis."

As the summer progressed it became evident that the whole Unit would shortly be rejoining the Serbs; but this was not to happen without one further rush of work, brought about by Kerensky's gallant effort to promote a sustained offensive all along the Russo-Roumanian front. For a few weeks there was heavy fighting, and Reni was once more a great hospital centre. When the rush took place, Dr. Inglis was absent in Odessa negotiating with the authorities about rejoining the Serbs; but Dr. Laird took charge and organized the Hospital to meet the greatly increased number of patients so well that the work suffered little by the absence of the Chief.

Despite the revolution the Hospital had managed to work smoothly, and, except for the one untoward incident, relations with the Russians both before and after the great upheaval had been friendly and sympathetic. Every one appreciated the work done, and much regret was expressed at the departure of the "English Sisters" from Reni.

CHAPTER IV

BACK WITH THE SERB DIVISION

SEPTEMBER TO NOVEMBER 1917

THE letters and reports received from Dr. Inglis during the last months of the Unit's work in Russia, though necessarily brief and guarded in their expression, reflected the anxiety she felt with regard to their future work with the Serbs.

The chaotic condition of affairs in Russia, and the disorganization of the Russian Army consequent on the revolution, had convinced the Serb Command that if fighting were renewed there could be no hope of an effective stand being made by the Russians, and the only result of the Serbs going into action would be to expose themselves to another disaster such as they had experienced in the Dobrudja.

"The men want to fight," said General Zivcovitch to Dr. Inglis; "they are not cowards, but it goes to my heart to send them like this to their death."

Dr. Inglis had had ample evidence herself of the demoralised condition of the Russian soldiers, and had every reason for fearing that the Serbs would be sacrificed uselessly. "They are such a fine body of men," she wrote, "and are anxious to go to some other front to fight where they can rely on support."

Early in July there seemed every possibility of their being allowed to leave Russia for Salonika, but on the



MISS E. FRANCES ROBINSON.

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26th the Russian Headquarters definitely stated that they needed the Serbs on the Roumanian front. On hearing this, Dr. Inglis instantly sought the intervention of the British authorities at home for obtaining permission from the Russian Government to have the Serbs transferred to another front. The Serb Staff was powerless in the matter and entirely dependent on the good offices of the British Government for effecting their release.

"I am up here," wrote Dr. Inglis, in July, from Odessa, "to see what I can do to get this miserable tangle undone. They want the division to go to the front 'to encourage the Russians.'"

Unfortunately, many more efforts had to be made by Dr. Inglis before the "tangle" was finally undone. The negotiations between the Russian, Serb, and Roumanian Commands (the latter being more unwilling even than the Russians to let the Serbs go) went dragging on for months—months of anxiety and uncertainty, aggravated by continual disappointment, as the orders to leave Russia would often be contradicted the next day.

It was at this juncture that Dr. Inglis conceived the plan of conveying to the home authorities some account of the real state of affairs, and at her suggestion Dr. Jambrishak (Member of the Jugo-Slav Committee), then in Odessa, drew up a report of the political situation as it affected the Serbs. This report was given to Miss Robinson and Miss Holme, members of the Transport, who were returning to England.

To carry away any written document, especially of such a confidential nature, was, however, impossible, so Miss Robinson committed it all, some 2500 words, to memory. On a small piece of paper about an inch square the headings of the report were written out and secreted by Miss Holme in a needle-case. In this

manner a detailed account of the position of the Serbs was conveyed from Russia.

Dr. Inglis also sent a message to the Foreign Office through Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador at Petrograd, to the following effect :

Dr. Inglis informed the Foreign Office that orders had been received from the 1st Serbian Division not to proceed to Archangel, but to go to the Roumanian front. This change was made at the urgent request of the Russian General, the reason given being that the Russian troops required stiffening by the Serbians. Dr. Inglis expressed the opinion that it would be sacrificing the Serbian Division to send them into action, as the Russians were completely disorganized. Most of the wounded Russians in her Hospital had self-inflicted wounds in the left hand. It would require several army corps to stiffen the Russians. The present condition of the Serbians was deplorable, and in the coming winter the question of supplying them with food and fuel would be a very serious one. In any event, the Scottish Women's Hospitals would stand by the Serbian Division, and would accompany them if they went to the Roumanian front.

Lord Robert Cecil, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, replied through Sir George Buchanan that he would do what he could to carry out the wishes of Dr. Inglis, but the final decision must rest with the War Office.

At the end of the month of August the Unit rejoined the Serb Division at Hadji-Abdul, a little village midway between Reni and Bulgrad.

Dr. Inglis described it as a "lovely place . . . and we have a perfectly lovely camping-ground among the trees. The division is hidden away wonderfully under the trees, and at first they were very loath to let us pitch



MISS VERA HOLME.

From a painting by Miss Dorothy Johnstone.

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our big tents, that could not be so thoroughly hidden, but I was quite bent on letting them see what a nice hospital you had sent out, so I managed to get it pitched, and they are so pleased with us. They bring everybody—Russian Generals, Roumanian Military Attachés and Ministers—to see it, and they are quite content because our painted canvas looks like the roofs of ordinary houses."

Although there were no wounded, there was a considerable number of sick, chiefly malaria cases, which kept the Staff fairly busy.

There was a constant rumour of a "grand offensive" to be undertaken on the Roumanian front, which Dr. Inglis, though extremely sceptical of any offensive on a large scale, made every preparation to meet.

In a letter to Miss Onslow, her Transport officer at Odessa, she asked for the cars, which had been carrying wounded from the station at Odessa to the hospitals in the town, to be sent up to join the Hospital at Hadji-Abdul.

"No one really knows," she wrote, "what the Russian Government means or will do. I don't think the last explanation of how the last order for Archangel came to be altered improves things at all. It shows there is no settled policy, but that they are swayed by the last opinion. Such a wave may carry us right into Roumania, and I want *this* Hospital at any rate to be ready, and then one often gets a chance of helping one would otherwise lose. It is awfully nice being back with the Serbs. We had lunch at the Headquarters to-day—six of us—a kind of official welcome."

The London Committee had cabled to Dr. Inglis in the same month advising the withdrawal of the Unit, but leaving the decision in her hands, to which she replied: "I am grateful to you for leaving decision in

my hands. I will come with the division." Following upon this cable came a letter, in which she emphasised her reasons for remaining: "If there were a disaster we should none of us ever forgive ourselves if we had left. We *must* stand by. If you want us home, get *them* out."

In almost identical words Florence Nightingale answered those who urged her return from the Crimea—she would only return when the last of her wounded could be moved with her.

On September the 28th news was brought to Dr. Inglis that the Division was to leave in three days for Archangel. The few days extended to a month, for a counter-order came for the division to proceed to Ackerman, near Odessa, on the Black Sea, there to remain until the spring.

Matters had now become rather serious for the Unit. Dr. Inglis had shown signs of failing health, and there was not much hope of obtaining adequate supplies of the bare necessities of life, food, fuel, and clothing for the coming winter. With characteristic courage Dr. Inglis and her Unit faced the situation. A member of the Unit describes an interview she had with Dr. Inglis on the day when the orders came for Ackerman. "She told me it was the first time in her life she had ever been homesick. She had written to her people saying it was her last letter from Russia, and now we were not going after all. She then proceeded to tell me how she would arrange the Hospital, and who would be sent home and who would remain. . . . Ill as she was, the details were arranged in her mind, and we had only heard the change of plan that morning. . . . I was very miserable when I left her. She was obviously unfit to remain on."¹

¹ "Some Months in Bessarabia with the Scottish Women's Hospitals," *Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1918.

The cold was very great, and an effort was made to find rooms in the village. The Unit were most anxious for Dr. Inglis, who felt the cold intensely, to move into a house, but she resolutely declined to do so unless all the members of the Unit could find similar accommodation. Fortunately, while the search was being made for rooms an order, which proved to be final, came in that the Division was to leave for Archangel.

The British Consul at Odessa had been asked by Dr. Inglis to send a message to the Foreign Office to the following effect: That she was on her way home with the Serb Division to Archangel, and that the Serbian Chief of Staff had made an earnest request that if it were possible they might be allowed to pass through England, in order to judge for themselves of the work being done there for the success of the Allied cause. These men, after witnessing the terrible chaos in Russia—a country they had regarded as their protector—were difficult to persuade that conditions were better in other countries. This proposal of sending the Serbs through England was very warmly supported by the Serbian Consul General at Odessa, and was adopted.

Dr. Inglis in her letters and reports often referred to the valuable services kindly rendered to the Unit by the British Consul at Odessa, who from the day of her arrival was always ready to help in any difficulty. In his letter of farewell to Dr. Inglis he expressed his good wishes for the continued success of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, and added: "Both my Staff and myself are very sorry to think you are leaving. The sorrow, though, is purely selfish — anything that we have been able to do for you or the Hospital has been a real pleasure to us. Although we have seen one or more of you on business every day during the past

year, never once have the questions asked been anything but practical, nor has assistance been thoughtlessly or uselessly required. Allow me to offer you and your Hospital, on behalf of my Staff and myself, our best wishes for further successes such as you have so deservedly won on this front. I am sure that any difficulties you have met with at any time are more than compensated by the high praise spoken by all Russians who have come in contact with your Hospital."

The London Units Committee had feared greatly for the fate of the Unit if, as seemed probable, the Serb Division was not able to leave Russia, and on the 9th of November approached the Hon. H. Nicholson at the War Department of the Foreign Office, who assured them that the Unit would be quite safe with the Serbs, who were well disciplined and devoted to Dr. Inglis. At that moment he thought it would be most unsafe for the Unit to leave the Serbs and try to come home overland.

Mr. Nicholson expressed the opinion that the Committee would never persuade Dr. Inglis to leave her Serbs, and added: "I cannot express to you our admiration here for Dr. Inglis and the work your Units have done."

On November the 14th a cable was received by the Committee from Dr. Inglis at Archangel announcing her departure: "On our way home. Everything satisfactory, and all well except me." This was the first intimation that Dr. Inglis was ill which reached the London Committee.

A member of the Unit who was in close attendance on Dr. Inglis during the last weeks of her illness at Hadji-Abdul, and on the journey home, said she was quite convinced that any other woman would have died *en route*—the discomforts were so great. But Dr. Inglis

had made up her mind she would bring the Unit and the Serbs home; therefore she never allowed the idea of dying to come into her mind. "I shall never forget her on the journey—never a word of complaint of any kind, although her appearance told you everything she would not."

CHAPTER V

THE ELSIE INGLIS UNIT

DURING the last days of the voyage Dr. Inglis had been very ill, but the day before the ship anchored in the Tyne she had dressed and gone up on deck to bid good-bye to the Serb Staff, standing for about half an hour while the members took leave of her. After this effort she was much exhausted, but remained up till the evening.

When the tug came alongside to take her off the ship, she would not allow herself to be carried, but with the aid of two of the ship's officers walked from her cabin and even down the gangway to the tug.

It was a sad homecoming for the Unit. In spite of their Chief's almost miraculous conquest of physical weakness and pain, they were not deceived as to the gravity of her condition. But that intrepid spirit never for one second relinquished command of the failing body; she dominated it to the end. The sword had outworn the sheath, and death came next day. She died on British soil, and spoke with those she loved, until her passing.

Her last message to the Chairman of the London Units Committee showed how almost to the very end her thoughts were concerned with the future of the Serbs.

"Whatever happens, dear Miss Palliser, do beg the Committee to make sure that the Serbs have their hospital and transport, for they do need them."

The Committee required no persuasion to carry this wish into effect. They immediately began preparation for the re-organizing and re-equipping of the Unit, which, after inevitable delays, was ready for service in February 1918. It consisted of a personnel of twenty-five, to serve a hundred beds, and a Motor Transport Section attached to the Hospital, with twenty-five cars, etc., and a personnel of thirty-two. There were three doctors, Dr. Annette Benson, C.M.O.; an Administrator, Miss Gwynn; and a Chief Transport officer, Miss Geraldine Hedges.

On 19th February the Unit, now named "the Elsie Inglis Unit," had the honour of being inspected by the King and Queen.

The members of the Unit marched to Buckingham Palace from the Committee's offices in Victoria Street, and were drawn up in the grounds of the Palace facing the terrace.

The officers of the Committee were summoned to the presence of the King and Queen inside the Palace, and were presented to their Majesties. Afterwards the doctors were presented, and the King and Queen proceeded to inspect the Unit.

The Queen spoke to several members of the Unit who had been in Russia with Dr. Inglis, especially with Dr. Ward, who had attended Dr. Inglis on her journey home and during her last hours. On bidding the Unit farewell, the King expressed his admiration of the splendid courage that had been shown, and cordially wished them a safe journey, success in their work, and a happy return.

The Elsie Inglis Unit went out under the protection and patronage of the War Office, and the journey was easy and delightful, though it lacked something of that sense of personal responsibility and

spirit of adventure which marked the journey through Russia. On arrival, the Unit was transported to the chosen site for the camp, about thirty miles from Salonika, between Dragomantsi and Vertekop.

Hills stood all around the place, and the tents for the Staff were on a steep hill backed by great grey rocks. This hill was carpeted with asphodel in the spring, and the whole camping-ground bloomed with meadow flowers. Right round the bottom of the camp, where the laundry tents were pitched, a stream ran, fed by an underground spring of clear cold water; it was never dry even in the burning summer, and, when the rainy season began, it rejoiced all hearts by a sudden flood racing in full spate. The light railway also ran through the bottom of the camp, and this was a very great convenience, especially on the occasion of the first arrival of the equipment, when the cases and poles were flung out on to the camping-ground.

On Monday, the 1st of April, the Unit arrived. The work of preparation for patients went on apace, until on Monday, the 29th of April, the Hospital was opened, and the Unit received their first convoy of sick and wounded.

On the 20th of September the "Elsie Inglis" Hospital was moved by road up to Donii Pojar. Donii Pojar was situated just behind the lines at the beginning of the attack, but was separated by towering hills from the actual front before the arrival of the Hospital there. These hills had been taken by the French and the Serbs in the first days of the fighting, partly by help of rope ladders. The "Elsie Inglis" Hospital was the first dressing-station behind the lines. A great many nationalities were represented among the patients: Serbs, French, Italians, Greeks, Turks, Russians, one

Englishman, Bulgars, a German, Austrians, Senegalese, and Arabs.

On the 16th of October the greater part of the Hospital Staff and its equipment was transported to Skoplje, the *bolnichars* following a few days later.

At Skoplje the Hospital found quarters in a disused school, with a house in the compound for the Staff. No delay was allowed the Unit for preparing to receive patients, as the influenza epidemic was at its height and within three days of arrival the Hospital was full. "The Sisters and nurses worked admirably, and fortunately we have no cases of influenza among the Hospital Staff. Though we all suffered from the cold (there was little glass in the windows in the building when we arrived) we were extremely well, and our appetites taxed the cook's powers, as for the first fortnight she had nothing but a hole in a mud oven to cook over."

But the work at Skoplje was not of long duration, for orders soon came for another move, this time to Sarajevo, where they met with a cordial reception from both the local authorities and Serb ladies. The building assigned as Hospital (in civil life a boys' school) was still in possession of an Austrian doctor and nurses. As soon as these had evacuated the Unit proceeded to bring the Hospital up to the usual standard of British cleanliness, an operation involving very hard work. At first patients were received from the Timok division then stationed at Sarajevo, but there was no rush of work as there was already a large Serbian military hospital in the town.

Throughout the period of three months, ending in April 1919, that the "Elsie Inglis" Unit was stationed at Sarajevo, the members received lavish hospitality from local ladies. At the farewell party given by Dr. Chesney, it was evident that as an element in the

cementing of the entente between England and Bosnia, and perhaps, by this means, between Bosnia and Serbia proper, the Unit had done good work, possibly of greater importance than the actual medical work which they had hoped to undertake.

PART SIX : THE CONTINUED WORK FOR SERBIA

CHAPTER I

CORSICA

THE story of the Russian Unit with which Dr. Inglis was so closely associated has been told, and now we must return to Serbia and pick up the thread of the history where we left it at the end of Part III. The following chapters contain an account of the work the S.W.H. did for the Serbs during their exile, till their victorious return once more to the land they loved, and had fought for so indomitably.

LETTER FROM DR. CURCIN TO THE S.W.H. COMMITTEE

"LONDON, *January* 1916.

"DEAR MADAM,—Hearing of your gracious decision to give us another hospital—this time for the Serbian refugees in Corsica—the Headquarters Staff of the Serbian Army has instructed me to place myself at your disposal to facilitate the installation of this hospital by procuring the requisite information concerning the refugees, or by acting as intermediary between your Committee and the Serbian and French authorities.

"The Headquarters Staff—and in particular the Chief of the Sanitary Section, who are deprived at the

moment of the means of expressing to you personally their profound gratitude—have imposed on me the pleasant duty of explaining to your Committee the extraordinarily useful work which was accomplished in Serbia by the Scottish Women's Hospitals during this war. They were, after Lady Paget, the first to come and help us during the very sad time of our worst epidemic. From the moment of their arrival they set themselves to work with vigour, never hesitating or stopping before the danger of infection or death. Four of their members fell victims to this deadly foe, but the only consequence of this was to increase the zeal of the Committee and of the newly arrived members. Among the latter was Dr. Elsie Inglis, the Chief of the Mission, who never tired of her labours, but was ever on the quest of new and more arduous work. She was an organiser without equal. It was this modest but indefatigable woman who decided the English and Serbian Military Authorities to leave a large portion of the English Missions in Serbia to look after the wounded soldiers and prevent them from despairing and fleeing, broken as they were, before the enemy across the mountainous land of Albania. Dr. Inglis remained¹ there herself with her doctors and nurses, and now she refuses to return until there are no serious cases in the Hospital.

“If the existence of Serbia is for the moment in jeopardy, there are still ten million Serbians who may continue to suffer under the yoke of the enemy, but who cannot disappear. These people will never forget all that has been done for them by the English and Scottish women during this war, and there will not be a single Serbian heart in which—by the side of the admiration they have always felt for the great British

¹ This letter was written in January 1915; Dr. Inglis and her party returned, as we have seen, in February.

nation—there will not be found a more tender feeling—that of gratitude to the women of Great Britain who have helped them in their sorrow.

“(Sgd.) DR. M. CURCIN,

“Chief of the Department for Foreign Missions
of the Sanitary Section of the Serbian Army
Headquarters.”

CORSICA

In August of 1915, a party of Scottish Women, under Dr. Mary Blair, was sent to Serbia to reinforce Dr. Alice Hutchison's Unit at Valjevo. They arrived at Salonika just at the time when the line of blocking hospitals in the north was being evacuated, and when the great work for the wounded Serbs was beginning in Krushevatz. It was too late for them to be sent up country to Dr. Hutchison—what was to be done? Were they to return home? Not at all. The dogged Scottish Women refused to entertain such an idea; confident in the belief that the call to work would not be long in reaching them, they waited for it in Salonika. It was not long before their confidence was justified. They will soon be found on board the ship conveying Serbian refugees to Corsica, where they were to form the nucleus of a new unit. Their work was to take a novel direction in caring for the refugees and in “nursing back to life a portion of the sorely tried Serbian nation.” The Scottish Women were thus to add another and an unlooked-for service to those they had already been privileged to render to Serbia—services which are destined to continue long after the cessation of the war. It is the story of this Unit which has to be told here.

“Dr. Mary Blair, with her sixteen women, landed in Salonika in the third week of October. They were kept waiting for some weeks without work. The

general advice was, 'Go home—this is no place for you.' With the usual contrariness of human nature these 'Refills' at once said, 'Well, then, we'll stay, and wait and see,' which they did, until the beginning of December. They housed themselves in an old Turkish harem on a hill near Salonika and waited."

Dr. Blair's report, written on 23rd December, tells what they did during the waiting time, and how the work done then opened the door to further developments in Corsica :

"I shall just recount all that has happened since my last report on 4th December.

"I had told you that it was agreed to remove all the Serbian refugees from Salonika and to found a colony for them elsewhere. It was decided that we should be the Hospital Unit for the colony. The first place suggested was Guevgueli, and it was, of course, on Serbian soil. When that place was evacuated another site had to be chosen, and for some time the choice seemed to lie between Volo, on the east coast of Greece, and a Greek island. Volo seemed almost a settled thing, when circumstances changed it all again.

"On 9th December, Dr. Anderson and I went with Sir Edward Boyle and Dr. Douritch for a four days' journey in the direction of Monastir. He was travelling on behalf of the Serbian Relief Fund to arrange for distribution of relief to the refugees at Voden and Florina. We went to see the condition and numbers of the refugees and to gain definite ideas about their medical needs. I felt that after seeing them in the various towns I should have some idea about their need of a hospital and about the scope of the work. We had a very interesting trip, spending one night at Voden and two at Florina. At Voden there were about 150 families of refugees—about 50 of these

requiring immediate help, and the others help in a few weeks.

"At Florina we saw the more pathetic sight of the Serbian soldiers who had straggled in over the Pass from the region of Lake Ochrida. We found a number of these sitting or lying by the roadside exhausted, hungry, and footsore. Several looked very ill. We bought loaves of bread and distributed them, and to those who were too ill to eat, we gave hot coffee. We also got them new socks and dressed the frost-bitten feet of one or two men. Sir Edward Boyle arranged for these men and the six or seven hundred refugee families to remain there till they could be received in Florina. A doctor and two nurses of another Unit were sent up to work temporarily—till the refugees were removed. We saw one family, consisting of a woman, a girl, a little boy about three, and a baby about eleven months old. All these had been wounded by the Bulgars by being prodded with bayonets.

"While at Florina, Sir Edward told me that on our return to Salonika, our most urgent work would be to get the refugees quickly and safely away. He relied on our Unit for that work.

"While we were away Miss Hunter organized the refugee work at the station. I had asked Sir Edward before leaving if he would like us to do it, and would grant us money from the S.R. funds for the purpose. We offered to supply the labour while waiting for our own scheme. On our return from Florina we found everything in working order—a tea and bread stall to feed the refugees on arrival, a tent pitched to house them for the night, and arrangements made daily for motor transport to convey the refugees and their baggage the next day to an encampment put up for them on the land surrounding the Russian hospital. Sir Edward

was most pleased with the rapidity with which the work had been organized and carried out, especially amid all the difficulties of getting things done that there are in Salonika. He spent the whole of the next night at the station and acquired a very favourable impression of the party of Scottish Women you entrusted to my care.

"Shortly after this, he sent for me, and definitely laid his plans before me. An offer had been received from the French Government to give free transport to the refugees to Ajaccio, and to house them there. The first lot were to leave almost at once. He asked me to take my party there—a certain number going in each transport to take care of the refugees on the journey. He wished me to be in charge of the medical affairs of the colony. There was no time to cable home for express permission to go to Ajaccio, but that I believed might be assumed, as we had permission to establish a hospital for civilians, and these are the only Serbian civilians that can be helped at present. We sent off the wire to you, and hoped it would be in time to stop the equipment from starting for Salonika.

"I saw Sir Edward on Friday last, had to be ready to sail on Sunday, and actually sailed on Monday at three o'clock. So there has been a great rush. The next party will probably be under Miss Culbard, the third with Miss Hunter, and the last with Dr. Anderson, who remains in charge in Salonika.

"All of us were very busy helping at the Refugee Camp, and there is so much help needed there and at the station that it was not possible to transfer every one at once. All the Florina families have to be got down this week and passed on to transports as speedily as possible. There are no helpers to do the work except those who, like ourselves, happen to be on the spot.

"I was anxious to get the equipment from the Serbian

sheds at Salonika, away with us in this ship. I was told it was not possible, but I thought I would try, as it is so likely never to come at all if left behind. I went out to see the *Amazon* the evening after she left to lie off in the Bay, and found her holds empty. I asked the captain if he would take the equipment, and he said he would if it were on board at 9 a.m. It was then 6 p.m. I went back to Mr. Behrens, who thought it would be excellent to do so, but not possible. He agreed that I might try, so I went to the British authorities, who were very nice, but could not help at such short notice. They advised me to try the French. Mr. Behrens went with me. The first officials were charming, and promised a lighter at 8 a.m. They took us to another office where two carts and eight men were arranged for 7 a.m. I went down about seven with Bell and an orderly and found Mr. Behrens, but no carts or men. The carts came about eight and the men never. We found some odd men and got on with the cartage, but mules are not the best beasts when you are in a hurry. The lighter did not appear till nine, but in the end forty-seven packages were got away, about forty of them being our goods. The only things to follow are some bales buried under sacks of flour, and the Barenga equipment, which were all taken to the French Unit camp by the French authorities. Anything we have taken that is not for our use will be quite safe in Corsica. I do not think it would if left in Salonika, as Sir E. Boyle, Dr. Douritch, and Mr. Behrens will all be leaving, and they are anxious to get the stables emptied and everything used for the benefit of the Serbians.

"I shall telegraph on arrival at Ajaccio. I should like to know what you would like the Hospital called, and any other things that you wish to give us special instructions about.

"I am taking medical charge of the refugees on board. I am afraid one woman is going to have her first baby on board before we reach Corsica. We hope it will be delayed till we arrive, but, in any case, I think we can care for her quite well.

"I think there will be plenty of useful work for us among the Serbians in Corsica. They expect to have five or six thousand there."

If ever any work could claim the name of reconstruction, that done by the S.W.H. in Corsica has a title to it. It has been the rebuilding of a nation broken and dispersed—the nursing back to life and health of dying men and women and children. The Committee rejoice in the work done by their Corsican Unit, and the Manchester and District Federation may well be proud of the Unit that bears their name. The following description of Corsica is from the pen of a member of Committee who knows the island well :

"Corsica is a country where you can escape from the twentieth century and find yourself in a simpler and larger age. It is an island of most vivid contrasts ; you can pass from Ajaccio, which is as far as externals go—an ordinary French town—to places like Bonifacio, Sartene, and Corte, where you slip back at once into the seventeenth century. An hour's motor journey will take you from a mountainous waste above the tree-line to a land of subtropical vegetation, where the orange and olive tree flourish, and the air is sweet with the scent of mimosa, and where, along the roads, aloes and prickly pears, wicked and sinister, form the barriers of the fields. . . .

"Corsica is traversed from north-east to south-west by a chain of mountains only moderate in height as alps go, few of them exceeding 8000 feet. But rising as they do from the sea-level, their situation gives them an appearance of great height. They are beautiful

mountains, beautifully grouped, their higher peaks snow-covered for six months of the year. . . .

"Between the orange groves of the littoral and the barren peaks come wonderful forests of chestnut and oak and pine. The chestnut woods are chiefly round the little country villages—magnificent trees most of them. Their nuts are very largely used for food, manufactured, and cooked in various ways. Above the chestnuts come the oaks, and most wonderful forests of larch and pine.

"Corsica is covered by a kind of heath, a perfect blaze of colour. How can I adequately describe to you this glory? Six plants, you are told, form the basis—singly any one of them has little scent, together they have one unlike anything else—a fragrance beloved of the Corsican, and hungered for by the exile. They say that the Corsican mariner can smell it while yet miles out at sea. . . .

"Corsica's history, like our own, has been 'one long brawl.' From early Phœnician to Roman, from Roman to Saracen, from Saracen to Genoese—many have tried their hand at its government. For a period of about nine months it was an appurtenance of the British Crown."

In this beautiful little island we find the 5th Unit of the S.W.H. doing its work of reconstruction.

On the 19th of December the first transport left Salonika with two members of the Serbian Relief Fund and two of the Scottish Women's Hospitals—Dr. Mary Blair and Sister Walker. Each subsequent transport was accompanied by members from both societies.

The S.R.F. took over the work of housing, clothing, and providing occupation for the refugees. The S.W.H. organized all the medical work in connection with the Serbian Colony.

"Dr. Blair had, on landing, requisitioned an old convent; which she had transformed into a temporary hospital. In the one ward were typhoid, appendicitis, pneumonia, and maternity cases, being treated as well as possible under trying and elementary conditions—no water, no means of heating except Primus stoves, and no sanitary arrangements. All the refugees, whether of peasant extraction, or otherwise, were destitute. Amongst them were prospective mothers, and even before they arrived in Ajaccio, one baby was born on board the first transport in which Dr. Blair was crossing. He was given the name of '*Abda*,'¹ to recall the crossing into exile. Another born on the day of arrival was christened Napoleon, in memory of the renowned celebrity of the island. Since that day seventy-nine babies have been born in the S.W.H., and only two have died; the others are healthy and strong, and rival English babies both in health and in beauty. As a result of the exposure and privations suffered, either during the march or during their flights to Salonika, the whole colony was in a weakened condition—luckily no serious epidemic arose. After much searching a suitable building for a hospital was found."²

This was the Villa Miot in Ajaccio—a white-washed, two-storeyed building with green venetian shutters, looking directly on to the bay. Here was housed for over three years the Hospital which has been the centre of the work of the S.W.H. in Corsica. On the upper storey the maternity ward, with its red-tiled floor and wide windows looking straight over the gulf, was the pleasantest room in the Hospital. The work grew on all hands. Tents were pitched in the garden for the open-air treatment of the phthisical patients, of whom

¹ *Abda* was the name of the vessel that took the first refugees to Corsica.

² The quotations are from the letter of a member of the Staff.

CORSICA.



VILLA MIOT, AJACCIO, CORSICA.



DISPENSARY AT ST. ANTOINE.

[To face b. 236.]

there were many. For some time a fever hospital was in the Lazaret, a most picturesque and historic building about two miles distant from the General Hospital. It is a building on a point jutting out into the gulf, built in the form of a semicircle of small rooms round a central courtyard, with pathways of flags between borders of white roses. The place is particularly suited for an infectious diseases hospital, as it is practically a verandah hospital, forming shelter by night for the patients who were nursed all day in the open air in the sunny courtyard.

The out-patient department extended from the General Hospital, where it was first instituted, to four dispensaries in picturesque villages in the mountains. In each of these villages a room served as a dispensary, and was visited on different days of the week.

"Soon after the Hospital was opened in the Villa Miot over 3000 recruits and several decimated regiments arrived from Serbia. They had come through Albania, and after wandering for some time were finally brought to Corsica. Well do I remember the day they arrived. The Préfet asked me to accompany him to a review of the men, and welcome them as heroes. But what a pitiful sight they were—broken men; many could not stand up, so worn out were they—some footless, some wounded, all filthy, but game to the last.

"These filled up every empty bed in the Hospital. Several of us were only too glad to give up our rugs and camp beds to provide more room. The corridors were filled two deep, and the children were placed on the shelves in the linen cupboard to give a few more beds. Two months' rest was granted, and these soldiers, whose ages varied from thirteen to fifty years, were sent on to Corfu to join up with the newly re-formed Serbian Army.

"In the same building were German prisoners,

who did their best to assist the wounded and stricken soldiers, and to whom we gave medical assistance when necessary.

"Our next group of pathetic arrivals was the school-boys and students who had come through Albania during its time of snow and lack of food. Many of them had had no change of clothes for three months; their ages ranged from six to eighteen years." Thirty thousand started from Serbia—barely 7000 remained to tell the horrors of the march through the mountains. "From San Giovanni an Italian ship used to put out nightly bearing away to sea the bodies of these boys, who during their stay in that town died by hundreds every day. The ship well earned its title, *The White Sepulchre*, and the island where these exiles were quarantined came to be known as '*L'Isle des Morts*.'

"The work amongst the schoolboys was both interesting and of great value. Dr. Helena Jones was chiefly instrumental in obtaining better conditions for them, and she worked hard from early morning until late at night—nothing was too much trouble to her. If you mentioned the boys she put everything aside and flew to their assistance. Many owe their lives, not only to her medical skill, which she devoted to them, but to her breezy way of encouraging and mothering them.

"These boys after a rest of three months were divided into two groups, and it was a proud day for the Hospital when we cheered 300 fit and strong boys off to school in England, the remainder being sent to study in France."

The story of the Reconstruction Hospital would not be complete without an account of "A Babies' Party" held in its grounds. The writer is Dr. Mary Phillips, who was with Dr. Hutchison both in Calais and Valjevo, and was C.M.O. at Corsica when the Baby Show took place.

"All the babies who had been born in the Scottish Women's Hospital at Ajaccio were invited to the Hospital one afternoon in May 1917.

"It was a lovely day—blue sea, blue sky, and not too hot. A tent was pitched in the garden for refreshments and shade. A few friends, including the Serbian Delegate, were invited to meet the mothers and babies, and the Committee was represented by Mrs. Gardner Robertson. Amongst the guests were Sir Edward and Lady Boyle, Colonel and Mme. Pitetitch, and Mme. Dedinovatz, the wife of another Colonel at the front. Their joy in seeing these vigorous young Serbians was quite touching, and their thanks profuse.

"A few mothers and babies came from the hill villages of Uncciani and Boccagnano, but most were resident in Ajaccio, and about forty infants were present. They varied in age, from Napoleon, the first baby born on the island, to the new baby of forty-eight hours (if I remember rightly), shown on my knee in the photograph. The mother was so disappointed that she could not be in the '*slick*' herself, and asked me to take her baby, which I did.

"The group includes George and Mary, the first babies christened in the Hospital, and the famous 'Boozy Bill,' whose name has become a household word among the members of the S.W.H. The Baba (old woman) in the black head-dress hails from Macedonia, and there are a few in peasant costumes from Northern Serbia.

"On arrival, the mothers were received at the front door, passed into the consulting-room, and amid much noise the babies were weighed and weights recorded carefully. It was surprising to find that there was no superstition against weighing such as I often found at home. From the consulting-room the mothers passed into the garden for refreshment and congratulations and

much talk over the respective weights of the infants. As far as I remember, they were of average weight; they were naturally fed, for the most part, and all had made good progress.

"The previous winter, 1916, had been very cold. The Corsican houses are not built for cold weather, and many of the children had suffered from bronchopneumonia, but, true to their race, the Serbian babies have wonderful recuperative powers, even after many weeks of fever. We were very proud of the fact that we didn't lose one, and at the time of the party they were all well again.

"Little Slobodanka Cistitch was the most wonderful of them all. She was taken ill with pneumonia up at Piana. First Dr. Jackson and then I had to cross the river in spate. The bridge was washed away, and the crossing had to be made in a small boat—after seven attempts, success crowned our efforts. Little Slobodanka was at last brought down to Hospital, and after many weary weeks got well and became the pet of the Unit.

"Now a word about baby clothes. The Serbian custom is to bind the child up 'Italian Bambino' fashion, and the straps are most beautifully embroidered, and for peasant babies done in coloured wools. The Jugo-Slavs, of whom we had a fair number, used little hair mattresses and pillows German fashion. In hospital the English method was followed, but I fear that, on leaving, the binding was replaced. One particularly fine baby who had never had her legs bound was proudly shown as the English baby.

"In the toddlers' photograph 'Boozy Bill' is marching steadily off to the left with his socks coming down; George in white, in his first trousers, is leaving me, and Mary is on the right.

CORSICA.



THE TODDLERS.



THE BABY SHOW AT THE S.W.H. IN CORSICA.

[To face p. 245.]

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"Writing of them brings them all back to me, dear little people, with their engaging ways and their caresses for 'Doctor.' How much I hope they are back in their own country. Perhaps you will let me know if the Colony has cleared—my godson is there."

* * * * *

The S.W.H. in sunny Corsica brought a whiff of the glen and the heather one day to two exiled Scotsmen, landed there on their way to one of the battle fronts. They saw "Scottish Women's Hospitals" over the gate-posts, and "without a moment's hesitation rushed into the office." A Scotch woman from Aberdeen was in charge that day, and the sense of home that was brought to the two exiles by the Scotch face and the Scotch tongue rejoiced their hearts, though it made one of them lay his head down upon the table and cry like a little child.

To many and many a Serb also—man, woman, and child—this Hospital has meant *kod kuche* (home) during their exile.

One boy patient, on being told he was well enough to leave the Hospital, begged to be allowed to stay on, saying, "If I leave here, I lose my family again," so much had the place become home to him.

The Hospital continued open until April 1919, under Dr. Honoria Keer, who had been appointed C.M.O. in April 1918. A record of its medical work is given in the Appendix, but the value of the work done will be found even more faithfully recorded in the lives of many sturdy children in Serbia to-day, who owe their physical well-being to the love and care bestowed upon their mothers by the Scottish Women in Corsica.

SALLANCHES

At the urgent request of M. Radovanovitch, the Serbian Commissioner-General in France, the Committee offered to establish in France a Tuberculosis Hospital for Serbs, which was gratefully accepted. A suitable building was secured at Sallanches, under the shadow of Mont Blanc, and the hospital was opened in March 1918. Marked improvement took place in the health of the patients, who were drawn principally from the rank of the Serbian students studying in France, and the number of beds was raised from 100 to 150. Through the generosity of the American Red Cross the funds for the extra beds were provided. Large sums were given by Wales, Greenock, Kilmarnock, and Birmingham, and a ward was called after each of these places.

Dr. Matilda Macphail was the first C.M.O. of the Unit, and the Scottish Women owe her a great debt of gratitude for the work she did for them during the six months she was at Sallanches. In the initial stages of the Sanatorium, when many difficulties had to be overcome, her wisdom, common sense, and organizing powers were a great asset to the S.W.H. Dr. Macphail is head of a large women's hospital in Madras, where she has spent many years of her life, honoured and loved throughout a wide area. It was while on furlough that she undertook this new duty, giving her time and her ripe experience to the service of the S.W.H., and on her return to India, Dr. Marian Bullock became C.M.O. of the Unit. The work continued steadily until May 1919, when the need for this Sanatorium was no longer so urgent as it had been.



DR. AGNES BENNETT.
St. Sava Hrd. ; C.M.O., Ostrovo.

(To face p. 243.)

CHAPTER II

OSTROVO

THE AMERICAN UNIT

“**B**RUISED, battered, and broken, their homes deserted, their country lost, this 2nd Serbian Army was quickly mobilised and thoroughly equipped in Corfu for a crowning effort on behalf of their beloved land.”

These words were written of the men of Serbia who had been swept from their country before the advancing enemy, and who were now being gathered together in a supreme attempt to redeem her fortunes. The last chapter has told how some of them had filled to overflowing the S.W.H. in Corsica, and had been nursed back to vigour, before they rejoined the army at Corfu for one more desperate venture. The S.W.H. were to take part in this venture too, for the Serbian Government approached the Scottish Women's Headquarters with an urgent request for another Unit and a Transport Column to accompany the army.

It was to the help of this 2nd Army, fighting in the Monastir district of the Moglena Mountains, west of Salonika, that the sixth Unit of the S.W.H. was sent in August 1916. Australia was well represented in the Unit. The C.M.O., Dr. Agnes Bennett, and two of the other doctors, Doctors Scott and Cooper, Miss Bedford, head of the Transport Column, and several of the orderlies came from that country, and the funds for the upkeep of the Unit were subscribed largely in

America. It bore the name of the "American Unit." The women of Australia and New Zealand kept the standard of work as high as that set by the medical women in the other Scottish Women's Hospitals.

The Unit had a personnel of sixty and was equipped with a view to being as mobile as possible, having sufficient transport, not only for the wounded, but also for the Staff. Arriving at Salonika in the middle of August, they were housed for a fortnight at Mikra Bay, before being sent up to Ostrovo. It was a busy fortnight in many ways. A canteen was opened at the station in Salonika, which proved invaluable for the short time it was working; some of the nurses were lent to an R.A.M.C. Hospital whose Staff had not arrived, and as soon as they could be fitted up, ambulances began to run out to field hospitals carrying wounded and sick. But the most noteworthy piece of work done during this fortnight was the unloading of the equipment in an incredibly short space of time, with the result that all was in readiness for the move forward, immediately the order came. Delay over this particular piece of work would in all probability have prevented that quick move to Ostrovo on 1st September which brought this Unit of the S.W.H. to that point on the Serbian Western Front where it was most needed. The story is as follows: The ship bearing the equipment of the Unit was to go into harbour at the Greek quay on the Saturday after its arrival at Salonika. There the lorries and Ford vans belonging to the British Motor Transport were to be unloaded, but no provision could be made at that time for discharging the rest of the cargo. The *Fräulein*, as soon as the M.T. cargo was unshipped, was to go out into the bay to await further orders. Rather than allow the equipment on board the *Fräulein* to be carried out

into the bay for this indefinite period, Mr. Stebbing,¹ transport officer to the Unit, himself determined to unload it, at the same time that the M.T. cargo was being brought on shore. This was the only chance of securing it, before the uncertain date of the return of the *Fräulein* to harbour. He therefore, with a party of Serbian soldiers and six Scottish Women, started in the morning, at 6 a.m., a neck to neck race of unloading their equipment with those who were unloading the M.T. It was an exciting race for the Scottish Women, for whatever of their cargo was still on board, after the last of the M.T. cars was unshipped, would be carried out into the bay, and remain there, until the return of the *Fräulein*. Mr. Stebbing's party worked so well, and the kindly "subalterns in charge of the car-unloading" (after a conversation with Mr. Stebbing) "so arranged matters that, as the last car went over the side forward, we slung out the last five slings of tent flooring aft, and the job was done." The ship had already begun to move slowly as Mr. Stebbing and his kit were hurried down the gangway. That they were justified in their determination to unload their equipment at the first opportunity presented was proved by the fact that the *Fräulein* did not return to the quay until the day *after* the Scottish Women had received orders to proceed to Ostrovo. In Mr. Stebbing's book we read a description of the work the orderlies did in checking the 1400 bales of equipment:

"And now I have left the most amazing part of this piece of work till the last, to wit, the performance of the S.W.H. orderlies, for it was magnificent. I have said that a party of orderlies were turned for the nonce into equipment checkers. The whole of the

¹ Mr. Stebbing kindly gave his services for the three months that he could be spared from his duties as a lecturer in the Edinburgh University. He did invaluable service for the S.W.H.

hospital equipment, every box, bale, and piece of tent flooring, was checked by these girls as it came over the ship on to the quay, and rechecked by others as it was stacked up in the dump some fifty yards away. The first party worked from 7 a.m. till 3 p.m., when, protesting vigorously that they were not tired and wanted to see the whole thing out, they were relieved and returned to camp. The second party, four in number, started at 3 p.m. and worked on till 11 a.m. next morning; it is difficult to express admiration for the efficiency of the work they did and the grit they displayed, for they only had about three hours' sleep that night. We did not starve the working parties. The officers of the ship saw to that. It was their unbounded hospitality which made the business a possibility, although they strongly disapproved of the women working in this fashion, and did not forget to let me know it; the girls themselves, however, laughed at them for—well, I think I heard one say 'sentimental idiots.' The mere recital of the way they worked is sufficient in itself. It requires no varnishing. . . .

"When you add a glaring hot sun and dense clouds of fine white dust often blown about by a strong breeze, you have a picture of the conditions under which the checker girls worked. They did not appear to consider they were doing anything out of the ordinary. But the French and Italians, officers and men alike, held a different opinion. For they watched them at first with surprise and incredulity, which changed to admiration. '*Oh, ces Anglais, ils sont si pratique,*' was the oft-repeated exclamation. Whether this allusion referred to the methodical manner in which the girls worked, or to the fact that we brought our women into the show as well as our men, I never determined."¹

¹ *At the Serbian Front in Macedonia*, by E. P. Stebbing.

On 1st September the beginning of the Serbian push towards Monastir was rumoured. "The Bulgars were thrown back slightly—the camp buzzed with the news." Colonel Sondermeyer requested Dr. Bennett to take her Hospital up to Ostrovo, where they would be near the fighting on that Western Front—the only Hospital given this privilege. Ostrovo was eighty-five miles from Salonika. The journey to it was first across fifty miles of the Salonika plain and afterwards up a mountain track of sand or rock. On a Sunday morning, early in September, the advance party started for Ostrovo: "Our pace was to be regulated by that of the lorries, since it was essential that the convoy should keep together. Of the girl chauffeurs with us two were driving the lorries, and as we carried on down the Monastir road through Salonika that early Sunday morning, we made a party which arrested the attention of all and sundry. The S.W.H. were well known in Salonika, but they had never before turned out quite such a convoy as we presented, nor had they ever had the luck to send one up to the front before. The big lorries run by the girls were the chief centre of interest." Space forbids us to tell, with any degree of fullness, the thrilling story of that march up the mountains. The pass was little suited for motor transport. One of the big lorries had to be left half-way up, at a corner very difficult to negotiate. It was brought on to Ostrovo a few hours later by "a staff-sergeant of the M.T., who opportunely appeared on the scene at the difficult corner and proved a veritable godsend during the next thirty hours." Mr. Stebbing tells in his narrative how the lorry "arrived before dark, driven by that magnificent man the staff-sergeant, who, somewhat ruffled in temper, said he 'was not taking on another job of that description, no, not for no Scottish Women, nor

any other women.' I could well believe it. It was a fine feat." The whole party were up by Wednesday, and the pitching of the tents began in earnest.

"The site of the camp was perfect. Set in a cup among the lower hills, with the high peaks, so soon to be covered with snow, before and behind us, protected from wind on every side, and surrounded by large trees, with a spring of fresh water beside us, we felt we had reached our ideal camping-ground. But there was much work to do to get our Hospital ready. On our first evening in camp, star shells were being sent up over the enemy's lines, and it was known that great preparations were being made for a big advance. Then the first of very heavy guns wakened the Unit one night, and by 6.30 a.m.—our breakfast hour—the great advance which ended in the fall of Monastir had begun."¹

The Unit had arrived just in time. The battle of Gornichevo and the storming of Kaimatchalan both took place in September. There were a few Serbian dressing-stations in the mountains of Moglena, but no hospital except the S.W.H. nearer than Salonika.

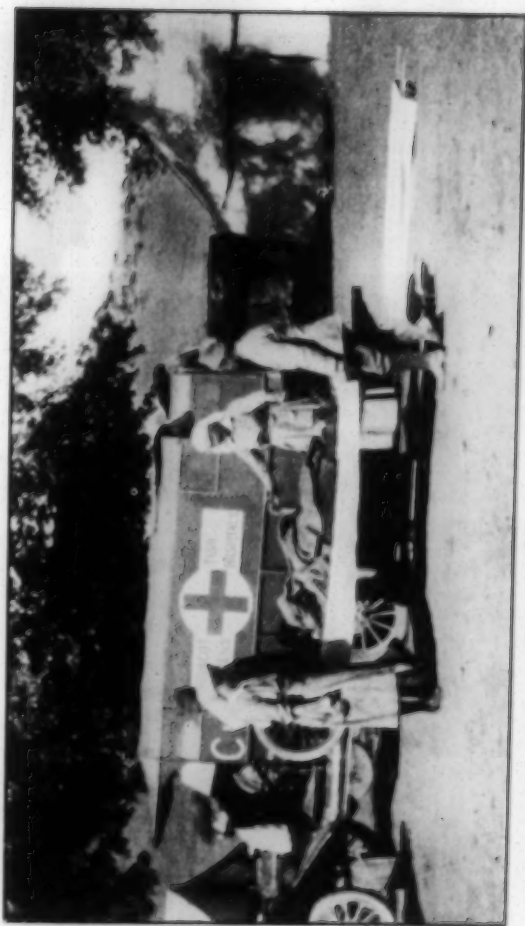
The open green space, the river flowing by, and the elm trees on every hand, made a beautiful setting for this hospital under canvas. Mr. Stebbing says of the equipment: "It may be said here that our equipment was as near perfect as man could desire when unknown conditions are considered."

The women had their work cut out for them, for they were now a casualty clearing station.

"All this meant that there would be plenty of work for our Hospital, and the erecting of ward tents proceeded apace. Five wards holding 40 beds each, with their attendant duty tents, were to be erected, and on Tuesday,

¹ Dr. Bennett's report.

SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS.



AMERICA UNIT--ARRIVAL OF STRETCHER CASES.

[To face p. 249.]

19th September, we opened our hospital with 20 patients, the first of whom arrived in the ambulances of the Transport Column. Next day we again admitted 20; on Thursday 37; and this continued till our 200 beds were occupied.

"The cases were straight from the battlefield of Kaimatchalan—'straight' in this country meant that they had field dressings applied, were carried by hand, or on stretchers suspended one on either side of a mule, to a dressing-station about five hours' journey down the mountain. Here they were placed in a *salle de pansements*, the wound iodined, a suitable splint applied, and they were left lying in rows on straw in a *ladnya* (shelter of boughs) till such time as our ambulances could go for them. Many, alas! were beyond human aid, and a sad enclosure of mounds and little wooden crosses is now all that marks the site of the aforetime dressing-station.

"The ambulances usually went up and down in convoys, and some nine or ten or fourteen patients often arrived at the same time, hence they had to wait their turn in the Admission Tent lying on their stretchers. We had white 'Reception Tent stretchers,' with white mackintosh over them. This was a special invention of our own, and many medical visitors have complimented me on the system. The patient—always in his dirty, blood-stained, war-stained clothes—was put on these, lifted on to a table about size and height of an operating-table, and on this all his clothes were removed, and he was washed, put into clean pyjamas, and then transferred to the ward. This was much better than washing in bed, and also much more thorough. We had always meant to give baths to our patients in this tent, but they were far too seriously injured ever to think of baths. Sometimes a dying man had to be

carried straight to a ward ; some, alas !—nine—were dead on arrival.

“This was hardly to be wondered at, when one saw the pass which the ambulances climbed down. The journey took some two hours, and was along the steepest of mountain roads, which zigzagged with sharp hairpin bends down the precipitous slopes. Convoys of food and ammunition often blocked the way, but the amount of consideration given to the ambulances was wonderful. Had the cars been loaded, the ascent would have been impossible, for even when empty the ambulances (fortunately light Ford cars for two cases only) had often to be pushed up. The soldiers used to know the difficult corners for us, and sometimes would wait to give a push at the right moment, and the Sister attendants also acquired the knack of jumping out at the right moment and giving a push. The drivers had to wait to cool the engines twice always, sometimes oftener. Only one mishap occurred on this dangerous road. In trying to pass an ammunition convoy, just when there were only a few inches to spare, the inside wheel knocked against a large stone, threw out the steering, and the car turned over the edge. Most fortunately there were no wounded in the car, and both occupants escaped with a severe shaking and a few bruises. The car was put on the road again at once by a contingent of soldiers, and went on for its load of patients who were eventually safely landed at the Hospital.

“The cases were of the worst possible variety—mostly ‘double,’ *i.e.* with two compound fractures—two wounds in different parts. One man was reputed to have thirty-five shot holes in him. With a single compound fracture these cases would, many of them, have been considered worthy of special nurses in our home hospitals. We had three nurses to forty patients.

Gangrene was rife, and the constant amputations were a terrible trial in the operating-tent. This was frantically busy—one splendid little nurse knocked up after the first week, and as we could not possibly spare another, the rest of the work of those terrible few weeks had to be undertaken by one nurse and an orderly. It meant working far into every night, for all the ward dressings had to be sterilised in a single small steriliser. The nurses worked absolutely heroically, and so did the orderlies, and the rapidity with which the latter fell into line was amazing. The suitable ones were soon valuable members of our Staff. One brave little orderly joined the long roll of victims of malignant malaria, and now a soldier's cross marks her grave in the sad little Serb cemetery in Salonika. Our first regular admission was on 19th September, and in the following eight weeks we admitted 523 cases—of these, sixty died. As soon as a case was fit to travel at all we evacuated to a French Evacuation Hospital near Ostrovo station. At this hospital the patients simply rested on stretchers, and were given some food till an ambulance train could be found with room for them. It grieved us sorely, indeed, to know that the wounds we had cleansed and guarded so carefully would often have to remain unattended two days ere the men could reach a base hospital. Later on, when the pressure became less, the Sisters used to beg to be sent with a bag of dressings on the day following the patients' evacuation, to see if they were still waiting for a train. The Sisters would take boiled water and lotions, and manage everything themselves. The French doctor always allowed them to dress our old patients.

“The chest cases were some of the most trying—very little could be done for them, we could only make them as comfortable as possible and keep the wounds

clean. One remarkable case was that of an officer who was shot right through; the bullet entered at the lower end of the breast-bone and emerged between the lower end of the shoulder-blade and the spine. He was greatly distressed on admission, but the quiet and comfort of a bed and pillows and careful feeding worked wonders, and he went out quite fit apparently. The men's appreciation of the beds was very great. '*Dobra, Sestra,*' was the most frequent utterance in the wards. The improvement in the first twenty-four hours was wonderful, and it was always sad work to tell them they must move. There was seldom a bed empty even for a night. Each day we informed our D.M.S. how many we could discharge, and as many were sent in as were sent out.

"During those weeks our X-ray apparatus¹ was in great demand, and far into every night we were developing plates, for in spite of most careful treatment and erection of the dark tents, the light seemed to get in in the daytime. One hundred and seventy-two plates were taken and developed, and about 250 cases were screened. There was not a great deal of localising done, as we found the track of the bullet so patent in most cases that we thought it more practicable to follow these tracks. In the wards all the trained Sisters were working hard at dressings; the tidying and cleaning of the wards and giving food to the patients had to be left in the hands of our orderlies and the Serb *bolnichars*. These soon became very deft, and understood from signs what the Sisters wanted done. The size of a Serbian's appetite after many days in the trenches is better imagined than described. They ate what would serve half a dozen of us, and thoroughly enjoyed it. It was

¹ Valuable help was rendered to the X-ray department by Captain Riddell, R.A.M.C., from Salonika.

wonderful the improvement; in a few days they began to look quite fat. And with their warm, comfortable beds and regular food, in spite of their wounds they were a wonderfully merry lot, and the chorus of '*Dobra dans*,' when one went into the ward and greeted them all, had a very happy ring in it. The dressings were often terrible—compound fractures with horrible septic wounds needing thorough washing every day. It was often necessary to give anæsthetics and do minor operations in the wards—the number done in the operating-tent was 350. The operating-tent was a great success, the single marquee with double wall answering particularly well, as the light was so good. This was the gift of the 'Ayrshire Farmers.' We made locking cupboards of boxes for our precious store of instruments, all too few, because we were only equipped for 100 surgical beds. Stools and small tables were made of wood from the equipment cases and packages, and we warmed the tent by having two of the small lucifer stoves underneath the operating-table. We found these also a great success, and very little trouble to manage."¹

"MACEDONIA, 15th October 1916.

"... Since my last letter we have had the ceremony of the consecration of the Hospital performed by the Serbian Church. The Serbs took a great deal of trouble to make the function a very happy one. Colonel Sondermeyer arranged everything, and the Crown Prince and his Staff, and General Vassitch and his Staff, were all present. We also asked the British Liaison Officer to come, but he was unable to do so, and Colonel Bearn represented the British Army for us. After the ceremony the Prince went round the wards and spoke to many of the patients. He was

¹ Dr. Bennett's report.

really charming in every way. He said many nice things about the Hospital, and afterwards sent a message saying King Peter would write to me. After the promenade round the Hospital we had lunch in our mess-tent, especially prepared by the Serbian Staff of the Hospital. The Prince, though very grave in all his ways, relaxed somewhat, and I think enjoyed himself; at all events, he said he was coming back to see us again. He fairly frequently passes here in his car. The General is in command of the division to which we are attached, and asked me to dinner the same night.

"We have, up to now, admitted 356 patients, and the Hospital is full. Each day we receive as many as we discharge. . . ."

Shortly after the visit of the Crown Prince to the Ostrovo Hospital, the following letter was received at the S.W.H. Headquarters :

"SERBIAN LEGATION, 195 QUEEN'S GATE,
LONDON, S.W., 12th February 1917.

"DEAR MISS MAIR,—I had recently again news from Salonika what splendid work your Hospitals are doing. His Royal Highness the Crown Prince, during his visit to your 'American Unit' in Ostrovo, expressed to everybody his great satisfaction and admiration for the untiring devotion of your members under Dr. Bennett. May I take this opportunity to thank you again, and to ask you to convey our thanks to your organizing secretary who is working with such splendid result in America, Miss Kathleen Burke, and through her to the whole American public who are so generously and untiringly contributing to enable your Hospitals to carry on in helping our brave soldiers where the need is greatest. We shall never forget this help rendered

OSTROVO



CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA AT OSTROVO.

Arrival of Stretcher Cases.

[To face p. 254.]

by the great British and American nations to us in the time of our fight for life or death.—Yours sincerely,

“JOV. M. JOVANOVIĆ,
Serbian Minister.”

* * * * *

The S.W.H. Transport Column, under Mrs. Harley, had its camp in the village of Ostrovo, two miles distant from the Hospital. It worked along the same roads as the ambulances attached to the Hospital, and did very valuable work now and later. Its story is told in another chapter.

For a description of a dressing-station and of the roads along which the cars had to be driven we are indebted again to Mr. Stebbing. “And these little Serbian dressing-stations themselves—the Great War could show few better illustrations, few more pitiful or pathetic illustrations, of what are to all intents and purposes the front line of the Medical Service, than the dressing-stations of the Serbian Army out Gornichevo way or on the Drina below Kaimatchalan during September 1916.

“The Gornichevo dressing-station was the first one to which our ambulances went up. It was moved up as the army advanced, but the name may be left to it. Picture a handful of small bell tents, mostly old and in poor repair, pitched at the side of the mountain road, the ground—earth or rock—inside covered with a thin layer of straw; and on this straw lay the wounded, the severely wounded cases, many already beyond the help of man, even when armed with the highest surgical skill. There was no room for the sitting cases inside the tents, although many of these had bad wounds. They lay or sat outside on a little straw whenever that could be procured. Hard by was a slightly larger tent, the floor of earth or mud, which formed the mess and

sleeping accommodation of the Serbian Medical Staff of the station. There was no luxury here. The Serbian doctors led a hard, severe, campaigning life, accompanied by a terrific stress of work as the wounded poured into the tiny station, in numbers which often entirely swamped its power to deal with them. Up in this place the wounded lay after receiving dressings, until they could be removed to the Casualty Clearing Stations. From the day of the fight for the Gornichevo crest, this station, with the shortest interval of rest, usually utilised in moving forward to keep pace with the advance—the rapid advance—of the fighting Serbs, was overflowing with wounded. The majority of the sitting cases were removed in carts, in fact in every sort of conveyance procurable. Those who could walk were dispatched on foot. The greater number of the severely wounded were removed in the ambulances of Mrs. Harley's Transport Column and our own, and were brought down to our Hospital. The number of lives which the Hospital saved for the Serbians must have been considerable in those days of severe fighting both from here and from Kaimatchalan. Too high praise cannot be given to the Serbian doctors who had charge of these dressing-stations, for the manner in which they performed these first dressings. They earned high commendation from our own doctors and R.A.M.C. officers alike. . . .

“The road to Gornichevo was an extraordinary track for an ambulance car, even a Ford one, when we first made its acquaintance. And, mind you, all the ambulances were driven by the girl chauffeurs. . . . But the road to Gornichevo, bad as it was, was nothing to the Drina. I have said that this was the dressing-station below Kaimatchalan (where the big fights of 18th to 30th September took place), situated some 5000

feet up the mountain-side. I have seen a great deal of the Himalayas, both eastern and western, and have tramped and ridden miles in these beautiful mountains on tracks and bridle-paths rocky enough, and steep and narrow enough, to please any one. But it never entered my head in those days that I should see cars using, and be in cars using, such tracks. I should never have thought it possible that cars would negotiate such tracks. And yet this is what the S.W.H. girl drivers had to do on the Drina, probably the finest feat girls have ever done. . . . That we did not have serious accidents is due as much as anything else to the skilful driving and extraordinary coolness of the girl drivers."

In October some reinforcements were sent from Scotland to the personnel of the Unit. From the diary of an orderly, who afterwards became a driver in the Transport Column, we get some "snapshots" of the life in the camp. She describes her arrival:

"Passed right along the very edge of the water for several kilometres and stopped at the station of Ostrovo. White sand on the shore of the lake bright in the moonlight—a row of tall poplars shadowed against the water beyond. Not a soul to be seen on the platform at first; later on a girl with a lantern in a straw hat appeared—R—— of the Harley Unit. Mrs. Harley, General French's sister, had a motor ambulance Unit here at Ostrovo, sent out by the S.W.H. She also ran a kind of canteen for feeding the soldiers to and from the front, as they came through in the trains. . . . A short wait of two hours—from 2 till 4 a.m. at R——'s camp fire, at one end of the station—cocoa and gingerbread. Drive to Dr. Bennett's Hospital, about four and a half kilos back along the side of the lake, in a Ford van driven by a girl with short hair and very short skirts, at a furious

pace along the roughest of tracks, with awful bumps and bounces.

"Arrived at Hospital camp very much shaken up. White tents amongst a clump of great green trees—moonlight—white-capped night Sisters with lanterns. Lay down in their tent till the morning. Morning light in the elm trees—magpies—white tents—high mountains beyond. Cocks crowing hoarsely. Guns from behind a big mountain range in the north, Kaimatchalan. Interviews with Miss Jack, administrator, and afterwards with Dr. Bennett. On duty in the wards. . . .

"The Hospital ambulances—at that time four were running—and the cars of the Harley Unit at Ostrovo village brought the wounded in from the dressing-stations. One of these was high up on the slopes of the mountain of Kaimatchalan, which had been captured by the Serbs a week or two earlier—the other one at the foot of the mountain. We are about due south of the Moglena Range, of which Kaimatchalan is the highest. . . . Our hours on duty are—up at 6 o'clock, breakfast at 6.30, on duty 7.30. Off duty about 7 in the evening. About two hours off during the day. Dancing reels in the mess tent after duty hours, for which I had to supply the music from an old violin costing 30 francs bought in Salonika. . . . Moonlight nights. Sad-sounding train whistles in the mountains. Later on an American engine with a siren which wailed wildly through the darkness. After dark, hour-long intoned recitations of national songs coming from the Serb Camp accompanied by the 'guslar.' . . . The guslar is a one-stringed instrument shaped like a mandolin, but longer, and held between the knees and played with a bent bow shaped like a double bass bow. . . .

"1st November.—Went up to the upper dressing-station as attendant orderly in a car driven by one of the

chauffeurs. An awful climb and tremendously rough and narrow tracks up the mountain—boiling engines. A great and wonderful view over the Macedonian Plain towards Mount Olympus, and of the whole lake of Ostrovo. Track up the hill crowded with many-coloured throngs of transport of various nations—Serb, French, British, native Turks, and Macedonian. Donkeys, mules, oxen, horses, carts, Ford vans, and our ambulances. The little village of Batechin half-way up, the inhabitants of which are Roumanian. Curiosity of native children about our clothes, especially our stockings. They kept lifting the hems of our skirts to see exactly what we wore on our legs. A great desire to know whether we had any hair on our heads under our caps.

“The dressing-station high up on a ridge of the mountains. We brought down two stretcher cases, one of them Milenko, who was put in our ward and became a great favourite. For about a year afterwards he used to send post cards from Bizert in Africa, where he was sent to convalesce. Coming back in the twilight.

“*19th November.*—News of the fall of Monastir. Many nights playing to the Serbs in our wards. Learning Serbian songs. Also sometimes to the British Tommies, invalids from the M.T. companies who were in one of the wards. Sunday services—Dr. Bennett officiating. Playing hymns on the fiddle—there was no other instrument.

“*January.*—I had one of those innocent standing jokes with him (Marko, a patient in the ward) that went on all the time. The idea was, that his heart sometimes departed from his body and went away to visit his wife and children in Serbia, so that when I tried his pulse there was nothing to be felt. But after a minute or so it returned, and then it was my business to

tell him the news that it had brought from Serbia—whether his wife and two sons were well, but most important of all, whether or not Mileva had run away with a '*Schwalia*' (German). He always insisted that she had, but that he had remained faithful still; and it was my duty to contradict him and assure him that she was always thinking about him.

"Dushan, who lay in the opposite bed, quite a youth and very bright and merry, was always very much pleased with this performance."

On 19th November Monastir fell, and after the splendid advance of the Serbs on Kaimatchalan (8284 feet) the Hospital was left behind.

To connect it again with the advancing army an outpost of thirty beds was opened by Dr. Bennett at Dobroveni in the beginning of January 1917. Dr. Cooper was in charge, and volunteers from amongst the Staff at Ostrovo were sent in turn to work there. Dr. Bennett reports favourably on this piece of work when writing on 11th February. "I have good work to report, done by the outpost operating station—so good that the Russians (a number of whom had been admitted) have recognised it by giving Dr. Cooper a decoration. I am so pleased that on the Dobrudja side they are not getting *all* the recognition!"

To keep up with the still advancing Serbian Army, this outpost hospital was moved in April several miles farther forward, where they worked till October.

We get an account of the place from Dr. Cooper and one of the orderlies.

"SKOTCHIVAR, *September* 1917.

"The outpost hospital was stationed at first in Dobravani in Macedonia, on the left bank of the Czerna River, and was then moved to the opposite bank by the

OSTROVO.



DRESSING STATION AT DOBROVENI.



DRESSING STATION AT SKOTCHIVAR.



DRESSING STATION AT GORNICHEVO.

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French, who wished the Italians and French to be on one side of the river, and the Serbians and British on the other. The station remained there until the end of April, and then, on account of a very heavy bombing attack, we were moved to Skotchivar, about seven kilometres nearer the front, also close to the river. Miss Bedford was at the new camp, and arranged the pitching of the tents; while I remained behind and saw that everything was sent away, and cleaned up rubbish, and burnt off the incinerator, so that a tidy camp was left. We were not so fortunate at the new site, for it had been a horse camp, and it took us days to clear up old tins, paper, and pieces of clothing. When the hot weather came on the flies also began, and before long millions were everywhere; all our efforts were very little use. Wire fly traps, issued by the Red Cross, were amongst the most useful methods of destruction. We succeeded in keeping flies out of our storeroom, which was partly dug out and built up with stones, roofed in with wooden beams and a tarpaulin. We lined the whole of this with mosquito nets, and with a few fly papers; there were never more than about a dozen to be seen. We treated the kitchen in the same way, but it didn't avail much, as the door was constantly open and the flies rushed in. There the trouble was, that whatever we did, they got into the food, and it was not an uncommon thing to find an odd fly in your pudding.

"The work at this dressing-station was very good for three or four weeks. . . . When I left on 20th August, twenty-three beds were occupied out of thirty-six, and all the patients were in a satisfactory condition. The bomb wounds, in my experience, were the worst; so many of them developed gas gangrene, and were most difficult to do anything with.

"The thanks of the whole dressing-station are due

to Captain Radivanovitch for his unfailing kindness to every one."¹

FROM AN ORDERLY'S DIARY

"*4th June.*—Left Ostrovo with three Sisters and one other orderly. A very slow journey by rail, round the lake to Sarovitch and on to Banitza, where we were met by two French cars, and conveyed the rest of the distance to Skotchivar. The camp itself was about a kilo on the near side of the village, in a small bare glen. It was on the north slope and caught all the sun from the south. . . . Many of the tents were right on the steep side of the hill. . . . The dressing-station consisted of thirty beds and an operating theatre. There were some tremendous dust-storms at this time, winds sweeping down the roads so that you couldn't see a yard in front of you. The chauffeurs used to come in with face, hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes thickly powdered with yellow dust. On several occasions the tents were blown flat, and letters and papers were swept all over the hillside. One of these hurricanes was accompanied by tremendous sheets of rain, in the midst of which several tents went down. In about ten minutes all the low ground below the camp was in flood, and a dashing river was rushing down the little gully beside the kitchen, carrying pots and pans along with it as it went. The rain generally cleared the air a little and killed the flies, but on the other hand it put out my incinerator fire, so that I could not personally welcome it. We all suffered from tremendous thirst at this time, and the only thing for it was to drink gallons of weak tea, as the water, which had to be boiled, was hardly ever cool enough to be pleasant for drinking. . . ."

The hospital at Ostrovo and the dressing-station

¹ Dr. Cooper's report.

were not infrequently raided by German aeroplanes; the women at work paid little heed to the bombardments.

"OSTROVO, 24th September 1917.

" . . . I wonder if you ever received a letter from me reporting how Dr. de Garis, Sisters Saunders and Angell went on with an operation during an air raid. Sister Saunders continued the anæsthetic, and Sister Angell went on with assistant's work. It was a particularly difficult operation, extracting a bullet from the back of the palate. Only those who know what it is to have bombs falling all round them can realise what an amount of presence of mind and courage such a thing takes. There were fifteen aeroplanes aiming at them, and the camp next to them, which suffered very badly. The girls' presence of mind and courage during air raids and bombardments have been a source of amazement and admiration to me. No one ever wanted to go to the shelters when the whistle used to blow. It was really quite hard work to get them out of the wards. . . .

"AGNES BENNETT."

In September 1917 Dr. Bennett was obliged to resign on account of ill-health; her place as C.M.O. was taken by Dr. de Garis.

Writing from Cairo on her way to Australia, Dr. Bennett says:

"DEAR MRS. RUSSELL,— . . . I am safely thus far on my journey, and am now awaiting a transport to my part of the world. . . . I do hope the Unit is getting on well—my heart is still in it. . . . I was given an exceedingly nice send-off by the Serbs, who spoke most appreciatively of the Hospital. At the dinner at Ostrovo they had a Russian officer who made a speech of thanks (in Russian) for what we had done for his

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troops. I hope I shall be able to tell you in person some day.

AGNES BENNETT."

For another year, until November 1918, the Hospital remained at Ostrovo and did good work, principally medical. In November it moved to Vranja in Serbia, where under Dr. Emslie it has had a very interesting career. This is given in detail in another chapter.

The quotations which follow are from Dr. de Garis' letters, telling of the work during the year November 1917-1918, whilst the Unit was still stationed at Ostrovo, and of the violent storm which swept the Camp in February. The patient's letter with which this chapter closes is touching. Through the broken English, one feels the ready appreciation of any service rendered, and the genuine gratitude for it so characteristic of the Serb.

"OSTROVO, 24th October 1917.

" . . . We are allowed by Colonel Stoitch to admit soldiers of any nationality, and also civilians. I have not done the latter to any extent (save for a run of about six or eight very ill with malaria during Dr. Bennett's illness at the outpost station). However, I have opened a ward of ten beds for women and children, and have admitted two women into it two days ago. These women had previously been treated by us at their homes. Male civilians are put with the soldiers."

"MACEDONIA, 4th June 1918.

" . . . Sisters Angell and Aitken went down on Friday to Salonika, being lent to the Crown Prince's Hospital for a month; at the end of this time I shall replace them with another two. I am going to Salonika to-morrow myself, to attend a medical meeting at which

Dr. M'Ilroy is reading a paper, and to see how the two borrowed Sisters are faring.

"On Sunday we had a number of Serbian children here for the afternoon—we brought them and took them back in our cars—General Vassitch was also present. The children entertained us with Boy Scout drill and some recitations, etc. The patients had made each child a toy—chiefly rag dolls and balls.

"The Hospital has been very full this week. We have admitted a woman and child to-day, the first for a long while. I have our full quota of beds up for the military cases (the garage sergeant having devised an ingenious method of mending the beds broken in the storm), and, in addition, have a ridge and pole tent up as an 'extra' for women and children. Without these extra beds, I would not feel justified in admitting civilian cases, owing to the demand for our beds. Our cases are principally medical."

"OSTROVO, 26th February 1918.

"DEAR MISS KEMP,—I cabled to you on Monday about the destruction of tents wrought by Sunday's hurricane, but from my cable you can hardly conceive the condition of affairs here.

"To begin with, a week earlier, we had three days' snow, so that the previous Sunday was spent by the personnel in digging their tents out of the snow; then came a thaw and frost, and further thawing, and so on. There is still, indeed, some snow lying about.

"Well, on Saturday night it began to rain, and the whole camp was muddy and damp, and tent pegs refused to hold. About 2 a.m. on Sunday began the hurricane; by 3 a.m. most of the Unit was up endeavouring to save the tents from collapsing. By 8 a.m. practically every tent in the place had collapsed,

the only exceptions being the telephone tent (saved by the devoted exertions of its occupant), the dressing tent, Dr. Rose's and Matron's tents, and one tent in Ward V.A, all of which had poles standing and sides collapsed, and Ward I.A (twenty beds), which weathered the storm successfully and was proudly erect. The garage and our kitchen were unroofed, and the patients' kitchen suffered only slightly. The new store (made of flooring and tarpaulin) also came through successfully. The tent stores (groceries, linen, splints, etc.) were scattered abroad. The X-ray and dark-room tents were both in ribbons. Such a scene of desolation has to be seen to be realised.

"The Unit presented an interesting spectacle also: most of them (including myself) were clad in pyjamas, with stockings drawn over the legs, and shoes and a greatcoat on, and hair streaming wherever the wind listed. But none of us cared!

"The patients stuck to their beds till the tents collapsed on them, and even then had to be ordered up. Fortunately no one was hurt, save for a bruise or two.

"There were no fires, though we had three narrow escapes. Braziers and stoves were all watered, and great care was taken. Luckily there was no rain, and there was a moon. We counted these three facts our crowning 'marcies.' We have had fine, calm, sunny weather since, also, in which to cope with the situation!

"It was obvious that the only thing to do was to evacuate all the patients, and all, except seventeen (convalescent workers or sick *bolnichars*), were dispatched by train. We sent them down in ambulances (no cars were damaged except for their mica windows, some of which were broken), and got them away by the 'Sanitary Train.'

"Once the patients were gone, we had a 'stand up' breakfast in the kitchen, and then (the storm was now lulling) had Ward V.A fixed, and the fallen part erected, to serve for the convalescent patients, and for a sewing-room for mending tents. Into half I.A we put all bedding and the other half served as a mess-tent. By this time we were really a merry lot, as the storm was over, the patients were gone, and we had been fed, and had nothing but ourselves to worry about. Sister K— had been transferred from the sick-tent to a Serbian hut, kindly lent us by the interpreter. I examined all tents cursorily, and all the *bolnichars* having been sent over after lunch by the Serb commandant to be at our disposal, I decided to erect the mess-tent (after mending), the sick-tent, two of the magazine tents, and most of the occupied personnel tents. Of the last all except two had to be put up without their flies, and nearly every tent erected needed some mending first. All the least torn were first dealt with.

"At the present moment, *i.e.* in three days, we have the whole of Ward V. up, half of it furnished and full of patients, and the whole of Ward I. up and half of it ready for patients (half is a temporary 'magazine' and sewing-room). The sick-tent and women's ward and half of Ward II.A are also erected, but of these three only the sick-tent is furnished. The theatre and reception tents are ready for use, so we are again a hospital.

"I anticipate getting beds ready at the rate of twenty per day, until we have 120; after that the difficulty will begin, as two ward tents (*i.e.* 20 beds) are so badly torn that I scrapped them and used their canvas to repair others, and two more are very unlikely to repair, and will certainly take a long time to get into order.

The X-ray and dark-room tents at present appear

almost hopeless, but we *may* get one makeshift tent out of the two.

"Of course our great fear is another hurricane, though we can hardly have such bad luck again as to strike another thaw at the same time. Our newer tents collapsed as well as our old ones, but they did not tear as the old ones did.

"Of course the electric installation is, at least temporarily, ruined, but the engine is all right, so some weeks should again find it working.

"The dispensary suffered rather severely, bottles being broken, and their contents hopelessly mixed.

"In the store some home-made jam was spilled (a loss a jamless Unit deeply deplores) and scores of eggs were broken. We had just got a big supply the day before the cyclone. All thermometers and glass syringes and medicine glasses were broken, with an occasional exception.

"I am sure we need a new X-ray tent and dark-room tent, and will be glad if you can order them at once. Other things, of course, will be required, but I shall be able to deal better with our wants next week.

"Many beds were broken, and many small comforts blown away and spoiled. It was really sad to see our beautiful comfortable camp, of which we are all so proud, such a wreck.

"Sister Maitland arrived yesterday. The syringes she brought with her were hailed with delight, as there was scarcely more than one whole syringe left in the place after the disaster.

"We are all proud to say that we admitted five patients this morning—we were not *quite* ready for them, but we managed, and to-night we are ready for twenty more, and are really a hospital again.

"You will be pleased to know that the whole Unit

worked so admirably that it is hardly fair to specify names of those who excelled; but I, personally, feel deeply indebted to Miss Tubb, who fed the Unit luxuriously; Miss Lindsay, who made lunches for the patients on their departures; Miss Greenlees, who was useful everywhere; Sister Saunders, who, as always, is a tower of strength; and Miss Brown, who discovered and put out a threatened fire. The Sisters worked hard for their patients' safety, and everybody did whatever offered and never a grumble was heard.

"Since the collapse of the tents, the *bolnichars* have been beyond praise. It is they who have done all the erection of the wards and the mending of the torn tents. Nikola, the theatre *bolnichar*, saved practically everything in his theatre (which he loves as if it were his child), only a few glass dishes being broken, and then he mended the tent itself, and to-day he proudly polished the drums to make it a theatre to rejoice our hearts.

"In fact, I am proud of my Unit, and think you will be the same. (Sgd.) MARY DE GARIS."

Shortly after the date of this Unit's removal up-country in the wake of the Serbian Army, the following letter, which bears witness to its efficiency, was received from the Red Cross Commissioner in Salonika:

"BRITISH SALONIKA FORCE, 3rd March 1919.

"DEAR MRS. HUNTER,—I am sure it will be of great interest to you to refer to the 3rd Supplement of the *London Gazette* of Tuesday, 21st January 1919 (published on Wednesday, 22nd January 1919), in which appears the dispatch of General Sir George F. Milne, K.C.B., D.S.O., the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, British Salonika Force, dated General Headquarters, 1st December 1918.

"In this dispatch the Commander-in-Chief reviews the operations of the British Army in Macedonia from the 1st October 1917 to the 1st December 1918, and in the course of his report he inserted the following paragraph, which I am sure will be very pleasing to your Committee, namely :

"‘I desire to take this opportunity of expressing my admiration of the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals Organizations serving with the Serbian Army.’

"With kind regards, yours sincerely,

"(Sgd.) H. FITZPATRICK,

Lieut.-Colonel, Commissioner.

"MRS. JAMES T. HUNTER,

Chairman, Scottish Women's Hospitals for Foreign Service, 2 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh."

LETTER FROM A PATIENT AT OSTROVO

"In my thirty-eight years of life I never had an opportunity to be in hospital and estimate the value of a hospital service except now in Scottish Women's Hospital in Ostrovo. The work and the services and self-sacrifice of this patriotic and hospitable people we cannot sufficiently repay nor reward. The Director of the Hospital is Dr. de Garis, who is in charge of the whole Hospital and its personnel. Miss Dr. de Garis is a woman of medium build, physically well developed, energetical, and of serious look. Her every look, her every step, is of great importance and significance. You could see her every morning going over the Hospital area and inspecting some swamps, which she formerly ordered to be levelled with earth. A few minutes after, you see her in a hospital circle, and so on, until the visit of patients commences. There is no nook in a hospital

where she does not see it, or looks into, with the assistance of her true and worthy Sisters, who with motherly care look for Serbian soldiers. After 8 o'clock commences the morning visit of patients. She steps into her ward, and with mild and courteous tone goes to every patient, and with smile on her face asks in Serbian, '*Kako vi? Boli glava, noga, ruka grudi,*' and as a rule always questions the patient what was he complaining of when he was first admitted to hospital. Every patient answers promptly her questions just the way he feels, and she understands everything that soldiers tell her in Serbian. During the visit a Sister is always present with her, in order that she may know by her prescription what medicine to give to the patient. The visit usually lasts till 12 o'clock. At 12 the bugler sounds for lunch, and Dr. de Garis, with her Sisters, goes for lunch.

"After lunch there should be rest for her, but, being brave among the braves, she avoids it, and with book on her table and knitting in her hands she reads her book and knits her socks. She does two works in one and the same time. If there is urgent case for an operation, which she always performs with skill, alertness, and success, she immediately leaves her book and drops her knitting, going quickly to the operating theatre. If new patient comes to the Hospital, she never lets him wait five minutes unless she examines him. The Sisters are detailed one in each ward on day duty, and one to four wards on night duty, with the addition of several orderlies.

"In my ward was on day duty Sister —. She rises at 6.30 in the morning. After her breakfast she goes immediately to pick flowers and wild roses. She comes afterwards to our ward with flowers in her hand, greeting us with good morning, and asking every patient how he

slept, and patients promptly responding to her, 'Dobro, Sestra.' Now begins her work. She opens the closet with medicines, and gives his own to every patient. Then she goes on with dressing of patients from the surgical operations, uttering and chatting with patients in Serbian, which she cannot yet distinctly pronounce. When she is about ready with her work it is 12 o'clock. In the interval the patients are always asking her for cigarettes, chocolate, and post cards. And you must believe that there is not a single patient that our good Sister would not satisfy with whatever is possible.

"For several days I was watching the Sister, how she takes out of her ward one of our seriously ill patients, supporting him under his left arm and giving him her umbrella to support himself with his right arm, walking with him in the shade that the great big trees in Hospital area are giving us. Aware of how long this walk should last, she carries the pillow under her left arm, and only looks for suitable place and then puts her pillow on the ground, resting his head easily on the pillow. Then she sits to his left, asking him how does he feel. The same is with able Sister —, for whom I have never enough praise. She is giving so many sacrifices in ministering to our patients and otherwise, that we must really admire her. I never expected to have such a treatment in Macedonia. Besides her nursing work she devotes most of her time to seriously ill cases, and finds for every one of them a word of spiritual comfort. This is what puts her in the rank of foremost nursing Sisters. Having been in Serbia, Miss — knows the Serbs and their thorny path through which they have gone, and that is why she can speak to Serbian patients heart to heart. It is impossible for me to write about all Sisters, because I don't know their names in order to mention them all. But to be fair with them,

and not wanting to go into long discussions, I must say, for we all know, that they are worthy daughters of the great English race, conscious of their work and duty. They fully merit to be called Sisters, and real sisters indeed, because our born sisters or mothers could not have so much patience and endurance to look over and minister to the Serbian soldier. All soldiers that were in this Hospital for treatment, and with whom I came in contact, and those that are here now, have only words of praise for the excellent treatment they have received at Scottish Women's Hospital.

"I am convinced that these services rendered to our patients by lady doctors and Sisters of the Scottish Women's Hospital shall remain deeply engraved into the hearts of mine and my war comrades as a remembrance and appreciation, which shall incite the later generations to reverence for what the Scottish Women have done for the Serbs, in the hour of their great need.

"I will say once more, praise to the brave Scottish Women!

"Sergt.-Maj. MILAN LUBUVITCH.

(300 2 Bat. Sect. post No. 36.)"

"Praise to the brave Scottish Women!" But they do not want our praise. They have gained the love of Serbia, and as through the long years she remembers the sons who suffered and died for her in that last victorious struggle, she sees at their side the devoted, the tender-hearted, the brave, the indomitable women that Britain had sent her.

And Ostrovo—can they ever forget Ostrovo? The scattered village, the lake with its circle of bare and rocky mountains, the camp in a fold of the hills, the trees round it, and the spring of fresh water beside it; the sad but absorbing work in the operating-tent, the anxious

watching in the wards, the ambulance cars ploughing their way through the sand or bumping and boiling up the rocky tracks; the "hairpin bends" on the Drina, the flies at Skotchivar, the glare of the sun on the sand, the lashing rain, the delight in the cooled air, the boom of the guns, the sound of the fiddle brought from Salonika, the dance, the glorious camaraderie—there are women to-day in Australia and Britain who can never forget Ostrovo.

CHAPTER III

THE TRANSPORT COLUMNS

FROM September 1916 to September 1918 the 2nd Serbian Army was waging war against the Bulgars in the Moglena Mountains. It is no country to fight in. "Even with unlimited transport of all kinds, and men to get it up to the fighting line, it would be difficult to guarantee the armies against either scarcity of ammunition or food. And the Serbs had no such abundance. The way they have fought is magnificent—stupendous. But it has meant an untold amount of extra exposure and suffering. . . . What the Serbs have been through has to be told to be credited. All honour to a brave race." ¹

In transport of all kinds they were limited, but of motor ambulances they had none at all. The wounded were carried to the dressing-stations and hospitals and to the railway stations on their way to Salonika, in stretchers slung on either side of mules. The weary journey along the desperate mountain roads would often take hours. It is appalling to think what many a wounded man must have suffered on these journeys.

The Transport Column of the Scottish Women under Mrs. Harley was the only one working in these mountains for the Serbs. It arrived in Salonika shortly before Dr. Bennett's Unit in August 1916, and until the following January was encamped on the shores of Lake Ostrovo. In January 1917 Mrs. Harley resigned her post as Head of the Transport Column to do relief

¹ *At the Serbian Front in Macedonia.*

work in Monastir, and the Column thereafter was attached to the Ostrovo Unit, under Miss Bedford. Miss Bedford tells the story of the year's work from September 1916 to August 1917:

"During the past year the work of the Motor Ambulance Section¹ has been as varied as it has been strenuous, and almost every sample of bad road has been experienced.

"In their journeys for wounded, the ambulances have struggled and skidded on the steepest mountain gradients, and in the worst possible weather. The little vans (when plying for hospital provisions) have laboured and stuck in unconquerable mud. There have been long sad journeys to Salonika, bearing the remains of some dead hero to his last resting-place, and there have been happy ones, when Sisters and orderlies, going home on leave, have been carried to their port of embarkation. And we find that with every journey our respect for the 'Ford' has increased.

"In September 1916 there were five ambulances, one lorry, and a touring-car attached to the Hospital at Ostrovo. Although the actual distance covered and the number of patients carried, at the time, does not compare with the work of the Transport Column in the early months of the following year (after we moved forward), yet the roads were much more difficult, and the patients were nearly all desperately bad cases.

"Our ambulances and those working under Mrs. Harley (which latter did splendid work) ran over the same ground, bringing patients from dressing-stations 14 or 15 kilometres up the mountains to our Hospital, and carrying convalescents to the various evacuation hospitals along the line of railway. In those days our beat

¹ Attached to the Ostrovo Unit. From Jan. 1917 united with the column that had been under Mrs. Harley.

lay over ground quite recently fought over. Enormous shell-holes marked the way—piles of ammunition, used and unused, and many dead beasts. Amongst all the battle-leavings I know of no sadder sight than to meet the appeal in the eyes of a fallen horse in his last hours.

“The comforts at these dressing-stations were not many, but the patients, when they arrived on mules from the front, either in pannier saddles or hammocks slung on either side of the animal, were rested and fed; the straw upon which they were laid in the tents looked clean, and their wounds were always carefully and skilfully dressed. The remarkable courage and chivalry of the Serbian soldier was often displayed on these ambulance journeys. He would endure pain and cold without a murmur, and after a journey of intense torture, over broken and jolting ground, he would smilingly thank the chauffeur for her careful driving. Indeed, the Serbian soldier is a most lovable person, simple in character, as courageous in ruling his own spirit as he is in storming a mountain, full of faith, and with the heart of a child. The Hospital Sisters always said they were just like big children to nurse, and when the pain was at its worst their cry was invariably for their *micas* (mothers).

“In those first days we had no facilities for mending the cars and no covering for them or for the ‘spares,’ which, on arrival, I found in a packing-case cupboard, standing in the open. After fruitless appeals for wood, in many directions, I finally thought of our commanding officer, a Serbian Colonel with a reputation for organization. His reply was characteristic. He sent an order for our lorry to be sent to his office next day, and in due time it returned with a generous supply of wood. Then a tarpaulin was found, and a shelter was raised, sufficient to cover three cars, with more cupboards for ‘spares’ and tools. Later we enlarged the structure

and closed it in with walls of flattened petrol tins, and in the sun it shone like silver and was an object of much pride and of great comfort. The Colonel's thoughtfulness also provided us with a chauffeur and mechanic, whom he secured from his brother (who was a General in Salonika), so that he might lend him to us.

"Thus the nucleus of a garage was begun, and we were able to do our own small repairs. Here it will be fitting to render tribute to the unfailing help of the British Army Service Corps, several of whose camps were close to our Hospital. We have to thank them for keeping our cars on the roads in those first trying times, and also for much kindness then and since.

"On Christmas Day the Serb chauffeurs and the Hospital carpenter gave us a special *slava* or feast, for which they made elaborate preparations, where they displayed the truest hospitality. Having occasion to visit the garage before it was light, I found it illumined by an enormous fire at which a whole lamb was being roasted. Guyo was turning the spit and the other chauffeur was basting the carcase out of a petrol tin dish, containing a strange fatty mixture.

"They rose with the Serbian Christmas greeting: 'The Christ is born.' They made me repeat the answer in Serbian, which means: 'I know that He is born.'

"When the roast was finished it was carried to their sleeping tent, and stood there to get cold. At night it was cut up and served at a feast to which I and some of the chauffeurs were bidden. There was also a Christmas tree, upon which we were each represented by some motor part. One of the chauffeurs was represented by a carburettor, I was a sparking plug, and the carpenter was represented by a golden shaving hung on the topmost branch.

"One dwells on the characteristics of these delightful people because one feels that they show what the Serbians are, and how entirely they deserve the help that we have given them, and sorely they stand in need of it. They have fought bravely, times without number, against appalling odds, until those who are left are worn out, body and spirit. Kaimatchalan, where hundreds of their dead and their enemies' dead lie buried, is an everlasting monument to their bravery and their endurance. One of the few really decisive battles in the war's history, it was won under conditions impossible to describe. They have suffered the disseminating ravage of disease, and separation from their families, with no word of them for years (such are the Bulgars' cruel restrictions in Serbia). These sufferings truly have been forced upon them, but the spirit in which they have been endured is theirs, and theirs alone; this and their trust and dependence upon the British are an eloquent appeal to every one of us to stand by and protect them.

"On 15th January 1917 the Transport Column under Mrs. Harley (as was mentioned before) was transferred to Dr. Bennett's Unit, and was attached to a dressing-station about 60 kilometres from the Hospital where we had first worked. We found three fairly able-bodied ambulances, one totally out of action, two vans, and a kitchen car (also temporarily out of action and unsuited to the roads in that part of the country). The latter was subsequently converted into a van capable of carrying sitting cases, or material, and it proved most useful. One of the Ford vans we sent to Ostrovo. We had three more ambulances sent up from there, and as soon as possible put the disabled one on the roads, so that we had seven in all. The Colonel also placed (for several months) four Serbian ambulances and their drivers directly under my control.

"Then began a very busy time. The sick and wounded (they were mostly sick) came down in large numbers from the front in carts and on mules. They would often arrive covered with snow and soaked to the skin, and there were many cases of frostbite. Our (return) journey to the Evacuation Hospital near the line was about 34 kilometres, and sometimes the cars did four journeys in the day. There was never a day off, only half a day very occasionally. Rain and snow alternated, and the girls would come home with icicles hanging to their eyes and all round their necks. Owing to a scarcity of paraffin and other causes there was no stove in the mess or sleeping tents, but they would cheerfully thaw themselves at the open trench fire in the camp kitchen, and after supper would fill their hot-water bottles and jump into bed, often with the snow drifting in under their tent flaps. Yet I never once heard them grumble. They were ready for the roads every morning soon after dawn, and the more driving they had the better pleased they were.

"The task of making a garage, more portable than the 'silver palace' we had left behind at the Hospital, then began, and the hunt for wood had to be resumed. The trees for many miles round our camp had been cut down by the troops, and it was with great difficulty than even firewood could be found. However, at that time I had to visit Salonika on one of the periodical hunts for 'motor spares,'¹ and I happened to mention the needed wood in the presence of a naval officer, who had once spent a few days with Mrs. Harley, and who knew the work of the Transport Column. He immediately spoke to his captain, with wonderful results. The model erection which for a time graced our camp we

¹ Miss Bedford was known from one end of Serbia to the other as "Miss Spare-parts," so persistent was her search for motor accessories!

owed to the kindness of this officer, but, alas! it was scarcely finished when our marching orders came, and the Column was moved, with the dressing-station, across the river, and there, profiting by our recent experience, we raised a still lighter and yet more portable shelter for our cars. We were then in the proud position of being able to lend some of our precious wood to finish the Hospital kitchen and to make a locked store, as well as ward screens, and even shafts for the Serbian horse-carts (which were often in the wars), to say nothing of seats for the mess-tent.

"About this time our work slackened. We were given a long, tedious run of 60 kilometres (return journey) over a road so rough that our mortality for 'springs' increased by leaps and bounds, and springs in these days were unprocurable. But necessity knows no law. The ambulances had to be kept on the roads, and it meant journeys of 300 kilometres to Salonika, and then unending difficulties. But we felt we must uphold the garage tradition. No order for carrying wounded could ever be refused. I am glad to say that it never was, except on one occasion, when the weather rendered the roads impassable.

"Just before we left this camp there were several hostile air raids, and bombs were dropped unpleasantly close to the Hospital. The cars were always sent out to search for casualties, which, alas! we always found, and were able to render timely aid.

"In April we had a move to a far less picturesque site in a barren, sandy valley entirely shut in by hills. It was intolerably hot, and as the place had been an old horse camp the flies were unendurable. Rations were sometimes difficult to get, and the bread was often mouldy. Our ambulances, now numbering fourteen, had a good stand, and the workshop and store were con-

veniently placed, and our facilities and arrangements for repairing the cars were much improved.

"But for many months our eyes had been set on the hills from whence the wounded came; however, the military authorities did not consider the roads fit for ambulances, especially as the cases were then mostly light and could travel without discomfort by cart. Early in May we were ordered to run up to a dressing-station about eight kilometres from us, which had moved forward, and to which patients from three different sections of the front were received. It was, however, not considered worth while to move our camp for so short a distance, especially as when the loads were finished we should be running right on to the next ambulance at the very summit.

"On 15th June we covered the whole distance for the first time. It would be difficult indeed to give a true idea of the beauty and interest of this journey. The road zigzags up the sides of the mountain a distance of about eighteen kilometres. From each 'hair-pin bend' a different view of the country is obtained. At one point peak after peak, in bold, irregular outline, rises against a brilliant blue sky, and then as we turn, we find that we are facing deep dark gorges which seem to drop straight from the road we are on, almost out of sight. Then another turn brings us to more gentle slopes covered with undergrowth, until we reach the dressing-station (on the sides of a steep, pine-sheltered summit from which we now are to carry the patients). In July the welcome orders came that we might move up the Transport Section to this fascinating spot.¹ The *Médecin-Chef* chose with me a site for our camp, and he did everything he possibly could to make us comfortable. The kitchen and mess-room rose like magic in a single day—the work of his Serbian *bolnichars*, who were

¹ Yellak.

TRANSPORT COLUMNS.



THE HUTS OF THE TRANSPORT COLUMN AT YELLAK.



STARTING ON A COLD MORNING.

[To face 6, 232.

discharged soldiers. The kitchen, with its French fires, its primitive stone oven, its roof of pine branches, and its pretty cook (one of our Ostrovo orderlies), made a delightful picture. Next to it was a small store built of pine logs, with a roof of branches covered with the same, which made it both cool and rainproof. And the bower which served as a mess-room was made entirely of pine saplings and foliage closely interlaced, with the front fairly open and commanding a magnificent view towards Monastir. The only drawback to our new site was the distance from the garage, which made the supervision of the work somewhat difficult. But the Serbian mechanic is a conscientious worker, and I could always feel that he was to be trusted.

"If the winter does not temporarily drive the Column back to more sheltered quarters, the prospects of moving still farther forward are excellent, as the road to the dressing-station, about four kilometres nearer the firing-line, is rapidly being improved, and if this point is reached, the usefulness of the Transport Column will be much increased.

"YELLAK, *August 1917.*"

From August 1917 to September 1918, at which latter date the Serbian advance began, the Column was stationed at Yellak high up in the mountains, on a spur of Kaimatchalan, where the Serbs built wooden huts for the whole party. Their work during this year was incessant. The cars were off the roads only two days throughout the winter. The nature of the roads was such that it is hard indeed to understand how the girl chauffeurs dared to take their cars over them—narrow, steep paths, with deep precipices on the one hand and high cliffs on the other. Many women would find it in their hearts to envy the members of the Transport

Column this year spent at Yellak, 5000 feet high. The huts were clustered together on the hillside, far from any other community, amidst wild and fascinating scenery. The work which occupied the girls daily called continually for a display of high virtues, courage, endurance, and extreme gentleness. They lived physically and morally in a keen, bracing atmosphere. We read in one of the diaries of the sorrow with which they moved on in September 1918 from their home on the mountain-side, though they were overjoyed to be accompanying the Serbs in their advance into their own country. Writing of the women of the Transport Column in Russia attached to the London Units, Dr. Inglis says, "Their nerve never failed them, they never lost their courage, and they never forgot to be gentle." The same is true of the members of this Transport Column in Macedonia.

During the year at Yellak the Scottish Women in their ambulances "scoured the country for wounded," and became well known along the mountain tracks, with their "hairpin bends." Stationed at each of these bends were old Serbian soldiers—*chichas* (uncles), as they were called—to control the traffic of the motors and ambulances nearing the corners. At first the *chichas* used green boughs, which were waved furiously in the air to warn the traffic. The boughs not proving very efficient, whistles were substituted, but with little improvement. The whistles of the excited old men were heard continuously along the mountain-sides, and lost all value to the approaching drivers. Boards painted red on one side and white on the other were ultimately chosen. The *chichas* were devoted to the Scottish Women. One day, during the period the Column was stationed at Yellak, one of the S.W.H. ambulances was stopped, when going up a steep path, by the warning

from the red board at the "hairpin bend." Behind the ambulance was a convoy of M.T. wagons toiling up the steep road, and this of course had also to halt. The old *chicha* vanished from his post for a moment behind a boulder, then appeared again with an old bully-beef tin, in which was arranged a bunch of wild flowers. This with great delight he presented to "the Goddess in the Car." It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of the M.T. men, who had had to pull up for this act of devotion, and would now have to spend several minutes restarting their wagons on this steep bend. However, it is good to hear the Tommies took it as a great joke, cheered the old *chicha*, helped to restart the S.W.H. ambulance, and then worked at their own.

The advance of the Serbian Army, beginning in the middle of September 1918 and culminating in their entry into Belgrade on 1st November, is one of the marvellous stories of the War. The quotations which follow from Miss Corbett's diary give us a vivid impression of the part which the Scottish Women took in this wonderful advance, and Miss Dillon, head of the Transport since Miss Bedford had returned to Australia, takes up the story where Miss Corbett stops, and carries us right into Belgrade.

"NISH, 22nd October 1918.

"DEAR MISS FERGUSON,—We have had a most eventful month, and I cannot give you a better idea of it than by sending you extracts from Miss Corbett's diary, which she has kindly made for me.

"On the whole, we have had a most successful trek. We have had to leave 2 cars on the way, and now have 14 out of our original 16, but the Serbs only have 5 out of 12, and the French 6 out of 20. The nearest M.T. Coy. is nearly a couple of hundred kilometres behind us.

"We have had a great reception in all the towns, as

the soldiers have told the women of 'their Sisters,' and they hang wreaths over the cars and give us fruit and flowers.

"The health of the Unit has been excellent up to here (Nish), but now four people have influenza, which is rampant in the country. We are stopping here for a little, and I hope that it will give them time to recover.

"(Sgd.) KATHLEEN DILLON."

"YELLAK, *Sunday, 15th September 1918.*—It was indeed the offensive yesterday, and all the guns must have been going after all. Colonel Petrovitch (Medical Chief of our Army) came over from H.Q. this morning to tell us that Sokal and Dobrapolje had both fallen at seven o'clock, and we heard afterwards that we've taken 1000 prisoners and a great many guns. Wonderful news, indeed, for now that that first and worst mountain barrier has fallen so quickly, it means that a big advance is certain. The Serbs have waited so long, just on three years of exile now—three years in many cases without so much as a post card from home, and a Serb loves his home almost better than a Frenchman does. It's rather pathetic the way they have idealised their country: there, there are perfect roads, we are assured, as we bump along over these, and large gardens bright with flowers even under the snow, and magnificent houses, and no mountains at all! And we, who remember 'real Serbia,' rather wonder if they'll have a horrid disillusionment, or be perfectly content when they get back to their smiling and delightful, but certainly roadless, land. Anyhow, they're very radiant to-day; as I went down the road this morning an old fellow coming up on an ammunition cart leant over the edge till I thought he'd fall out, shouting, '*Sestra, Sestra! Sma dobra, Sestra!*' (Sister, it is well), and there was a ring in his voice that brought a lump to one's throat.

" *Tuesday, 17th September.*—Good news again to-day. The Second Army took Koziak last night, the last of the enemy's defences really this side of Prilep and the Babuna, and our army has advanced 10 kilometres in some places. The Serbs have taken 4000 prisoners altogether (they were coming down to H.Q. to be counted all day) and 51 guns, and if only this perfect weather holds there's no saying where we may get to!

" All went down to Danube II 6.15 this morning. They'd 120 wounded in, but M. G—— sent down a dozen of his Fiat ambulances that take eight men each, and M. W—— a lot of Fords, and they cleared them out, so only three of our cars had to go back there after lunch, and a couple to Drina III. Drina II, to which we've been attached for over a year now, moved this morning early, to away beyond Milutina Kosa, where there are no roads at all, and we're left rather stranded, as they cherished and fed us, and brought us wood and water. They've left us a couple of men though, so we shall manage all right.

" *Wednesday, 18th September.*—Packed till 10 a.m. in expectation of a move, when I started for Drina III—got back at 2.15 and lunched hastily, then down to Danube II, getting home after seven—too late and dark to do anything more in the way of preparations.

" *Friday, 20th September.*—Tremendous uprooting all day: one gets so firmly anchored in a year; and one can carry so awfully little in a Ford on these roads. We're to take a haversack each, and beds and bedding to-morrow, as well as part of our stores and part of the garage stuff and the tents. Sister and Kent the cook are being left behind for a day or two with one of the garage men, and are to get our kit-bags and things sent on in M. G——'s big cars, which will no doubt always be

taking patients back from whichever dressing-station we run to.

"*Saturday, 21st September* (Nobody knows where).—Off at last on the longed-for move forward, and it's really very sad, when the moment comes, to say good-bye to our log huts and well-known mountainous land.

"*Sunday, 22nd September (Miletznitza)*.—Did one run back to Danube I (some of them did two), but most of the wounded were light cases and sent away in carts or on their own feet. Got orders at midday to come on here, so came, arriving about four o'clock—15 kilos farther forward. This is a desperate army to keep up with! We've no news at all, but they must be advancing at a pretty brisk pace. We've installed ourselves in very clean Bulgar huts, and found three large vats of Bulgar petrol, but goodness knows when we'll see the rest of our Unit or possessions again.

"*Wednesday, 25th September (Belavoda)*.—M'Caw went back from here this morning to try and collect our various possessions, which have got badly scattered between this and Yellak, nobody having foreseen a trek of this rapidity.

"Up at five and helped to carry the dressing-station, so didn't get in here till midday. It's about 25 kilos (the same as yesterday's run) by the road, but not nearly as much on the map—zigzag up one side of the mountain and zigzag down the other. We'd been promised good roads after Dunje, but I suppose it depends on what you call 'after.' This one's very steep and very deep sand in several places, where sticking is quite inevitable; but there's plenty of traffic on the road, so one just waits till a sufficient crowd collects to shove one. At the dressing-station found forty Italian and Roumanian prisoners left behind here sick, in a wretched shed, and in a bad

state of starvation and rags, so our nine cars took twenty-seven of them back to Dunje.

"*Thursday, 26th September (Prilep).*—The Serbs are on the point of taking Veles, 60 kilos beyond Prilep, and surely this is being one of the epic advances of history? in our cars we can't keep up with the army, which is marching and fighting at the same time!

"We've emerged from our five days' struggle in the wilderness, breathless but triumphant. I'm very glad we had that 'trek,' though it's a comfort to see main roads and civilisation again. If the weather had broken up there in the hills and turned the sand to mud we'd never have got either back or forward again.

"*Friday, 27th September (Babuna).*—No patients ready till midday, so worked on the cars. Then did two journeys to Prilep, 15 kilos away; trundled a borrowed back axle back for '19' and set out after the others about 6.30, up over the Babuna—and down and down and down—hairpin bend after hairpin bend, a perfect nightmare of them, till at last I came on the Column (11 p.m.) drawn up by the roadside, asleep either in their cars or in their beds in the ditch—the dressing-station slumbering around them. All the grass and scrub ahead of us seemed to be on fire, roaring and leaping tongues of flame everywhere—wonderful sight!

"*Saturday, 28th September (Veles).*—On, very early this morning, to the village that had been indicated to us; had just pitched our tents—and were very pleased with ourselves—beside trees and a stream when a man came along with orders that we were to move right on here—a tremendous trek for the dressing-station after its hard work, fully 40 kilos, the men and most of the officers on foot, and all the Staff on mule-back. Worrall went straight back to Prilep with three wounded who turned up from somewhere, and I took three sick that we found

in an ox-cart back to Igvor. It's one of the loveliest towns I've ever seen; white houses with brown-tiled roofs climbing irregularly up the banks of the broad and placid Vardar River, thickly embowered in its trees, and with the usual graceful minarets springing up lightly here and there. We've camped on a somewhat squalid spot, just above the big barracks that the Germans have been using as a hospital, a perfect building for it, with big rooms, light and airy; but the dressing-stations have so little equipment that they can't do much till they get some of the hospitals up. The enemy only cleared out the night before last, so the station buildings are burning still, but the town seems all right. We hit off the main line north from Salonika here for the first time, and once they get the trains working on it again everything will be much easier.

"*Sunday, 29th September (Veles).*—Took two Bulgars and a Frenchman back to Prilep, 60 kilometres and a six hours' journey, for though the road is broad and level till you come to the Babuna, it's horribly bumpy still. The poor Bulgars screamed the whole way, and I'd to stop several times to try and arrange their wounded legs better, but there's very little one can do; a bumpy road is bound to hurt fiendishly, however slowly one goes. They've still only a very messy dressing-station squatted in a corner of the barracks at Prilep, so the patients have another long day's journey on to Banitza in M. G——'s cars.

"*Monday, 30th September.*—A beautiful day again, to our great relief, and the river, with the trees beyond it and the hills behind, looked very lovely in the rain-washed air. It is pleasant, too, not to be breathing dust for an hour or two. Most of us cleaned our cylinder heads. Three of the cars were ordered off at an hour's notice to take a doctor and three orderlies to Koumanovo away

beyond Skoplje, 100 kilometres off at least. There were no orders for the rest of us till 9 o'clock to-night, when two of us were sent off with an imbecile guide to look for some slightly wounded somewhere in this tortuous town. Heaven knows where we drove, but when it came to a sort of narrow gutter up a precipitous cliff between two blank walls, a place it would take a clever mule to negotiate, we struck and came home. They can be fetched far more suitably by hand to-morrow. They say Bulgaria has surrendered unconditionally, and that terms are being arranged in Paris. Of course Germany and Austria remain, but it spells triumph for the Serbs at last. Everybody's crowding into the town to-night, and at every turn you're greeted exultantly and your hand wrung by the chancest acquaintance. It is very glorious for them. They've had an awfully strenuous time, of course, and not much to eat, but they aren't feeling it yet. I said to one of the hospital orderlies yesterday that he must have had very hard work. 'There is much to do,' he said; 'but work is not hard when one is going home!' And that is the feeling everywhere.

"*Tuesday, 1st October (Skoplje).*—Off at 8.30 this morning by a disappointing road, hilly at first but afterwards broad and level, along the fertile Vardar valley, and maddeningly bumpy; it was a case of low speed nearly all the way, into holes and over bumps. There were several bridges destroyed, one big one still burning merrily, but by sending a much-amused Macedonian to walk backwards and forwards through the water at several points we found a quite passable ford.

"The inhabitants have come out to-night in quite sufficient quantities to relieve our minds, and the electric street lamps installed by the Germans are twinkling cheerfully. It's a queer sort of town, this ancient capital

of Serbia, with two rows of big gaunt houses along by the river, which is spanned by handsome bridges, one rather mean cobbled street of shops, and the old part huddled up behind, with only a few minarets to relieve the squalor of its blank walls. Turkish customs do not make for cheerful streets, as the gardens are all carefully screened and almost no windows face the outer world.

" *Wednesday, 2nd October (Koumanovo).*—Went up to the Citadel with Miss Dillon this morning to ask about the road, and were told by high authorities that we might start whenever we liked, but the cavalry were starting at 12, so perhaps we'd like to go with them. We searched wildly for petrol, and at last found a small keg of benzol at the station. I'm beginning to hate the sight of kegs of benzol, it makes cranking the cars *such* a business; but it's better than not running at all, and we've lived on loot ever since we left Yellak, having outstripped all the other cars and official supplies.

"At midday the cavalry, mounted on sturdy little horses, started with their band playing but in full battle array of shrapnel helmets and arms. We set out cheerfully after them, and soon overtook them, then got in here just behind the scouts, the rest of the regiment coming along soon afterwards, a very pretty sight, played through the town by their band on white horses, pacing five abreast. H.Q. arrived to-night, I believe, and we saw three Bulgar officers with an armed retinue riding in for a *pourparler*. They really do seem to have capitulated on the whole, but there are little parties of them still scrapping.

"This is a dear little town on a stream, with poplar trees and minarets, and open booths and Turkish inhabitants, but there seemed no clean houses in it, so we've pitched the tents in the open again, and 'the open' is all rather bare and burnt up.

"*Saturday, 5th October (Koumanovo).*—Off at 7 a.m. and home 9.30 p.m.—driving steadily the whole time, and accomplished 120 miles. What a country! Col. Petrovitch told us to send three cars to look for patients in a couple of villages where he believed there were dressing-stations, and to find out which side of Vranja the enemy is, with a view to moving there to-morrow! We drew the first village blank, but a little farther on found some wounded Austrians sheltering in the abandoned lorry; they'd been there for three days without food, they said, and looked pretty miserable. Ellis took them back, and Miss Dillon and I went on. I picked up a very ill Serb on the road, and we also gave lifts to several ambulance people plodding frontwards. It was a beastly day, a bitter wind in the morning and heavy rain from 11 o'clock on. The road is awfully bumpy, straight and flat, but innocent of metal as far as we probed it through the mud, and full of holes. Blocked, too, to-day with every sort of traffic: dozens of big guns, some cavalry, a whole infantry division, three dressing-stations on the move, and strings and strings of pack ponies, army carts, native carts—but we'd the honour of being the only motors fools enough to try it! There are at least a dozen bridges broken; one big one necessitates fording a river just deep enough for the cars, and the little ones also present a pleasant variety of obstacles, with the one unchanging feature of MUD. We had to be shoved a lot, often empty, and it's going to be quite impossible to-morrow with loaded cars, I fear. We were lured on and on with rumoured dressing-stations just ahead, until we finally got to Vranja itself, which the enemy evacuated last night. The Bulgars have really capitulated now, but the Austrians and a couple of German regiments are still scrapping a bit as they retire.

"Vranja is the first town we've been allowed to call 'real Serbia,' and the people came rushing out joyfully to greet us, with wreaths of flowers, marigolds and love-lies-bleeding, to hang on the radiator caps. All the cavalry horses were wearing wreaths too, and flags out everywhere, and this wretched weather spoiling it all! We found Danube II just arriving at the big Barracks Hospital,¹ so I deposited my sick man there. There were some Serbian Sisters, kindly looking women, and a certain amount of equipment left by the Bulgars, and not too many patients, so we didn't suggest bringing any back here, the odds seeming about even on our getting back over the river after this rain. As a matter of fact it wasn't as bad as we'd expected, and seemed not to have risen at all, but some of the other mud-holes were pretty hopeless.

"*Monday, 7th October (Vranja).*—We've got the empty top storey of such an attractive house, with a vine wandering out on a quaint wooden erection ever so far in front of its door, and a delightful well with a roof over it and a big wheel, and our welcome was even more floral and effusive to-day, but, alas! it still rains and ruins everything.

"*Tuesday, 8th October (Vranja).*—We passed Vranski Banja, where the Ostrovo S.W.H. is supposed to be going, so turned aside to see that fashionable health resort with its hot springs smelling strongly of sulphur; but there's nothing fashionable to-day about the pretty little wooded valley with its couple of big boarding-houses empty and deserted.

"The river was full of peasant women washing clothes in the hot water—such pretty, graceful creatures. Their clothes are beautiful too, coloured kerchiefs on their heads and a little rough brown coatee over the

¹ Afterwards taken over by the Scottish Women's Hospital from Ostrovo.

long very full striped petticoat that swings like a kilt when they walk; and the stripes are such glorious colours, vermillion and orange and black, as a rule, but there are blues and greens and purples too.

"This is really the beginning of the home-coming, and we gave lifts to a group of very radiant men this morning, going back to their 'Komandos' after finding the families they'd had no news of for three years alive and well.

"*Friday, 11th October (Leskovatz).*—Got in here at lunch-time, after 25 kilos of very bad roads, and our welcome was certainly amazing. We were literally fallen upon by the entire population, had wreaths hung round our own necks as well as our cars, and an embracing crowd of women and girls surged up and down the town after us, imploring us to go and stay with them, to lunch with them then—at least to come home with them for just five minutes, that their aged mothers might see us. I heard an agonised voice from the midst of the crowd: 'Isn't it terrible to be Scotch just now? You do feel so embarrassed with a whole string of them hanging round your neck,' and I could but agree sadly. They must have been awfully disappointed at even our best efforts at responsiveness. We had coffee in a small shop, breathed and leant heavily upon by several hundred excited spectators, the back rows mounted on tables and chairs, and finally sought refuge in the first empty house that presented itself—a dirty and dilapidated structure that harrowed our admirers terribly; but a boy with a bayonet guarded the entrance against most of them, and we got some prisoners to clean it up a bit. The soldiers seem to have let themselves go, about us, to some effect. I heard a most spirited description of us under shell fire being delivered in a shop the other day; the Charge of the Light Brigade simply wasn't in it!

"We're almost the first cars in, as a matter of fact.

We passed half a dozen broken down on the way, and another half-dozen have won through with H.Q. people, and so on, but we're the first Unit, and congratulating ourselves heartily on getting all the cars along.

"Met the Commissaire of Danube II in the town, who said they'd a lot of wounded 13 kilometres away; so, having found a small quantity of benzol, we all went out and brought some of them in, but most came in ox-carts or walked.

"*Saturday, 12th October (Leskovatz).*—Did one run to Danube II this morning, and found the school building here, where Morava II is established, quite full, so had to take my patients to another big building near. I went in with my stretchers to see how things were, and found the place simply awful; absolutely empty, not a bed, not a stretcher, not a cup of water—only a very little straw spread round the sides of the rooms, and the sick and wounded lying on it all mixed up together. Two wounded women in one crowded 'ward,' one with a fractured femur and one with a newborn baby that she didn't know in the least what to do with. No doctor, and no real orderlies, only a few flustered people from the town. As very few cars could go this afternoon (petrol all finished), half a dozen of us went over to see what we could do—and found it precious little. We got the sick all upstairs, and the wounded all downstairs, and the women into a separate room; and we got more straw, and Miss Dillon got some Austrian prisoners; and the ladies from the town began to surge in. They brought cups and water-jugs, and plates and food, and a few beds, on to which we got the worst cases, with straw wrapped up in our mosquito nets as mattresses; but there are no blankets, and very few pillows, and it is terrible how little one can do with only one's hands and no appliances at all. The first time I went into one of

the rooms a man greeted me eagerly with, 'An English Sister. Has the hospital come from Ostrovo, then?' And how heartily I wished it had.

"We captured Sister and Miss Munn for our annexe to-day, and they've done wonders there. We've got a lot more beds and mattresses, too, but of course until we get blankets the men can't be got out of their torn and bloody uniforms, and only half a dozen of them have been dressed to-day. Several legs and hands are looking pretty nasty to-night, and several temps. are alarmingly high, and of course they're nearly all in a good deal of pain and discomfort. Thank Heaven Drina III has arrived with two excellent surgeons and a lot of material. It's awful how little one can do with no doctor to order treatments, nor appliances to carry them out. The ladies of the town are in too, its being Sunday. They've supplied the beds and the mugs, and as the patients are their own men, whom they haven't seen for three years, one can't interfere much; but it is distressing to see a 'head' with a high temp. lapping up *nakia* (potent plum brandy), or a 'chest,' whose life hangs by a thread, dragged out of his bed and his proper position to have his mattress exchanged for a better one. They're nearly all doing extraordinarily well, though, and a Serb certainly has amazing recuperative powers. Two men died—a gangrenous leg that should have been amputated, and a sick man from upstairs; and some of the worst cases have rather gone to bits to-night, leaning very dolefully one against another, and wanting small attentions continuously—but the pluck of most of 'em's wonderful.

"*Wednesday, 16th October (Leskovatz).*—Wire last night that petrol had been sent off, and we were all to go to Nish; so we've danced on the doorstep all day, packed and ready to start, and now comes a circumstantial

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rumour that the petrol's coming by ox-cart and can't be here till to-morrow night.

"*Thursday, 17th October (Nish).*¹—Petrol arrived in ox-carts early this morning, so the rest of us came on here, 45 kilometres of bumpy road, but dry again now after several summer days, and even the river gave almost no trouble. They say it's never been so low at this season before.

"Found ourselves established in excellent quarters here, an ex-German club, empty but clean and airy. The others went off to Prohuplje directly after lunch for patients, and I did five 8-kilometre journeys round about the town, emptying one local hospital into another. Nish's a much more magnificent city than our memory had painted it. Three years ago, arriving without pause from London, and finding ourselves knee-deep in mud, it struck us as more like a south of Ireland village than anything else; whereas now, after a lengthy sojourn in Macedonia, it really seems a very fine modern town set in the midst of a wide plain.

"*Friday, 18th October (Nish).*—Fetched patients from Prohuplje this morning, 60 kilometres there and back of rather nice rolling open country, with very pretty villages here and there, and sharp blue hills a long way off.

"*Saturday, 19th October (Nish).*—To Prohuplje this morning, but found on arrival that I'd a ball race badly gone, so had to come home on Mac's bus, and send Voyoslav out to mine. Breakages are serious matters nowadays, but we've really had wonderful luck so far, considering the roads. We've got fourteen of our original sixteen here safely, and M. W——'s only got six out of his twenty—and there's no M.T. Company within 100 miles of us now."

Miss Dillon takes us into Belgrade :

¹ See letter from Miss Dillon, written from Nish, p. 285.

"We worked at Nish for ten days, and then went on to Krusehvatz. Fighting was really over, though Krushevatz had gas shells dropped in it, and there were deaths from the results while we were there. The people had had to live in their cellars for some days. We got into Belgrade on 11th November, the army having reached it on the 1st, fourteen out of our original sixteen cars completing the journey.

"And so we finished our trek of 740 kilometres, from one end of Serbia to the other. Our army gave us a very flattering mention in dispatches; the Prince Regent reviewed us and presented medals; and now we are waiting in a little town in Hungary till the right time comes to be demobilised."

"7 ST. LEONARD'S TERRACE, CHELSEA,
11th June 1919.

"EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE COMMITTEE.—
On my arrival in Belgrade last December, it was most gratifying to hear the universal praises of our hospitals, and especially of Miss Dillon's Transport. They earned undying fame for their splendid work in the final offensive.—Believe me, yours always gratefully,

"E. HAVERFIELD."

"ORDRE

ière Armée
Etat Major.
Adj. No. 41163.

"GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, NOVI SAD,
19th January 1919.

"*From the Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army*

"Miss Kathleen Dillon, Commandant of the Scottish Women's Transport Column, who has undeniably earned the crown of success for the very heavy work of her Column, and by showing under all circumstances a splendid example.

300 SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS

"For these services and her fine actions I cite Miss Dillon at the Order of the Army.

"The Voivode Commanding the 1st Serbian Army,
"(Sgd.) BOIOVITCH."

"ORDRE

rière Armée Serbe
État Major.
Adj. No. 41163.

"GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, NOVI SUD,
19th January 1919.

"From the Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army

"The Motor Transport Column of the Scottish Women attached to the 1st Serbian Army under the command of Miss Kathleen Dillon, which before the beginning of the offensive was encamped near Yellak, helped with the evacuation of the wounded and sick from the farthest advanced dressing-stations up to Skotchivar and Banitza by a road frequently exposed to the enemy's fire, which was also very difficult, steep, and mountainous.

"The strenuous task of this Column having redoubled at the commencement of operations, the evacuation of the wounded at Kust, Rachin Potok, and Poltchichte, in spite of constant obstructions on the road, was effected as usual and without interruption. At the time of a great and stupendous need the Column went up to Poltchichte, passing through Gradeshnitza and afterwards on to Melnitza. As soon as the enemy had been driven over the Czerna, the first ambulance to ford this latter was one belonging to this Column. The Column afterwards passed on to Dunje, Bela Vodista Troiatsi, and arrived at Veles, where it accompanied the advance guard of the French Cavalry, entering Koumanovo with

TRANSPORT COLUMNS.



THE TRANSPORT COLUMN.
The Column that "was never late."



ON THE ROAD(?) TO DUNJE.

[To face p. 301.

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them. Further, in spite of bad weather, which impeded the work, the members of the Column surmounted all difficulties with right goodwill and cheerfulness. This splendid example of endurance, devotion, and goodwill has produced an excellent influence on our soldiers who were fortunate enough to witness it.

"The journeys from Koumanovo to Vranja, Leskovatz, and Nish were very difficult: difficulties which had to be conquered by goodwill, energy, and courage. The Column was never late.

"For these splendid feats I cite the Column at the Order of the Army.

"The Voivode Commanding the 1st Serbian Army,
"(Sgd.) BOIOVITCH."

THE STORY OF THE TRANSPORT COLUMN ATTACHED TO THE "ELSIE INGLIS" UNIT

The part played by this Transport from the time it arrived at the camp until it rejoined the Hospital at Sarajevo is given as follows by Miss Robinson, who succeeded Miss Geraldine Hedges as Chief Transport Officer when the latter was obliged to return home owing to severe and repeated attacks of malaria:

"Our official title was Motor Ambulance Section No. 8, and the Section should have consisted of 8 ambulances, 1 Ford van, 3 touring-cars, and 11 Burford lorries. It was a great blow to us when the ship containing the 10 lorries and touring-car was torpedoed. The lorries and car were replaced, but arrived too late to be of any service.

"We settled into our camp near Dragomantsi on 1st April and soon got into full work. The primary purpose of the cars was, of course, to serve our own Hospital, but in addition the ambulances went out every day and worked for all the dressing-stations of the three

divisions of the 2nd Serbian Army—the Timok, Choumadia, and Jugo-Slav Divisions. These stations were scattered about all over the Mogleintsa valley, and some of the roads—marked in red on our maps—were under fire from the Bulgarian batteries in the mountains.

“In the hot weather we had breakfast at 5.30 a.m., and the cars which were on duty left at 6, and proceeded to the dressing-stations, where they worked all the morning. The wounded were brought down the mountains by mules, either to the first dressing-station or to a point where the road became practicable for a car, and our cars carried them to other dressing-stations, to our own Hospital, or to the big British General Hospitals at Vertekop. The drivers then had lunch with the Serbian Hospital Staff—it was particularly pleasant at Tressina and Kapiniani, where the tables were laid under shady trees and there always seemed to be a pleasant breeze. In the afternoon every one slept, and work was resumed about 3 o'clock. The driving at night was rather difficult; it was, of course, forbidden to carry lights, and the narrow roads were blocked by endless processions of hay or provision carts and the long convoys of A.S.C. Ford vans carrying munitions to the foot of the mountains, whence they were carried to the trenches by mules. It was interesting work, the men were pathetically grateful (gratitude seems to be a Serbian characteristic), and the sitting case on the front seat with the driver would begin eagerly to tell her about his family, and on the slightest provocation would produce the photographs of all his relatives and insist on her looking at them. Later on, to prevent the daily waste of time and petrol in getting to the distant dressing-stations, a small advanced camp was formed at Kosturian; two or three charming mud huts were put

up for us by the Serbs, and we pitched our tents in a mulberry grove. Though very hot and dusty, this was a very pleasant camp, and those of us who were not on duty were kept busy entertaining the visitors. They also took us to one or two of the performances at the regimental field theatres, and one was driven to the conclusion that every Serb is an actor by instinct.

"During the influenza epidemic the ambulances were very busy: on one occasion four cars were on duty continuously from 7 a.m. on one day to 7 a.m. the next. The drivers came in full of energy, and were bitterly disappointed at being ordered to bed.

"All through the summer, preparations were being pushed forward for the autumn offensive, and there were fresh rumours every day as to when it would begin. The Serbs were full of hope and enthusiasm, but later on there was some apprehension lest something should go wrong at the eleventh hour, and a comparatively small though important advance was all that most people dared hope for. It meant so much to them, and their enthusiasm and excitement when they succeeded beyond their wildest dreams is indescribable. The officers said that it would have been quite impossible to stop the men if they had tried: the one cry was, 'Send us munitions—never mind the food, bring shells'; and the British A.S.C. men and the French lorry drivers toiled indefatigably day and night to keep them supplied.

"When the offensive began, seven ambulances went over Kaziak with the Second Army and accompanied them (over roads which could only be regarded as a bad practical joke) through Kavadar, Negotin, and Slitip to Veles, where they met the Hospital and the rest of the Transport. The S.W.H. suffered a good deal from lack of warm clothes and of food, in spite of the chivalrous efforts of some of the Serbian officers—notably Colonel

(afterwards General) Zhievanovitch. Two drivers were also sent back seriously ill to Salonika.

"In the meantime the rest of us broke up the camp at Vibliani, and after a short and useful though uncomfortable pause at Donii Pojar (there were millions of flies and five dead horses or mules within smelling distance!) proceeded to Monastir by road. At this point the weather broke and we camped at Vertekop for a few days in seas of mud. Then began the unforgettable journey through Serbia. We passed over the famous Babuna Pass, where St. Sava appeared to lead the Serbian troops to victory, and all the way in both directions there were endless streams of French lorries, Serbian carts, A.S.C. Ford vans, Serbian and French infantry, and Bulgarian prisoners finding their own way to the rear. At Skoplje we all met again, but after a few days, leaving the Hospital and a few cars behind, the ambulance section went forward with the Headquarters of the Second Army. We went through Serbia to Uzice on the Bosnian frontier, seeing the most indescribably beautiful scenery and the most heartrending scenes of human misery. The mountains were clothed in all the glory of their autumn colours, the sun shone on the snow-sprinkled peaks and the rivers dashing below, and along the muddy roads trudged weary old-young men, who, their constitutions undermined by malaria, were now collapsing under the strain of the campaign or falling hopeless victims to the influenza epidemic.

"At Prishtina and Mitrovitza, in addition to the evacuation of the patients we made several journeys, distributing hospital material, of which the local hospitals were almost entirely destitute; the men were lying on the floor on straw like cattle, and the mortality from pneumonia was terrible. There were two reasons for this: in the first place, the enemy had taken away or

destroyed all hospital and other stores ; and in the second, transport into Central Serbia had broken down completely, the bridges, even the smallest, having been destroyed. There was an epidemic of Spanish influenza among the M.T. companies,¹ and owing to the unexpectedly rapid advance and the breaking of the weather, a tremendous strain was put on the motor transport systems, and there were of course no railways at all. We gained a little insight into what war prices could be when we were told that coffee, when obtainable, was 250 francs a kilo, and a reel of cotton had cost 23s.

"Farther north towards Belgrade things were a little better, though food and hospital requisites were terribly scarce. Everywhere we were received with the most touching cordiality and hospitality ; in many of the towns we passed through they had never seen an Englishwoman before, much less a woman chauffeur—in fact, they had to invent a new feminine form of the word 'chauffeur' to meet the emergency.

"At Uzice we found that the mountain passes into Bosnia had become impracticable—ten men and four oxen failed to get a Ford van through—so we turned back, and, passing through Mladanovatz, with its broken fountain, reached Belgrade on 18th December.

"While we were in Belgrade we and the Yellak Unit were inspected by the Prince Regent, and received decorations from him. The gold medal received by the drivers is a valuable decoration not often given. We were now under orders to rejoin our own Hospital at Sarajevo, and as there is no bridge over the Danube we had to ask for a barge from Admiral Troubridge and drive the cars on to it. This was a rather dangerous proceeding—the front wheels of one car shot over the

¹ The British Tommies we read of later in the S.W.H. at Vranja were drawn largely from these M.T. companies.

edge of the barge, and we nearly lost car and driver in the Save. Then we drove the cars on to railway trucks, and after a sleepless but amusing night in the waiting-room we left Semlin on Christmas Day at about 8 a.m., and finished our journey by rail. We had secured a Christmas turkey in Belgrade, and he created some consternation by disappearing at Semlin; a vigorous search, however, discovered him in an empty petrol can. When we reached Sarajevo we found ourselves in civilisation again, and at the end of the most interesting part of our work, but we never succeeded in reaching the end of the kindness of our Serbian and Jugo-Slav friends: no words could exaggerate the cordiality and hospitality with which we were treated by the Serbian officers or by our civilian friends in Cacak, Sarajevo, or Zagreb. It made one feel deeply grateful to have had an opportunity of doing anything, however small, to bring about the enfranchisement of so fine a people."

* * * * *

"It has been wonderful to hear on all sides in Belgrade of the magnificent work done by Miss Dillon's and Miss Robinson's transports. Every soldier and officer I met spoke most enthusiastically of our women drivers, and of their heroism during the last advance. Especially admired was their sang-froid when something went wrong with their ambulances, and shells and aeroplanes were about."¹

¹ From a private letter to the Editor.



A GROUP OF TENTS AT OSTROVO.



VRANJA.

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CHAPTER IV

VRANJA

WE have seen how the round of work the Scottish Women were proud to do for Serbia was completed by their entry into Belgrade with the triumphant army. But though the circle was completed, the work by no means came to an end when the Transport Column was demobilised. If we are still to follow the Scottish Women in their last venture, we must retrace our steps from Belgrade back past the familiar-sounding names in the north till we reach the town of Vranja in the centre of Serbia. Here we shall find in November 1918 the Unit from Ostrovo, now under Dr. Emslie, who had moved from their beautiful camp by the lake there, to take over from the Serbs the hospital at Vranja. This was a huge building with a long frontage and wings jutting out to the back at each end. It was formerly a barracks, and required much attention before it could properly fulfil the new requirements. As the hospital was the only one within a radius of fifty miles, it was full to overflowing with patients; but much had to be done in the way of cleaning and making provision for lighting and for hot water—no easy task in the case of such a large building.

In the delightful letter which follows, written by Mrs. Green, Administrator to the Unit, we get a detailed account of the move from Ostrovo to Vranja, and of the work the Unit had to do on their immediate arrival.

"VRANJA, SERBIA, 4th November.

"I know you will be wondering where we are and what we are doing. As you know, the advance on the Balkan front came very suddenly, and things happened before one could think or realise what was happening. About a month ago we had orders from our Director of Medical Service to evacuate all patients, and prepare to go to Serbia at once, as our help was urgently needed. Every one helped with a right good will, Matron and Miss Barker doing colossal work. Dr. Emslie and I started for Serbia to see where our Hospital was to be. Miss West drove us nearly all the way, and we took a Serb driver with us also, as we were anxious to do the trip in as short a time as possible, and arranged that Miss West and the Serb should relieve one another. The first day we got as far as Skoplje, and that, in spite of having to pass many Bulgarian *dursins* leaving Serbia. They looked tolerably well cared for, and not as if they had been starved or neglected in any way. Officers and men saluted us as we passed. We arrived at Skoplje about 8 o'clock at night, and got a room in the Hospital where Colonel Vladosavlovitch was staying. He was delighted to find that we were moving so quickly, and said that the need for us was very terrible. Next day we started early and arrived at Vranja about 6 o'clock.

"The Hospital is an enormous building, and was originally used as a barracks. Doctors and students were working night and day, and patients were pouring in all the time. The doctors attached to the ambulance wanted us to take charge at once, but of course we could not. They were anxious to get on behind the army, where the need was even greater.

"Next day we returned to Skoplje, where we spent the night, and again saw Vladosavlovitch, who told us that he could not help us in any way about transport, as all

the Serbian convoys had gone on to Nish; however, he begged us to try to help the Serbs, as there were no doctors or nurses available to do anything. Dr. Emslie reassured him by telling him that we had already arranged for the removal of our personnel and for part of our equipment at least—the most necessary things to start our work with. I may tell you that the prospects were appalling, hundreds of patients wanting help of every kind, and practically no food in the country—coffee, £4 a kilo; tea, £4, 10s.; sugar, 35 drs., or about £1, 10s. a kilo, and everything in proportion, and very little to be got even at those prices—so that the day after we arrived at Ostrovo I hurried down to Salonika to collect all the food, drugs, and equipment that I could manage to get. General Fortescue was very good, and gave me permission to buy what I wanted from the British Ordnance. The Red Cross people also were very good, and gave me 100 sheets, 100 pillow-slips, 100 prs. socks, 100 prs. pyjamas, 6 sacks flour, 100 lbs. sugar, 2 boxes of milk, 1 case coffee, and a few other things. We got all the equipment packed on to the railway wagons, and Dr. Blake and three of the orderlies went with it to Monastir.

“Before I go further, I must tell you how absolutely overjoyed we were to find that our long-looked-for Selden lorry had arrived in Salonika in time to help us to bring our Sisters here. Our old Selden and the G.M.C. lorry took all our stuff to the railway station, so that we did not need any outside help at all. The Kelly Springfield lorry made many journeys to the station, but finally broke its axle and had to be sent to Salonika to be repaired, so that the new Selden got a wonderful reception when we got back to Ostrovo with it. We were a most imposing-looking convoy when we started with 2 touring-cars, small Ford van, 3 ambulances, 2 Seldens, and

the G.M.C. lorry. There were so many Sisters in each, with the bare necessities of life in their haversacks, and food enough for a five days' journey. Each car carried a small Serbian flag which we had made, and the leading car had a small Union Jack. All our Sisters were in splendid spirits at the prospect of really good work, and all were in excellent health; and I felt very thankful, as Spanish influenza was very bad here, and I was anxious that they should all keep fit. In Monastir I met a man who had trekked through Albania with us, and we had shared our food with him, so he was anxious to help us. He was running a Y.M.C.A. canteen, and he gave us a place behind his tents for our wagons to stand for the night. His men made tea for the whole formidable party, and gave us tables and benches so that we could have our supper in comfort. Each member of our Unit was allowed to carry a small haversack containing necessities, also a camp bed, ground sheet, pillow, and two blankets, so that we were able to be quite comfortable. We were lucky enough to have lovely moonlight for our journey, and it was rather a wonderful sight to see our rows of little beds with the Sisters sleeping placidly, while a few yards away guns, ammunition, and soldiers of many nationalities passed along in a steady stream. We were up bright and early, and soon ready. As our car was leading and doing so well, Dr. Emslie suggested that we should hurry on and try to get some place for the Unit to sleep in at Veles. In all the villages through which we passed we found Serbian flags flying, and every one looking relieved and expectant, as of course the Serbs were hurrying back as fast as ever they could to their homes.

"We arrived in Veles about 8 o'clock, and were lucky enough to find two of the 'Elsie Inglis' Unit, who took us to the house where they had got rooms

for the night. Our party did not turn up, but spent the night at the top of the Babuna Pass, where the Serbs once fought so valiantly, and they did not arrive until about 2 o'clock next day. As the Selden had not put in an appearance, we decided to spend the night in Veles, and the Serbian Prefect gave us the village school to sleep in. I had to forage round and get food for my Unit, and fortunately I was able to get enough for them all, though food was certainly very scarce and a terrible price. Next day we started early, after I had raided the British canteen and collected as much food as possible for the remainder of the journey. The day was fine and sunny, and some of the scenery through which we passed was very wonderful. Up and down over those beautiful mountains we went, passing and repassing endless streams of traffic going and coming over hills and passes, until we came to a small village where we had lunch. This consisted of tongue—which we had got from the British canteen—and bread, as well as tomatoes, cheese, and pears, which I bought in the village, so that we had quite a banquet in the main street with all the inhabitants looking on. That night we got to Skoplje about dusk, and went to Lady Paget's old hospital, where we found some of the Serbian Relief people busy getting the place into order. They were very kind and helped us to get hot water for tea, and we spent quite a comfortable night there. After supper we went to see Dr. Chesney and her people, who had just arrived to work there; their hospital was quite full, and every one was very busy. Lots of our old patients greeted us in Skoplje. We were glad to find that the town had not been very much destroyed, but most of the railway bridges and telegraph and telephone systems were blown up, and there was useless and wanton waste everywhere.

"We arrived in Vranja about 8 o'clock, and felt our spirits a little damped, as the night was very cold and it was raining hard, and no preparations had been made for us; however, we soon got beds put up in one of the wards, and after rather a scanty supper we went to bed. In the morning we found the ground white with snow, and the cold intense. The Serbian ambulance left the Hospital about 6 o'clock in the morning, and we all set to work to do what we could to get some of the wards cleaned up. Patients had simply poured into Vranja during the advance, and at times there were 1500 patients stowed away in all sorts of odd corners, but by the time we arrived there were only about 400. Four Serbian doctors and a few medical students had worked heroically, and treated not only the wounded and sick in hospital, but all the people in the town who were suffering from Spanish influenza. They had done splendid work, but, as you can imagine, there was no time for cleaning or keeping sanitary arrangements in any kind of order, so that our tasks at first seemed almost too enormous.

"Miss Barker has been a perfect tower of strength, and has tackled the most appalling and disgusting difficulties with splendid courage and cheeriness. I can never say enough for the way every one has buckled to and worked, and it has been work under the very greatest possible difficulties, as we did not possess a single brush, duster, pail, nor a single piece of soap, and yet the wards got cleaned with brushes made from branches cut from the trees round the Hospital. They have performed wonders in one short week, but, as you can imagine, there is a great deal still to be done. This is an enormous building, originally used as a barracks, and there are many outhouses of all sorts, a good garage with concrete floor, excellent places for storing all our

things. We are terribly badly needed, as there is no doctor in the place, and such an amount of illness. In one of the wards we found several English Tommies suffering very much from influenza; one especially, a boy H—, was very ill and died next morning. We were glad to be here and see that he was decently buried. We made a wreath and cross of lovely flowers, and as many nurses as could get away went to his funeral. His comrades carried him to the cemetery, and Dr. Emslie read a short burial service at the grave. We did feel so sad that we had not been able to come a day or two sooner; however, the doctor and Sisters have done wonders for the other boys, and they are improving wonderfully. We have eleven of them in at present, and all sorts of people come craving to be admitted, so that I think it would be difficult to find a more cosmopolitan hospital anywhere.

“I don't suppose the censor would like me to tell you too much about the awful condition of things here. The people say the Germans took all the food and useful material of every kind out of the country before they left, so that the deprivation has been terrible; but we are going to do all that we can for the poor suffering people here, and I can assure you that the efforts of the S.W.H are much appreciated by every one—the Serbs, French, and British. If it is possible, we want all the warm clothing we can get—shirts, pyjamas, socks, mufflers, bedding, blankets; everything is needed badly; men, women, and children are nearly naked. The roads, of course, will be very difficult during the winter, but we are hoping that the railway from Salonika will soon be repaired, and that we can get things brought up more easily.

“Forgive a hurried, incoherent, rambling letter, but Miss S—, one of Miss Dillon's girls, has just come in

from Nish *en route* for England, and I want to send this by her in the morning, so that you will know what we are doing.

"I have sat up nearly all night to write it, and I have had a very strenuous day. We are working hard, and the suffering and sadness all round one are simply terrible. A poor Serbian officer was brought in unconscious two nights ago. To-day he insisted upon getting up and going on to Skoplje. He was most unfit to go out, and Dr. Emslie and I did our best to persuade him to remain for a night or two longer. Then he told us his pitiful tale, how he had gone up into Serbia with his heart full of joy and hope that, after three years of separation, he was to see his wife and little children again in the home he loved. But he had found it burnt to the ground and a new coffee-house arranged in the ruins, and his wife and little children hanged by the Bulgars. He said he was only one of many officers who had the same experience. 'Most of them shot themselves or went mad, but I have come on to find my regiment, as my men were left behind at Skoplje and may not be able to get rations until I return. When I have made arrangements for them I will take something to make me sleep and sleep! I am not ill at all with any ordinary curable illness, but just my heart is broken, and I don't want to live.' I took him to the mess-room and gave him Serbian coffee, and got him to eat a little, and it seemed to comfort him to talk, but he insisted on leaving the Hospital and going off to Skoplje. I fear there is terrible suffering and sorrow in store for many of the poor Serbs, and the end of the war will only mean the beginning of fresh sorrows for many of them. On the other hand, there will be some happy meetings. I brought letters and a parcel from a doctor in Vodenà to his wife and children who live here, and it was

VRANJA.



DR. ISOBEL EMSLIE.

St. Sava Vth; Croix de Guerre; Médaille d'honneur des Epidémies;
C.M.O., Vranja.

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delightful to see their joy. His two children threw their arms round me and begged me to take them to daddy. His wife was very quiet, and unable to realise that her husband was really alive, but his old mother's joy was too wonderful. He was her only son, and she had mourned for him for three years, as they told her that he was dead! And so the time goes on—interesting things happening all the while, and the days never long enough for all that has got to be done. When I feel extra tired I go into the English Tommies' ward, and it revives me to see them looking so comfortable and so appreciative."

Dr. Emslie, C.M.O. of the Unit at Vranja, had worked with the S.W.H. in the Girton and Newnham Unit, under Dr. Louise M'Ilroy, since 1915. She has done wonders at Vranja. It is no easy task to take over a hospital full of patients, which has been carried on without a sufficient staff of doctors, with no nurses and no proper organization, and to convert it into an orderly and efficient institution. It was this task which faced Dr. Emslie at Vranja, and which she performed with marked courage and success. In the quotations from her letters which follow, the story of Vranja is continued.

From other sources we learn of the candle-lit corridors and wards in the first weeks before electric light was installed, and of the ward full for many a day of British Tommies—"our own Boys," as Dr. Inglis called them.

"VRANJA, 9th November 1918.

"It will be a fortnight to-morrow evening since we arrived at Vranja, and it seems years already. All of us arrived together, as we kept in convoy the whole way. We took five days to do the trek. Mrs. Green managed the food part so well that we always had enough to eat.

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I shall try to write you, later on, all about that journey, with its interests and its pathos, its dangers and difficulties.

"I felt very much the responsibility of bringing all the Staff here, and the great difficulty of getting our material up—however, I saw that here in Vranja was the place for work. I never have seen work like it, and so I determined by any means to get the Unit up there.

"I had them all together at Ostrovo, told them about the difficulties and dangers, and gave them the chance of going home. They decided to come on, and here we are at Vranja, and *nearly all our material*, which has to come the whole way from Monastir to Vranja in lorries.

"I cannot say how much we owe to the Heads of the French and British Transports, who have put us before everybody else, including themselves, in giving us transport. They have not any hospitals yet of their own—only two small detention-tent hospitals for the British, and these fifty and a hundred miles from here. The British have asked us to take the Tommies, which we are very glad to do—and they much appreciate being with us. We have all nationalities—French, English, Serb, Roumanian, Bulgar, Austrian, and German officers and men—and Colonel Vladosavlovitch has told us to receive any of the Allies.

"When we arrived here, we found an absolutely filthy building with 450 very ill patients in it—each case almost a problem in itself. The medical cases nearly all were broncho-pneumonia or pneumonia, pleurisy, and empyæmia—most of them very serious; and the surgical cases were appalling—many needing operation, and all the dressings were just as they had been first put on.

"We have an out-patient department running on until 7 p.m. in the evening — chiefly women and

children from the village, where the conditions are just awful at present. They have had no doctors all this time, and still have none, and are in very bad condition from poor feeding. We have had already to do a great many immediate operations on children who have been wounded by bombs and still are being wounded by the shells exploding. The injuries are terrible, and we have had several poor little hands to amputate, and often they have terrible abdominal wounds. These children we have got to take in, but all other civilians we are keeping out in the meantime, as we have far too many soldiers as it is. Perhaps later on we may be able to take in and operate on some of the most imperative civilian cases.

"We have had to do a few urgent cases in the village, and Dr. McKenzie and I try each to go there for an hour a day; it is really our recreation, even though one is working the whole time in the village—it is a change. It is heart-breaking not to be able to look after everyone and receive all who want to come to hospital, but unfortunately the day is only twenty-four hours long and our Hospital has not elastic sides.

"The Hospital will actually hold 300 beds comfortably when we are settled, as one wing I have shut off for a nurses' home, and part of the other for an out-patients' department. If we are still here in summer, however, I shall put the whole nursing Staff in tents.

"I have wired you for ten nurses and one doctor, preferably with some laboratory experience, so that she could run the laboratory, typhoid, dysentery, and malaria work especially.

"Dr. Blake and Dr. McKenzie seem to be enjoying the work immensely, and are at it from morning till night, and often during the night. We are all awfully happy together, and everybody seems to be enjoying every minute of the work."

"VRANJA, 8th December 1918.

"We are still just as busy as we were when we first arrived, and I think we are likely to be so all the winter, as there seems to be no probability of other hospitals coming to Vranja. Nish and Skoplje are the nearest, and even there they are dreadfully overworked. We are trying to keep our numbers down in Hospital, but what can one do when dying people come and sit on one's doorstep? We always said the greatest work would be done when the Serbs arrived back in Serbia, but conditions are even worse than we thought they would be.

"We are gradually getting the place quite smart, and very soon it will be free of smells. The nurses' home wing is absolutely clean, has a bathing-room, and a plentiful supply of hot water. It is quite shut off from the rest of the Hospital, and is entered by a separate side door.

"The mess-room is in a separate building just close beside the Hospital and in the grounds, and there also is the kitchen, the washing-up room, and a huge room which used to be full of Bulgars in the last stage of all sorts of disease. Now I shall have it cleaned and kept for a recreation-room, and also for the patients who are able to be up for meals. At present, we have practically none fit to be up, for as soon as they are able to get out of bed they have to be sent off all the way up to Nish, or down to Skoplje."

"VRANJA, 12th January 1919.

"The work increases daily, instead of showing any signs of decreasing. I am now unable even to get the number of patients below 350, however hard I try, and it is generally about 367. We still are able to take in only the very worst cases, and accidents

and operations, and have to turn away nearly all the Bulgars, unless very ill. The latter are in a dreadful state—hardly any food or clothes, sometimes they are two or three days without food. One morning we had three brought in, one of whom was dead; another sat down on the doorstep and died, and the third died on the stretcher on his way to the ward. This may just give you a faint idea of conditions. It is not the authorities' fault, for the roads are so bad and it is so difficult to get food up, and the way to our Hospital so long, that the men cannot stand the walk.

"We are the only doctors in Vranja, or for that matter within a radius of fifty miles. At the *Komanda Mesta* (Commandant de la Place) I still do the *Komicia* (Medical Board) for the recruits, and for the soldiers leaving the army. There is no military doctor to do this.

"We have been here now ten weeks and six days, and are very comfortable. We have got electric light up in all the wards, theatre, and administrative part, and our engine is running very well. The question of wood for heating and cooking is a little easier now, and life is not quite so difficult.

"We feel almost civilised with the train only forty miles away."

"VRANJA, 15th February 1919.

" . . . I have expected since our first day here to have cases of typhus, but all went well till this spell of cold weather came. For the past fortnight we have had deep snow, and sunless, miserable weather, and with it came the typhus. I believe they have the same outbreaks in Nish and Skoplje, and in Bulgaria, but it is difficult to hear any definite news. They have also some smallpox. I don't think this will be a big epidemic, and we are taking every possible care, and

have reminded the town authorities about precautions. The people have no one to help or advise them, so we have to do the best we can for them.

"While the typhus is on, I have stopped the Bulgar patients coming to the Hospital. We were getting crowded out with them, and if we had a two-thousand-bed hospital we should not have enough beds. Poor wretches most of them are, hardly like men at all. A number have frozen feet now, and all are wasted, and many demented. We still sometimes have as many as half a dozen brought in on willow stretchers, moribund, having fallen out on the way to Hospital. It is the most ghastly sight.

"I am afraid these poor Bulgars are having a dreadful time in their camps, but I considered, all round, it was best not to risk overcrowding while this epidemic lasts.

"I have also stopped all but the most urgent out-patient dressings till the typhus blows over. I hope it may soon finish, as the town, the out-patients, and the Bulgars are suffering while it lasts."

"9th April 1919.

"Typhus still continues. We have over 100 cases in Hospital, and the epidemic is not abating as quickly as I thought it would.

"The question of food gives us no trouble now. Rations are coming in regularly, and they are good; patients' and Staff ration money is coming in daily. There is a sufficiency of wood and everything else. All these things are largely due to the train service, which now runs direct from Salonika to Vranja, and up to Nish, but no nearer Belgrade than that.

"I told you we had taken over a German laundry when we came first, 'complete with every modern con-

venience.' We have now fifteen women working in it and six scrubbers in the Hospital. The authorities have agreed to pay all these people for us, so we are getting much more economical.

"The Hospital begins to look smarter, and the grounds are beginning to look lovely. Our garden is simply blooming with apple, pear, plum, and peach, and the lilacs are going to burst in a day or two. There are very many in the garden. With the help of a British sergeant and some old Serbs and Bulgars a very successful tennis court has been made, and has been in use for the past five days. It is mud and sand, and plays well. The Red Cross gave us the posts and net and balls.

"Hockey continues three times a week, and in the meantime all are keeping fit.

"The Prefect of Vranja has given us a beautiful little villa at Vranski Banja, and there we shall send any 'tired' or convalescent Staff. It is an empty house, very new and clean, and was used before the war as the doctor's residence in connection with the hot springs. Vranski Banja is a Serbian 'Baden-Baden,' and was before the war a very fashionable place; certainly the houses are much better built than anything I have so far seen in Serbia, but no 'fashionables' have yet arrived, I am glad to say.

"Our villa has two balconies—one along the side and one round the front door. It stands right up on the hill and has a gorgeous view and a nice garden. I think we are very lucky to have it given to us, and I am sure it will be most useful. It is just seven miles from the Hospital, so it will be easy to reach.

"I have not told you of our one Serbian probationer. We hope shortly to have more, as she is proving such a success. She is Olga Achinovitch. We have dressed

her in blue-and-white striped overall, with white collar and cuffs, and small Quaker cap, turned back with white. She comes regularly and works very hard.

"Bishop Price and Colonel Findlay (padre) have been staying with us for two days on a mission to the troops. The Bishop left for Nish to-day and returns in a few days to conduct service in our hall on Sunday for ourselves and the British M.T. men. Our hall makes a fine church, and in it three days ago there was solemnised a wedding—that of a British M.T. corporal and a charming Serbian girl. She looked so sweet in white, with veil and orange blossom. Mrs. Green and I thought we ought to make some effort to have it all very nice—not only because we knew the couple, but because of the alliance of the nations, as the whole countryside knew of the wedding. It was absolutely English, except that a Serbian priest and crowds of Serbian people were present. Twenty of us were in the choir. We wore white overalls and white veils, and carried bunches of lilac. About the same number of M.T. men were in the choir also. We had forms on each side arranged like choir stalls, and an aisle formed by Sisters, holding long garlands and lilac. We all thought it was the prettiest wedding we had ever seen, and it was just arranged the evening before. The girls are so good the way they rise to things when they are often dead tired. They all looked very nice at the wedding, and so bright and happy, and there was no evidence of hurry, though every one had to tear back to the wards again just as soon as the ceremony was finished.

"Mrs. Green had a very busy time in Salonika and a very successful one. The Red Cross, through Colonel Fitzpatrick, have been even more generous than ever

before, and have given us seven or more truck loads—large size—of Red Cross Store, including clothing, food-stuffs, and hospital equipment. Colonel Fitzpatrick hopes to come and see us in about a month's time, on his way to Belgrade."

VRANJA, 28th May 1919.

"DEAR MRS. RUSSELL,—Many thanks for your letter of the 29th April, and also for the medals which arrived by Sister Aitken. We are all charmed with them. I think they are most beautifully designed and finished. The workmanship is so fine, and each little detail—the barette even—is so perfect. I have heard several of the Sisters say, 'I'd much rather wear this than any other medal I could get.' We are wearing it on the right side, more as a hospital badge.

"Our coming and going members are being put up at the American Red Cross in Salonika now, with which Society we are on the most friendly terms. The M.L.O. advises the American Red Cross at once of their arrival, and it is all very simple and comfortable. We give them hospitality here when they pass, and they have given us a great deal of material one way and another.

"The Serbian Relief Fund, too, are giving Mrs. Green a quantity of clothing for distribution. We are on very good terms with this Society too. They are most accommodating in putting up our members passing through Skoplje, and we are hardly ever without some of their people passing through or coming for a few days' holiday.

"The villa at Vranski Banje is in full swing. It looks more charming than ever. It is well built, and is certainly quite the most modern-looking house I have seen in Vranja. It has three bed-

rooms and one sitting-room, all done up most tastefully by Miss Munn, a very good kitchen, and a nice garden and two large verandahs. There is also a room for the man and his wife who live out there always. She cooks and cleans, and he attends to the outside arrangements and, as he is by trade a bootmaker, mends shoes for the Hospital.

"Then I have a room for a dispensary there, with doors of its own and a separate entrance to the house. The people come from the surrounding villages for dressings, medicines, and to have their eyes and ears looked after. At present I have the two American nurses lent by the American Red Cross out there, and they are working the dispensary. They get on so well with all our girls, and it is so nice to have an inter-Ally feeling about it. I am getting things from the Americans, too, to stock this dispensary. They are all very keen about it.

"I am running a lorry out there three times a week with supplies, and it should carry about six members with it each time. They love going to our little home, and the whole place is just a fairyland of flowers.

"We never get below our three hundred and fifty patients, and are not even yet admitting all; but now we are able to take in cervical adenitis and more chronic cases for operation, and hope soon to have a fifteen-bedded ward instead of our present six-bedded room for women. (It really has ten in it.) We hope soon also to have a children's ward. Typhus has practically ceased now, and all the Staff at present are absolutely fit. We have therefore taken the opportunity of doing up the Sisters' sick-room. It is done in natural holland (from the Red Cross) and that beautiful cretonne you sent us. It is in shades of blue, purple, and rose, and everything is arranged to match—a little

cretonne settee, cushions, and electric light shade, etc. We are doing the officers' ward up in practically the same style.

"I told you in my last letter of the tuberculosis patients that Prince Alexander's Hospital wished us to take. We are able now to receive them, so seventeen of them are coming quite soon. We are putting a tent up for the ones that are pretty well, and the others will go into a ward and will stay out in the verandahs all day and perhaps, later on, at night.

"We have had steady rain for six weeks now, except for perhaps two or three hours' sunshine in the afternoon. In spite of this the garden is getting on, the seeds are all coming up and soon will be ready for transplanting, and the rose trees are just covered with buds.

"We have great help in the outside work by two English soldiers, Ecklorff and Doran, left behind with us by their Companies. We hope to get permission to keep them till they are demobilised. They work a squad of Bulgars. It is charming to see how these men get on with an Englishman.

"We have still a few British Tommies in hospital. When they are well they will be sent to Salonika to report for home.

"It was rather touching how when the English Companies left here several of the Tommies came to me and asked if they could stay to 'protect' us, as they couldn't bear the thought of leaving us all alone in Vranja. . . ."

* * * * *

The work of this Hospital in Vranja—the last of the Scottish Women's Hospitals to be closed—recalls in many respects the labours of the other Units, and, combining memories of them all, leads us towards the close of the history.

As we read of the cleaning that had to be done on their arrival, and of the Staff finding their way about the enormous building by the dim light of candles, we are reminded of the first fortnight in the Abbey of Royaumont.

The typhus epidemic fought so bravely carries us back in memory to Kraguievatz, where the Scottish Women's connection with Serbia began.

And the British Tommies, as they streamed into the Hospital with their oft-repeated "Ah, Sister, if the Scottish Women had been here sooner none of us would have died!" remind us of the original idea of the founders of the S.W.H. when their first Unit, magnificently equipped, and with a C.M.O. of Miss Ivens' calibre, was offered to the British War Office. Red tape blocked the way to its acceptance. But with the quiet force which comes from patience, and from the determination to serve always where they were most needed, the Scottish Women attained in the end their primary object, having previous to its fulfilment served in a wider field and on more extensive battle fronts than even their fearless Founder had dreamed of in 1914.

FROM A BRITISH MOTHER

"To Dr. Emslie, c/o Scottish Women's Hospital,
Vranja, Serbia

"DEAR DR. EMSLIE,—I cannot refrain from writing you a short note, to say how grateful and pleased I am to hear of the very great kindness and tender care which yourself and your Staff of the above hospital have shown towards my son and the other boys under your charge. I also realise that yourself and your Staff are working under difficulties very great indeed, which I can hardly yet believe to be true. I have indeed been comforted

by the knowledge that all was done for the best, and I am sure that the other mothers of this country who have also got sons on active service in your area will also appreciate what has been done for them.

"Accept, dear friend, my deepest thanks, which is all I can offer.—Yours faithfully,

"(Sgd.) MRS. M——."

NOTE.—The Hospital at Vranja was closed in October 1919, Dr. Emslie taking up the work of C.M.O. in The Elsie Inglis Memorial Hospital.

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MISS LOUISE McILROY, M.D., D.Sc.
St. Sava Hrd. ; Croix de Guerre avec Palme ; Medaille d'honneur des Epidémies ;
C.M.O., Girton and Newnham Unit.

[To face p. 329.]

PART VII: THE GIRTON AND NEWNHAM UNIT

CHAPTER I

TROYES AND SALONIKA

THE Girton and Newnham Unit, whose work is described in this chapter, began its career in May 1915 under Dr. Louise McIlroy of Glasgow and Dr. Laura Sandeman of Aberdeen. Six months' work at Troyes in France, a few weeks' strenuous labour at Guevgueli in Serbia, and then three years of work at Salonika, form the outline of its story. One last journey completes the history of this Unit. After the Armistice was signed it moved, with the complete equipment of the Hospital, to Belgrade, where it will form the nucleus of the Elsie Inglis Memorial Hospital. All the time under the French War Office it earned the gratitude both of the French and Serbian Armies by its devotion to their sick and wounded. In point of time this is the fourth Unit, and its story might have been told after that of the Valjevo Unit. But as it was amongst the last to cease its activities under the S.W.H. Committee, and was chosen to inaugurate at the end of the war the work of the hospital which is to help to commemorate the name of Dr. Elsie Inglis amongst the people of her devotion, the description of this Unit suitably finds a place here, at the end of the volume.

The early days of this Unit at Troyes are sketched for us by Dr. McIlroy and Mrs Harley :

" In May 1915, the French War Office indicated to the S.W.H. Committee that it would be willing to accept

a Unit, and accordingly we were sent out with 250 beds, to be accommodated under canvas. The place chosen was at Troyes, in the Champagne district, and a mansion-house situated in beautiful grounds was secured for the Staff. Mrs. Harley acted as administrator, and did much to further the interests and welfare of the Hospital with the authorities. The Hospital was placed directly under the War Office, and from its inception there has been nothing but courtesy and kindness received from the French Army officials. No resident French officer has been put in charge, nor at any time has the medical or surgical work of the Hospital been questioned. Perfect freedom of judgment has been accorded for treatment and for the performance of all operations. Dr. Laura Sandeman was physician in charge of the medical beds.

"In the early days of the war the French utilised all the available buildings, such as schools and halls, for their hospital accommodation, and had made little use of tents, except for ambulances or field service work. The fact that this small Scottish hospital was under canvas was a source of very great interest to the authorities. General de Torcy, who was the officer in command, and General Tousseau, the medical director, were unfailing in their help. The beds were accommodated in large marquees, the latter holding twenty in each, the addition of sectional wooden floors contributing much to the comfort and appearance of the tents. The wards were lighted by electricity. The operating theatre was in the *orangerie*, and was ideal in its accommodation with regard to light and air space."¹

"Will your readers in imagination follow me to the historical old town of Troyes, and, about a mile and a half from the railway station, pass through two large

¹ Dr. McIlroy's report.

iron gates, above which, and flanked on either side by the Union Jack and French flag, they will see in large letters the words 'Scottish Women's Hospitals—*Hôpital Auxiliaire Bénévole* 301.' To the right of them, they will see a long building which goes by the name of Château Chanteloup, a château only in name, as it is too small even to accommodate the whole Staff, but bright and airy, with large windows. In the middle of the Park, about a hundred yards from the house, stand the hospital tents—a double row—arranged with as much regularity as the ground will permit. Each tent forms a ward, furnished with twenty beds, with pink coverlets, small white tables, and a long, narrow table between the two poles, with shelves underneath. Three clever soldier carpenters have transformed the large packing-cases into ward cupboards, which are the delight of the Sisters. All is arranged with a view to the economy of space, and our visitors tell us the *mise en scène* is very attractive. Wooded walks and large trees and flowering shrubs surround the open space for the tents. Near at hand, a field kitchen in wood and red brick has been built for the cooking of the patients' food. Another wooden building has been erected for bathrooms, besides a dressing-room, where septic wounds are attended to.

"20th June.—Our Tent Hospital is causing a great deal of interest here, as it is practically the first experiment in nursing the French soldiers under canvas, though, of course, our Tommies have been in tent hospitals all last winter.

"To-day we have had our first lot of visitors round the tents, and they have simply been delighted—our field kitchen of red brick was specially admired, and the '*Salle d'Operation*' in the *orangerie* is also looked upon as marvellous. We are making it a great favour

to see the place, and admit only by card, or we should be simply inundated. On the other hand, we give a card to any one who takes the trouble to write and ask for it, or to any one who has done anything to help us while we have been organizing.

"We have now just about fifty patients. They are all so pleased here. They have nicknamed the chauffeurs who bring them in 'The good angels who bring us to Paradise.' It is wonderful how soon they pick up in this fresh air and sunshine.

"I am very hopeful of the great good this Hospital is going to do for the French soldiers, and we are all so happy in our work. The whole Unit is splendid." ¹

In October, the Unit received orders for Salonika from the French authorities. The following letter expresses the estimation in which they were held.

"THE CHAIRMAN, SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS
FOR FOREIGN SERVICE, EDINBURGH

"15th October 1915.

"DEAR MADAM,—One of your Units is about to start on a new and longer journey, pursuing your work of mercy in Eastern lands. Before they leave my country, I must tell you how deeply grateful we are to you, and all your very efficient and devoted workers. Both from Royaumont and Troyes we have heard about the wonderful skill and the great gentleness of the Scottish Women's doctors and nurses acting like 'ministering angels' for the broken sons of France.

"Their patients cannot speak too highly of the care taken and the kindness shown them, and everybody is very sorry your Hospital should go.

¹ Mrs. Harley's report.

"You are leaving my country, but you stay with her brave soldiers. I am glad they should have your care in this new campaign in a foreign country, where everything is so different from their own beloved France.—
Yours sincerely,

"(Sgd.) VICOMTESSE DE LA PANOUSE."

Writing in December 1916, Dr. McIlroy tells the story of the Unit from the time of its departure from France.

"The chief reason for this Unit being sent to the Near East was that the Hospital was entirely under canvas, and therefore was easily mobile, hospital accommodation being urgently required by the French troops in their expedition into Serbia. This is the first case of a foreign auxiliary hospital having been sent with the French Expeditionary Force, and the honour was an evidence of the very harmonious relationship between the military authorities and the Staff.

"Leaving Marseilles in October, the Unit had a somewhat delayed but interesting voyage through the Mediterranean Sea. Owing to the danger of submarines, delays occurred at Malta, Mudros, and Athens. The journey was made past the islands of Greece, beautiful with their autumn tints—the houses clustered together for safety on the slopes of the hills. Salonika was reached at last, and appeared picturesque from the sea—a city of gaily coloured roofs and many minarets. Rising up behind the town could be seen the battlements of the ancient fortress, fit background for past century warriors. Long rows of sailing ships lined the quays. Everywhere could be seen the costumes of the East, mixed with the uniforms of the troops. Salonika, now under Greek dominion, has changed somewhat in the last three years, but to all outward appearances it is

still a Turkish town, with its mosques and latticed windows. In the older quarters veiled women can still be seen in the streets. Here the East and West seem to meet—the electric tramways on the street, and close by the patriarch in his turban, riding on his ass.

“When we reported our arrival at the Bureau of the *Service de Santé*, orders were given us to proceed as soon as possible to Serbia, and there form one of a small number of French hospitals at Guevgueli. After some delay over the landing and dispatching of the equipment, the members of the Unit set out by train to the unknown life. One remembers the waiting at the railway station, the cold of the evening and the journey, the arrival at Guevgueli in the early morning, the scrutiny of the passports by Serbian military officials, and the warm Turkish coffee which was obtained at the little inn near the station. As soon as daylight had come we set out to interview the French medical officials. Colonel Nicolet, the *Médecin Principal*, was most courteous, and came at once to find a site for the camp, even before he had had his morning coffee. The ground surrounding a silk factory was selected, and proved an excellent place for the Hospital. The factory contained a large amount of machinery and stores of cocoons. The top floor only was available for the use of the Staff and stores. Although within solid walls, the members often envied the patients in their warm tents, as the so-called windows or openings were devoid of glass, and the wind and snow were difficult to exclude. The water supply was excellent, and the ground was spacious. Near at hand was the river Vardar, behind rose the Serbian hills, range after range, and beyond were visible those of Bulgaria. The country was green, with here and there the stunted trunk of a mulberry tree. On the hills around could

be seen the shepherds clad in their picturesque rough cloaks, carrying their crooks, and followed by their sheep with their tinkling bells. One here realised the Biblical description of 'leading their flocks.' Sometimes a boy could be heard in the hills playing on a reed. Here, on the surface, was all the charm and romance of a pastoral country. Underneath were the horrors of war. Soon we were to see the long rows of donkeys laden with the household goods and children of the refugees, flying before the Bulgarian invader; the old men and women with their heartrending expression of utter hopelessness in the future and what it will bring; here and there on the road lay a donkey, dead or dying, with the dogs, half wolves, waiting in starvation their opportunity for a meal. Although around, the hills were covered with snow, there were hours of sunshine at intervals. During the blizzard the cold was so intense that even the ink carried in the fountain-pens became frozen, and tea left for a short time in a cup became ice.

"While the camp was being prepared, the Military Authorities kindly gave us shelter for a few days in a barrack. '*Les Dames Ecossaises*' caused much interest by their energy and keenness in hurrying up the work. No one was above dining off a camp bed, as tables were not provided or indeed available in the building, or even washing at the pump near at hand. The cooking in the winter air with trench fires will never be forgotten by the cooks, but one will also remember the cheerfulness of all the Staff, and their unfailing willingness to do everything possible for the good of the wounded, who arrived in the camp before the tents were completely up. The officials were courteous, and rendered the Unit every possible help. Colonel Nicolet was unfailing in his efforts to help as much as possible. The work was brightened by visits of encouragement from General

Ruotte from Salonika, who expressed his surprise at the comfort and warmth of the patients under canvas during extreme cold. The bravery of the patients under their sufferings was indescribable. The work of the Hospital went on, in spite of the feeling that it had all come too late and that Serbia was doomed. The guns were sounding nearer each day, but no one would breathe the word—retreat. By degrees news was brought down of the fall of one town after another, and soon the stations along the line were cut off from all communication.

“At last it was acknowledged that, for the present, gallant little Serbia was doomed. The official order for the evacuation of all the hospitals arrived, and it was with a feeling of relief that we saw our wounded safely on the train. At once we began our own preparations for departure by packing up the equipment as fast as possible. Every one behaved splendidly, and the most highly trained nurse was not above packing pots and pans, or tying up tent pegs in sacks. We were fully determined nothing should be left for the enemy to make use of. Many of the members wished to remain on until the end, but being under strict military orders we had no choice but to obey and go when sent. The Authorities in this way took every precaution for the safety of the Staff and their equipment.

“Memories of the last evening spent in the camp will always remain. Everything had been packed and sent off by train, and there was nothing more to be done, as the train left at 2 a.m. Sitting round a blazing camp-fire in the cold, the loneliness of the hills interrupted by the noise of the guns, now much nearer; the howling of the dogs in the night—all tended to deepen the sadness of the departure from a country now left entirely to the enemy.

"On arrival in Salonika we found the town packed with troops and not a bed available in any of the hotels. Accommodation was provided in French huts near our present camping-ground. A considerable number of the Unit were most comfortably taken care of for a short time by Captain Pym on board the *Manquo*, then lying in the harbour. The present site for the Hospital was accepted as a temporary one, until it was known what the future would bring forth. The ground is close to the sea and is cramped for space, but across the harbour can be seen the snowclad top of Mount Olympus, beloved of the gods.

"Before the Hospital was ready a considerable number of Serbian soldiers were sent in, suffering from wounds and sickness. Many had the apt diagnosis of *misère physiologique*. These patients were soon evacuated on to a hospital ship. After getting the camp into better order the Hospital was opened on New Year's Day, and since then has been quietly and steadily doing its work. As there was no further fighting in this region, the supply of wounded to the hospitals ceased, and we accordingly made ourselves useful by admitting medical cases. Cases of accidents sometimes were brought in. One old Turk, 'Oli Echref,' having been run over by a transport wagon, was admitted with a fractured thigh. He was a good patient and wished to stay with us till the end of the war! At first he could not grasp the idea of women doing work, but he became at last a convert to Western ideas, and was very devoted to the Sisters who attended him.

"Towards the end of spring the numbers entering Hospital increased, and the beds were completely filled. The climate in Greece has proved itself peculiarly trying to the Western troops, and it was often felt, during the intense heat, the conditions were fraught with more

danger than when the men were behind the firing line. The cases were all acute and required constant attention. The Staff, although often ill, were splendid in their efforts to do the best possible. Their devotion to duty deserves the highest praise, as the conditions were of the most trying. In comparison with other hospitals our share of sickness among the Staff was not great. Never were more than five members of the Unit ill at the same time. The mortality among the patients was as low as any in the region.

"During the two months of July and August 1000 patients were admitted. This gives some indication of the work done by all the different departments of the Hospital during the intense heat. So much was the work of the Hospital appreciated that the Authorities asked us to increase our number of beds, and we accordingly added 36 to our original 250. Since then we have been asked to give additional accommodation, but have not found it possible.

"Early in October, on the recommencement of hostilities at the front, the Hospital became filled with wounded, and has remained so ever since. Many were cases of serious head and abdominal wounds, and fractures necessitating amputations. The patients are much interested in the pieces of projectile removed by operation, and the Sister in charge has to carefully preserve them for each of her patients.

"The X-ray department during the spring treated a large number of cases with high frequency electrical massage, hot air, light, and ionisation, under the direction of Miss Edith Stoney.

"The electrical department was found so beneficial that frequently cases were sent in from outside for daily treatment, some of these being officers under treatment in other hospitals. . . .

"I would like to mention our deep appreciation of the courtesy and kindness shown to us by all the officials in the '*Service de Santé*.' We were always made to feel a part of the French Army, and at no time has there been the slightest friction in the carrying out of their orders or of the work of the Hospital. They have given us absolute control over the patients entrusted to us, and they have never once questioned our methods of treatment or interfered with the discipline among the patients. This attitude towards a Hospital entirely staffed by women speaks volumes for the progress of public opinion. The Hospital owed much in its earlier days to the influence and energy of Mrs. Harley, who was greatly concerned with its welfare."

Writing in January 1917, Dr. McIlroy gives an account of the first Christmas at Salonika. "We have got our Christmas festivities over, and the patients are greatly delighted with all the arrangements. The Staff gave up the day entirely to them, and we had a short dinner only, as we spent the time in the wards. Each patient got a little present from the British Red Cross—cigarettes, sponge, soap, and writing-pad. We gave also a parcel to each man—cigarettes, mittens, sweets, biscuits, and a little toy. We had 300 francs to spend given us from French friends here. We gave *déjeuner* at 10.30, then at 2 o'clock we had the pipers of a Scottish regiment, and a concert got up by the French, Serbian, and Russian patients. At tea they had a cup of tea and a cake, supper at the usual time, and then in the evening we sang carols. One wounded Serb said, 'Englesh Christmas very much too good all right.' They were so happy, it was delightful to see them, many poor maimed soldiers. Others will never see another Christmas. We felt we must give the Serbians at least an idea of the happiness the British diffuse at their

Christmas-time, and the Staff were indeed very successful. The whole day was a perfect joy to us all, it was so warm and sunny, and so much gratitude was expressed. They just felt we had taken them as our own big family, and they were greatly touched ; and yet with it all their discipline was perfect. We had evacuated a large number of patients to France some time before, so that they would reach their homeland in time."

In May 1916 Mrs. Harley resigned the post of Administrator. It was undertaken by Miss Cary until November, and since then has been ably filled by Miss Laloe. Mrs. Harley, before her death in March 1917, was again connected with the S.W.H. for a short period as Head of the Transport Column in Greece, after which she took up relief work amongst the Serbians. "Part of Mrs. Harley's work at Monastir was the feeding of Serbian children. She had just finished the daily distribution, and was sitting alone by the window of the house where she stayed, when the usual evening bombardment of the town began. A shrapnel shell burst close to the window, and a fragment struck her on the head. She fell to the ground, and was found lying there by her younger daughter, Edith, who was working with her. She was at once conveyed to hospital, but died almost immediately. Viscount French, Mrs. Harley's brother, received the following telegram from the Crown Prince of Serbia : 'Deeply grieved by the heroic death of Mrs. Harley, whose Christian charity, as becomes the worthy sister of a great soldier, was equal to the completest self-sacrifice. I address to you my sincerest condolence and the expression of my warmest sympathy.'"

"SALONIKA, *July* 1917.

"The Serbians¹ at the base here have just put up

¹ Letter from Miss Baughan.

a memorial stone to Mrs. Harley, and the dedication of it took place to-day. All those of us (very few now, alas!) who were under her administration were allowed to be present, and though it took place at the somewhat awkward hour of 9 a.m., we managed to get a certain amount of our work done early, and finished it when we came back. Had it been later, the standing in the heat, especially for the men with hats off, would have been impossible. It was one of our hottest days, sultry and thundering. The last time I had been to the Allied Cemetery was on the occasion of Mrs. Harley's funeral in March, when we could hardly stand up against the bitter wind. Many of the same spectators were there again to-day, but of course not the extraordinary gathering there was five months ago, this being more a purely Serbian affair, and managed by them.

"Another Scottish Woman was laid to rest to-day near Mrs. Harley. She was from the Ostrovo Unit, but the funeral was from here.

"Each first Saturday, May, June, and July, we have had a Tommies' Tea-Party for the British Tommies—transport drivers, military police, signallers, and such-like, who are not attached to anything special, and do not get often to Salonika to enjoy an afternoon there. These men are all very good and helpful to us in their several ways, and they do so enjoy these informal tea-parties. We all subscribe and pay the cost, which isn't much, as everything is made in our own kitchen, and it is only tea and sandwiches, and perhaps gingerbread cake, after all. They come at 2.30 and are supposed to go at 5.30, but they are very loath to leave. Sports of a kind they get up among themselves, small feats of skill, the ever popular tug-of-war (one of the ships is always included); then perhaps, at the end, some concert

party will give a little programme, the men sitting all round on the ground, smoking and peaceful, and all so happy in such a simple way. When they go, many tell us it is the happiest afternoon they have spent since they arrived here—eighteen months ago. It seems pathetic, poor boys; but it does lessen their home-sickness just to come and talk with their own countrywomen, who often find out a link in common with a place or a person, and who are invariably shown the photographs of wife and child, and hear all the poor fellow's anxieties about them. Sometimes, too, old pals meet each other who haven't met for months or even longer. There is great competition to be asked to this monthly festivity, modest as it is, and one is asked, 'Are you the Sisters who give the Tommies' tea-parties? Please let me come next time,' by some transport driver who has helped one over a dusty journey.

"We are still keeping comparatively cool, a great blessing, as we hope to give another one or two of these parties before the rainy season starts. It is nice to keep in touch with our own men like this, and the patients take a great interest in '*les Tommies*,' and even more especially in the sailors. Sometimes the latter, who have little concert parties of their own on board ship, come in the afternoons and chat to the patients, who love watching them. Generally every instrument imaginable is in evidence, and the music, a sort of medley of national airs and revue songs, is truly typical.

"We have been for a long time now without rain, and the ground is very hot and parched. The readings last week were from 100°·9 to 103°·9 continuously. We are all more or less the colour of coffee berries again. Happily it ought not to be long before the weather 'breaks,' and after that it will not be so hot again. Of course it is child's play this year compared to last, both as regards heat and fatigue.

"Our last contingent from home has brought E. D., looking very brown and fit, after a good journey out. It is very nice seeing some one from 'home' and hearing all the news. At present she is in the usual state of 'drip' and thirst, which newcomers go through, and as she is opposite to my place I can occasionally aid her in the latter need! There is a great future for 'fizzy drinks' in Macedonia! Fortunately we are not so short of water as last year; we get a little ice now and again. The water is, of course, all boiled and cooled off in red earthenware 'chatties,' as is common in all Eastern countries. It tastes earthy and queer, but is quite safe."

In August 1917 the great fire in Salonika occurred. We get a short description of it from Dr. McIlroy, and also an account of a visit paid to the Hospital by men "keen on women's work."

"I wrote fairly fully in my letter of 9th August. Since then much of the Hospital interest has been put out of our minds by the fire. You will have seen an account of it in the papers. For several hours at night we were very much afraid our camp would go with the town, but fortunately the wind changed and we were saved. Some dangerous sparks fell on our tents, but we had the Staff arranged in groups for all emergencies, and all had sacks, soaked in sea water. Needless to say, the water in the camp was cut off, so we would have been quite helpless. It has been a terrible disaster—every shop burned, Banks, and all important warehouses. Nothing could stop the fire until the wind drove it out to sea. We put up some of our new marquees next day and took in nearly 100 refugees whom we picked up off the streets, principally children. It was pitiful to see these poor things. Now there are refugee camps arranged by

the armies, and every one goes there. Some of our Staff help with one near at hand, and have done splendid work. We have lent several of our new tents for the emergency, and we are so thankful we could do so, as the British Military Authorities have been most grateful for the help, and I, of course, felt we must do something. The British are just adored by the Greeks now for their help at the fire. The soldiers behaved simply magnificently, and risked their lives everywhere. 'Brass hats' and 'red tabs' were seen covered with grime saving people from the flames. . . . We had a visit lately from General Lawson and General Atcheley, who had been out here on the Man Power Commission. They gave us a most minute inspection, every hole and corner of the camp. General Lawson said in his official report this Hospital was an example of what women could do, and he recommended it to the notice of the War Office. They came again to see us, and they asked me to tea one afternoon. General Lawson said in his note he wished to tell me again how much he admired our work, so I think you will have a very satisfactory account of the work of the Unit sent up to Headquarters. It is a comfort to feel that this report is sent by men who have visited the armies in France and Malta, and know the difficulties. They are most keen on women's work, and are going to recommend women orderlies in the hospitals on the same footing as ours."





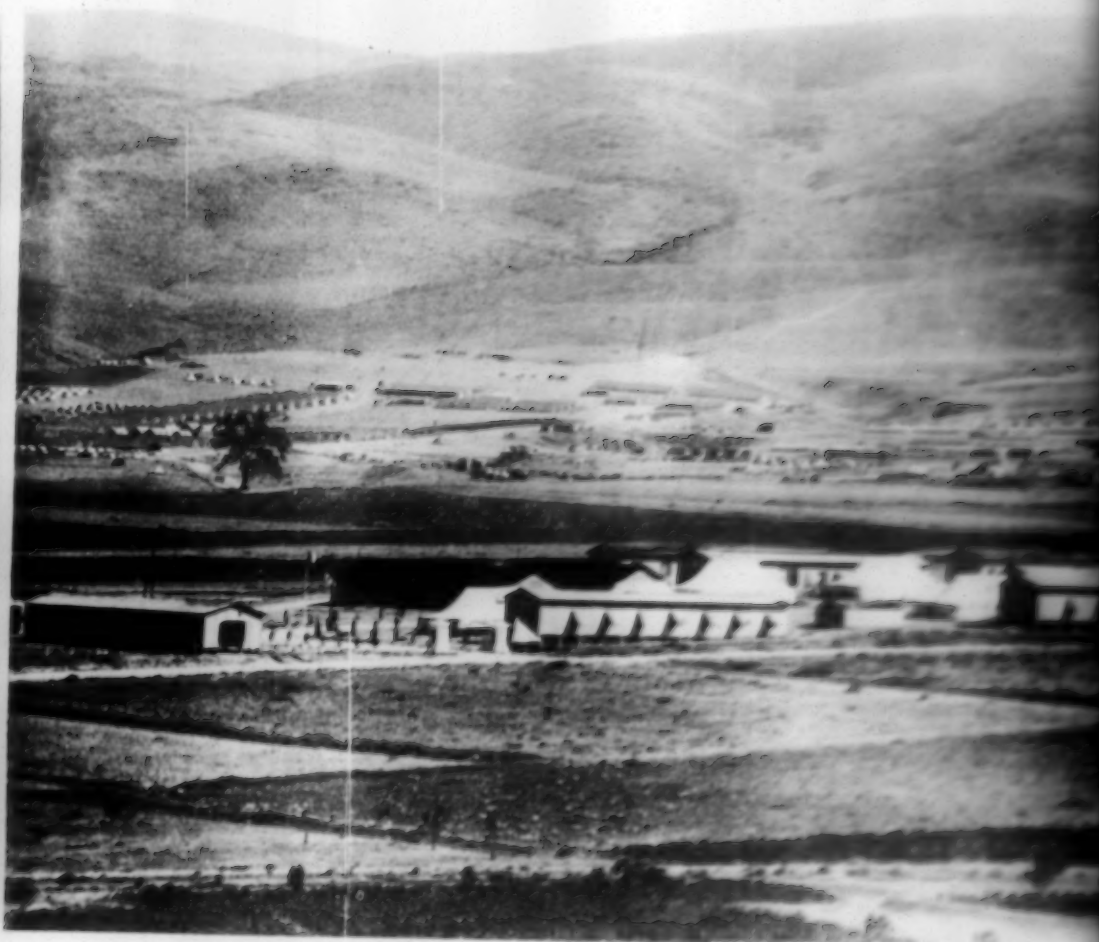
Foreground—Fields with vineyards. Main road. On other side of road is Hospital stretching along it. Behind Hospital, immediately

Staff Indian Tents, with Hut or Staff sleeping quarters.

Vegetable Garden.

Black Cross.

Huts behind look close, but are at least a quarter of a mile distant.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, SALONIKA. AUGUST 1918.

Immediately below, some of Huts of French Hospitals seen, but there is a large space of ground between and they are much lower down. Behind on hills are some of the mountains.

Staff Kitchen.

Day Tents for Staff
and Visitors.

Hockey Ground.

Staff
Dining-room and
Sitting-room.

Administration
Bureau.

Store.

Entrance
Gates.

Baths.

Patients Halls.

Laundry.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, SALONIKA. AUGUST 1918.

Behind Hospital, immediately below, some of Huts of French Hospitals seen, but there is a large space of ground between and they are much lower down. Behind on hills are some of the hills of the city of Salonika.

Day Tents for Staff
and Visitors.

Staff Kitchen.
Hockey Ground.

Staff
Dining-room and
Sitting-room.

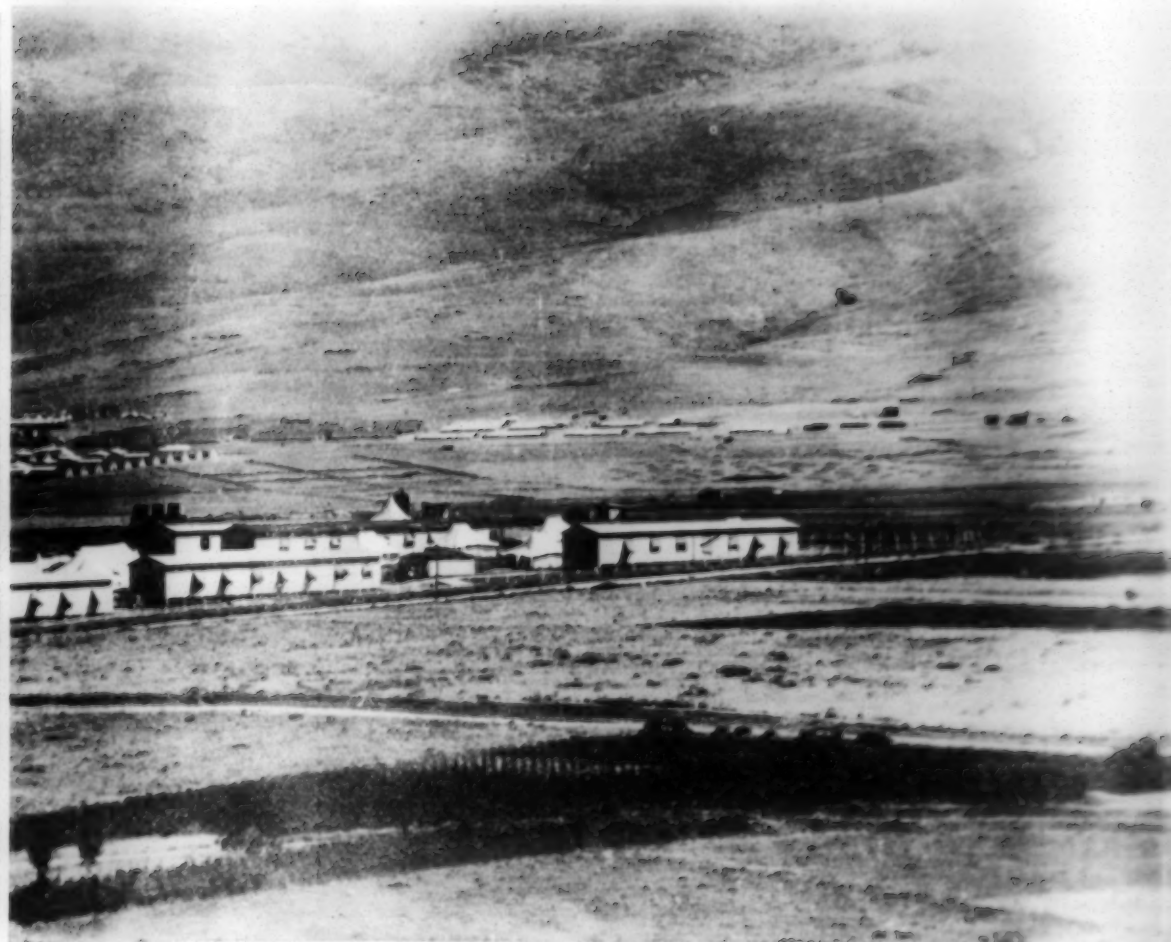
Administration
Bureau.

Store.
Entrance
Gates.

Bath.

Patients' Huts.

Mecano-T
Op



is seen the Greek Camps. To extreme left are seen the Battlements surrounding the Turkish quarter of Salonica on the hill.

Therapy
Operation Theatre.

Patients'
Kitchen.

Reservoirs
for Water.

Latrines.

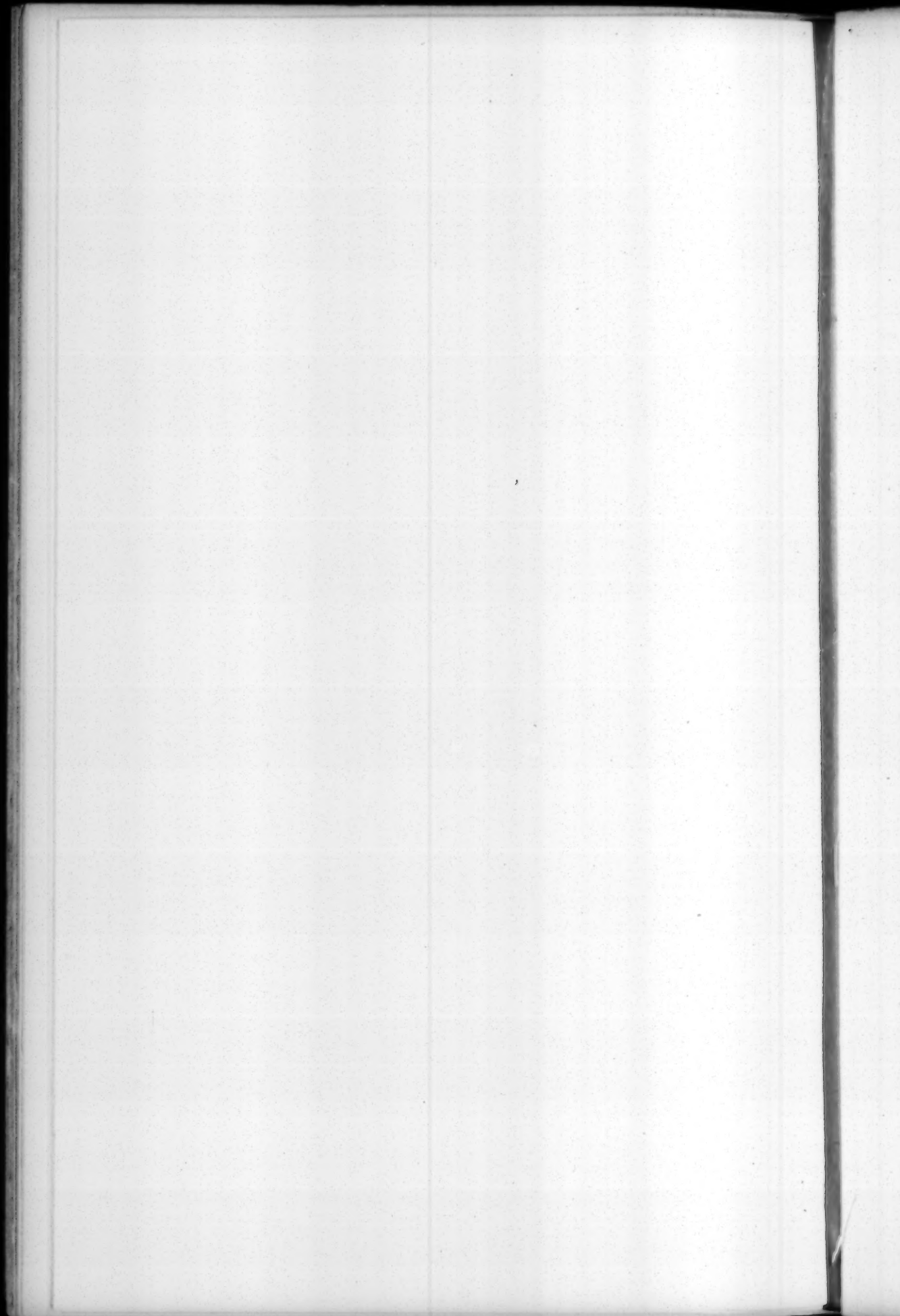
Patients' Huts.

Village of Kapakli.

Limit of
S.W.H.
Ground.

Latrines.

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CHAPTER II

THE NEW SITE: THE CALCUTTA ORTHOPÆDIC CENTRE

THE site for the camp that had been given to Dr. McIlroy in January 1916 had never been considered perfectly satisfactory. "In the autumn of 1917 it was decided to move the Hospital to a larger and better position, and to establish a department for orthopædic work. During the spring of 1918 patients were not admitted, as the ground was being prepared and the Staff engaged in construction work. A number of commodious huts were given by the French Medical General for the new camp, and on his suggestion the number of beds was increased to 500. A large hut was transformed into septic and aseptic operating rooms, an X-ray room, and dental department. Another was utilised for a massage and mecano-therapy department, and a pharmacy and bacteriological laboratory were erected. Others were arranged for storerooms and bathrooms. The patients were accommodated in huts for the most part, but tents were also required for the men attending the orthopædic department. The Staff were accommodated in Indian tents. A number of Serbian orderlies were permitted to work in the yards and on the camp ground. Clothing was disinfected by the sulphur method, which proved most satisfactory.

"A large garage was erected for the storage of the cars and motor ambulances.

"A small farmyard was established with fowls and

a few pigs. This proved a considerable saving in the expenditure for food, and was a means for the disposal of the remains of food-stuffs useless to the patients. Mules and donkeys were also kept for cartage."

Some idea of the beauty of this camp is gained from the picture here given. It was one and a quarter miles in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth.

When Dr. McIlroy was at home on leave in 1917 she visited the Orthopædic Centres in the United Kingdom, and took a perfect equipment for the new department out with her on her return. It was known as the "Calcutta Orthopædic Centre," being equipped and supported by the generous subscriptions from that city.¹

Work was begun in the new camp early in January 1918, though the inauguration did not take place until 23rd August.

"SALONIKA, 19th April 1918.

"We are in full swing with patients again, and they arrive down from the front every night. We are beginning to get anxious about our 200 beds coming out, as we may need them. Our huts will soon be all full, and we haven't equipment for the tents.

"We have our carpenters' shop with five men in it, and we are making all the tables, cupboards, chairs, etc., for the Hospital. We have two good shoemakers and a tinsmith, so it is a nucleus. I want some women orderlies to direct the wood-carving, needlework, etc., but that will develop later. We are putting up a laundry, and I think it will be a great benefit. We are making bricks out of clay, and drying them in the sun. I am hoping to build a doctors' mess and an operating theatre. My present theatre is very nice, but is full of angles and seams in the wood. It would make a splendid dental department. I would build a

¹ See Medical Appendix, page 392.

rounded place with whitewashed walls which could be hosed down, but that may get completed before next winter."

"SALONIKA, 6th June 1918.

"We really must let you have a view of the whole Hospital¹ taken from a distance. I always feel that the Committee have no idea of what an impressive site we occupy at present. We had more patients than beds yesterday, which I suppose is a compliment to our Hospital, as most of the others are only half full.

"We are having the medical meeting here to-day, and the Chairman thinks we shall probably have 200 present, as all the doctors are curious to see the Hospital and our new apparatus. Dr. McIlroy is reading a paper.

"The Hospital is beginning to look more shipshape, and once we can get the workshops and other buildings finished, we can start on extras.

"The patients are becoming interested in making stone designs near the wards, and there is great competition amongst the men—thistles and Serbian eagles being the most popular. They are also interested in the orthopædic apparatus, and we feel we can start many small industries later on.

"Our farmyard is progressing also, and I hope the chickens will do yeoman service in supplying eggs and fowls for the sick Staff and patients. We have now geese and pigs, and have been lent two mules, two donkeys, and a pony, by the authorities, and are thus enabled to do a certain amount of carting sand gravel and rubbish about the camp, which is a great help. . . ."

"10th June.

"We have been busy getting up rush mats over the

¹ Miss Laloe's report.

hut windows to shade the patients from the sun. We could not get wood for awnings, so this method was the most practical and cheapest.

"We were asked to have a meeting here of the British Army Medical Society. It meets in the hospitals once a fortnight. We, of course, being French, have it here as a privilege and honour to us. There was a perfect downpour of rain on Wednesday, but, in spite of that, we had over seventy members present, and those mainly the senior men. It was unusually international, as we had a number of French and Serbian medical officers. Sir Maurice Holt, D.M.S., was in the chair, and on his right side was M. Fournial, *Chef Inspecteur du Service de Santé Serbe*. They all came to take part in a discussion on the 'Treatment and Re-education of the Disabled Soldier,' which I opened. It seemed a subject of great practical value. You will be glad to hear that, as a result, the matter has been taken up here, and it is quite possible something tangible will come out of it."¹

"1st July 1918.

"We have been very much interested in testing the capabilities of our patients so as to fit them into various occupations. Some of the men are doing embroidery, and if they can make a sufficient number of bags embroidered like the Macedonian ones, we could send them home to the Committee for sale purposes. We have also started them copying some of the Egyptian hangings, etc., and I think all these things will sell very well out here."

"5th July 1918.

"The chief event of importance with us this week was the giving of the Serbian decorations to the Unit. It is a good list, comprising twenty-two names, which I

¹ From Dr. McIlroy's letters.

enclose. The medals are given to those who had been in Serbia during the autumn of 1915, or with a Serbian Unit elsewhere. I am so glad McAllan has got this recognition. He very much deserves it.¹ I believe you have not now to apply for permission to wear these medals, as that has been given to the Red Cross. Captain Yovotitch and Captain Stefanovitch came up and presented the medals in front of all the patients. It made a very pretty little scene. We shall send the medals for those who have left the Unit to the Office.

"We are still busy, and could have more patients given us if we had the extra beds. The consulting surgeon called yesterday with instructions to prepare 100 beds for the reception of surgical cases only, as we were going to have them sent to us. I am seriously thinking of putting some of the orthopædic cases on mattresses on the floor, as they need so little nursing, and the surgical cases must be put in the huts. Some of our equipment arrived, but not the bedsteads. Curiously enough, the piano isn't in the least damaged. It is a splendid one. Dr. Emslie is trying to start the orchestra herself.

"Our orthopædic department is becoming very popular, and I fear we shall not be able to cope with all the work with our present Staff of masseuses. During the heat they start work at 6 a.m. We have the Serbian Minister of War as an out-patient. He seems to enjoy the treatment, and comes at 7 a.m. He would do so much better if he had baths. Surely we shall have them soon.

"Dr. Benson sends us down patients from Dragomantsi for treatment. We had a visit last week from a French delegate, who has come out to inquire about

¹ Mr. McAllan was formerly with Dr. Hutchison at Valjevo. He has been a loyal supporter of the S.W.H. from its earliest days.

transport, etc., here. He is very much interested in orthopædic work, and I think it is quite possible that the French will make some provision for orthopædic treatment for the Greeks. I am very well satisfied so far; my only regret is that I cannot undertake all the patients offered to us for treatment.

"The heat is very trying at present. I hear we had the hottest day on the 16th, which the B.E.F. have endured since it first came out. Up in this camp we get a breeze from the sea, so we do not feel it so much as formerly, but it is fairly exhausting at times."

"25th July 1918.

"The chief event of importance during the last week was a visit from the King of Greece to the Hospital. One of his staff arrived to see over the camp, and was very much taken with our orthopædic department. He asked if we would show it to the King, if he came up, and two days later we received a telephone message that the King was coming up on Saturday, 20th July, as he specially wished to see the mecano-therapy department, and that his visit was informal and would take twenty minutes. He arrived at 6 o'clock with two of his staff, and we took him round the whole Hospital. The Sisters were in their wards and curtsied as he passed. He was very much interested in the massage department, and looked at a great many of the patients undergoing treatment. I had to demonstrate our methods for treating deformities of limbs, our splints and appliances for boots, and all the apparatus in the *baraque*. I told him we hoped to have an exhibition of patients' work in Salonika in the autumn, and he was much pleased about it, and glad to hear that all the Allied hospitals would be represented. He asked many questions about the operating rooms, dental and X-ray

departments. We took him over to our mess-tents and gave him tea and cigarettes, and he sat a long time. He stayed over an hour in the Hospital, and went away evidently very much pleased with his visit. We heard afterwards from a Greek officer that he liked the Hospital very much, and was pleased with our reception of him. He is young—only a boy—tall and nice-looking, wears a monocle, and has a pleasant smile. He signed his name in our visitors' book. I hope to be able to send you some photographs of his visit—snapshots taken by the Staff.

"We have had a very severe thunderstorm, which came on quite suddenly. I have never seen such a tornado of dust, and we were quite helpless until it was over. Two of our new marquees were torn and the ridge poles broken. Fortunately they only had stores in them for the moment, as we were waiting for the new beds.

"When the King of Greece was up here he took a great fancy to a fox-terrier puppy which had been sent to one of the Sisters by the Greek liaison officer. The King asked her for it before he left, and it was given to him. He took it back to Athens with a large bow of the S.W.H. tartan round its neck. I thought you would be amused; the King kept the ribbon on the puppy, and the bow was nearly as large as the little thing's head. We still have our French dog 'Mickie' and a Macedonian mongrel 'James.' They guard the camp and hunt for the rats and other beasts. 'Mickie' is getting old, but he has been a faithful member of the Staff since the Troyes days, and seems to think he runs us all. He disliked the new camp at first, and wandered off every day to a French cook he loved in the next hospital, but now he has settled down and seems very contented. Both dogs spend part of the night in my

tent when they aren't chasing after some unhappy creature in the ground."

"5th September 1918.

"I find I have omitted to send last week's reports, so enclose both together. Our inaugural 'At Home' on 23rd August went off splendidly, and we had a very important and international gathering at it. I think it was really a great success, as I have had so many letters since, saying it was the nicest thing ever given out here, and so splendidly arranged. And yet it was very simple. We had a very large number of French officials, who were all most friendly—Serbian, Greek, and Italian; and of our own people we had from the Commander-in-Chief downwards. So many of the Generals said that they would like to come and see our orthopaedic department. The Staff were splendid in looking after every one. The programme was arranged so that every minute was taken up, and the guests all left in good time. I think our entertainment has done a very great deal in helping on a friendly feeling among the different nationalities in Salonika.

"Colonel Fitzpatrick came up last week to say good-bye, as he was going on leave. He said he would probably see some of you, so perhaps if you want any information he will be available."

"27th September 1918.

"You will probably be wondering what is happening out here, and I do hope the papers are giving our armies their due praise for their magnificent advance. The piece the British got over is one of the biggest things we have done in this War. Perhaps now the home people will realise the difficulties out here, and that we have waited our chance all along. Every one has been so excited over it all. The Elsie Inglis Unit has moved farther up, also both Transport Columns.

Ostrovo will probably go when Dr. Emslie takes it over. It is so splendid for the Serbs to be in their own country again. I wish I could give you an account of it all, but of course I must not. I should think we will be among the last left behind here, but I am so anxious to help on this camp and to do the work we are doing quietly until we are absolutely compelled to go. I either want to be just at the front or at the base, as, on lines of communication, one may get very little good work, and we are quite satisfied with our usefulness here. Of course the armies here will have to carry on for some time until affairs are straightened out. One is only too thankful not to hear the guns again, or to see the wounded come down. We have been hearing of some of the sad side of it up at the front. One officer told me that he went over a pass where the retreating enemy had been caught and shelled, and it was nothing but a mass of dead. Ambulances, cars, bullock-wagons, guns, men, and mules, all in one huge mass, some hanging over precipices. One little foal was alive and standing by its dead mother; a little dog was also whining round a dead pony it had evidently lived with. Personally I always feel worse about those poor beasts, dragged unknowing into the war and unable to get away. Human beings understand to a certain extent the reason of it all."

"15th October 1918.

"We had a dreadful cyclone which came on quite suddenly about 5.30 on the 12th October, morning, and did a great deal of damage in the camp. It only lasted about five minutes. It lifted two huts up and moved them several feet. Both have to be taken down. One had thirty-eight beds and patients in it, and the wooden floor was smashed. Several of the tents were blown down and torn, and all our electric wires were lying on

the ground. The rain was just drenching. The patients were so brave and cheerful, and we got them packed and dried in any corner we had. It will take us weeks repairing the damage. Only one patient was hurt (not seriously).

"The brick walls of some of the workshops fell in. It was just like a bombarded hospital with bits of roof everywhere. The garage was lifted up and blown about 50 yards. We have been through most things in this Unit, but this was our first cyclone. We think we were too pleased with our Hospital, and it is rather a judgment. We will get it all put right in time, as every one has been working very hard at it.

"One canvas hospital over the hill has not been able to find all its tents since. In places only beds were left uncovered. It came and went so suddenly, just like an earthquake. Fortunately it has been beautifully fine since, so we have got everything dried. I had just asked Miss S—— to make a report on the tents to send in a few days before, so now she has added to it. It seems extraordinary with us that the huts should have come off just as badly as the tents. The Staff have no roof at all on their mess hut, and it was such a nice room before. We are fitting up an old marquee in the meantime for them. The E.P.I.P. tents stood absolutely splendidly."

"22nd October 1918.

"We are getting on very well with repairing the camp, and hope to have it like itself again shortly. We have had a great many visitors from the other Units lately; one night last week we had sixteen. I suppose they will all get settled eventually up country. Some of the Serbian doctors here are most anxious to have help in the training of girls in Serbia. They say it will be a great problem, as the girls must work, and there is no place for

training them as nurses, typists, etc. I said I would tell you, but I thought you would include all that in your Elsie Inglis Memorial Scheme. They must be taught to run their own country. That is the only lasting method, I believe. I understand that the conditions they are finding on their return home are very sad. It was what was to be expected in a country invaded by Germany. I would like very much to get people at home interested in the young girls, as it is all such a tragedy, and I am sure much could be done to help. The prisoners are coming back from Bulgaria now. I think their treatment has left much to be desired, but one cannot say much at present. We are just getting the home newspapers now on the Bulgarian defeat. They do not seem to realise what a wonderful advance our people made here—it has been one of the biggest things of the war. You would realise it, if you saw the chain of mountains in front of our lines and over which the armies had to climb. We had a splendid Highland pipe band at our entertainment in August, lent me by a Divisional General at the front,—almost, one might say, in times of peace,—and among them was a boy (a private) of about nineteen, a most beautiful dancer. He stayed in the camp for several days before the band came down for our reel rehearsals. After the 'push' he arrived one day to say good-bye; he was incapacitated and going home. He informed us he got wounded scaling a hill 'wi' a pairty o' Greeks behind me.' He was such a youngster, but had done more than his share in the advance.

"We had a very charming visit yesterday from the Bishop of London, who is out here with a message from the King to our troops. I met the Commander-in-Chief on Sunday morning, and he said the Bishop was most anxious to see us. So he came up yesterday with

the principal chaplain, General Saffraig, and two other chaplains. He went round the wards and operating-rooms. He was most interested in the mecano-therapy department and the crowds of patients under treatment. He had tea with us and told us it was one of the pleasantest visits he had had out here. He said the Commander-in-Chief had spoken so highly of us to him, and he had read so much about the Scottish Women. Every one has been delighted with him out here. He told me he had written a long letter to the *Times*, telling Britain what this army has had to do in this part. He said people at home were under the impression we went to pictures and cinemas all the time, but he had found scarcely any amusements in Salonika, and many men up the line who hadn't been down for two years. I am so glad he will speak for our men and of all the hardships they have had to endure out here.

"We have got orders to send out our Senegalese, as they are to be repatriated now. The Staff are very sad over it, as the Senegalese are great favourites; they are just like children. They have been such good patients, in the massage department especially. I think they will always have a great respect for white women in the future, at least those men who have come under our care."

The Girton and Newnham Unit was privileged to give to the French Army over four years of uninterrupted service. In acknowledgment of this service, so gladly rendered, Dr. Louise McIlroy and several members of the Staff have been decorated with the Croix de Guerre and other medals.

The honour of the S.W.H. has been upheld loyally, and with splendid efficiency, by Dr. M'Ilroy and the women working with her.

The spirit animating the Unit may be gathered from the following letter :

"DEAR MRS. RUSSELL,—I was very happy indeed in Salonika, and loved my work in the wards. We certainly had to work very hard, and rough it many a time, and in the hot weather it was most trying ; but it was worth it all when we look back, knowing the splendid work that was done out there, and the patients all seemed most grateful for what was done for them.

"I cannot tell you how much I love and admire Dr. McIlroy. You always felt you got justice from her. I feel many a time, if it had not been for her care and attention when I was ill, I should not have recovered. . . . I feel I shall never forget her."

LETTER FROM GENERAL FORTESCUE

"1st May 1919.

"DEAR MADAM,—Having heard that you are writing a History of the whole Scottish Women's Hospital Organization, I hope you will permit me, the British Representative of the Serbian Joint Supply Commission, to express to you my unbounded admiration for all the good work which the Organization has done and continues to do for the Serbs. I have been to all three Units, at Salonika, Vranja, and Sarajevo, and so know something of what they have done ; and my hope is that Dr. McIlroy's splendid scheme for combining a school for training Serbian girls as nurses with a Hospital and colony for mutilated Serbian soldiers, their orthopædic treatment and training in trades, will continue far into the future the great work that has already been achieved by the Organization and prove an immense boon to the country.

"Anyhow, I am quite sure that it will not be her fault if it does not.—Believe me, yours very truly,

"FORTESCUE, Brigadier-General,
British Representative,
Serbian Joint Supply Commission."

The Girton and Newnham Unit at Salonika was closed early in 1919. It will restart life later in Belgrade, as The Elsie Inglis Memorial Hospital.

* * * * *

Each of the Units of the S.W.H. has borne characteristics of its own. They come before us like different pictures. The outstanding features of each one are different, and the work accomplished in each, though fundamentally the same, has branched out into a variety of channels.

But though on the surface so unlike one another, they all share in one common characteristic. Here and there a woman working in the Units has forgotten her high calling and has failed, but of the vast majority it is true, as has been said, "The Scottish Women never cracked, and every woman pulled her weight." This characteristic common to them all, of strength, reliability, and efficiency, has been impressed on each Unit largely by its C.M.O. These last tragic years disclose in the ranks of the S.W.H., and many another organization, an unfailing supply of women with force of character, largeness of mind, and powers of leadership, combined with professional skill in various directions, who have devotedly given their services to humanity in noble and unselfish labour. This must be a source of profound joy to all who love their country.

Roll of Honour

SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS FOR FOREIGN SERVICE

ROLL OF HONOUR

"THERE IS NO SEA
NOR TIME NOR SPACE NOR DIVISION
IN
GOD'S DEAR HOME
THERE IS ONLY GOD AND HIS STRONG
LOVE AND PEACE
AND
A GREAT REMEMBERING."

*"Let us remember before God these women
Who gave their lives in the service of others."*

1. Miss NEIL FRASER (Orderly) . . . Kraguievatz.
Went out December 1914; died 8th March 1915.
2. Miss LOUISA JORDAN (Nurse) . . . Kraguievatz.
Went out December 1914; died March 1915.
3. Miss A. A. MINSHULL (Nurse) . . . Kraguievatz.
Went out February 1915; died 21st March 1915.
4. Miss B. G. SUTHERLAND (Nurse) . . Valjevo.
Went out April 1915; died 26th September 1915.
5. Mrs. C. M. TOUGHILL (Nurse) . . . Mitrovitza.
Went out December 1914; died 14th November 1915
(motor accident).
6. Miss M. GRAY (Nurse) Royaumont.
Went out December 1914; died 23rd January 1916.
7. Miss M. BURT (Nurse) Girton & Newnham Unit.
Went out October 1915; died 7th April 1916.
8. Miss A. GUY (Nurse) Girton & Newnham Unit.
Went out July 1916; died 20th August 1916.

ROLL OF HONOUR

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9. Miss OLIVE SMITH (Masseuse) . . . America Unit.
Went out August 1916 ; died 6th October 1916.
10. Miss F. CATON (Nurse) . . . America Unit.
Went out September 1915 } died 15th July 1917.
Again in August 1916 }
11. DR. ELSIE INGLIS . . . Founder of the Scottish
Died 26th November 1917. . . Women's Hospitals.
12. Miss M. McDOWELL (Chauffeur) . . London Unit.
Went out May 1918 ; died 4th July 1918.
13. Miss J. M. FANNIN (Nurse) . . . Drowned on her way to
Died 10th October 1918. . . Royaumont. Was on
s.s. *Leinster*, which was
torpedoed in the Irish
Channel 10th October.
14. Mrs. E. UNDERWOOD (Orderly) . . Sallanches.
Went out 30th August 1918 ; died 21st October 1918.
15. Miss AGNES EARL (Sister) . . . America Unit.
Went out December 1916 ; died 19th March 1919.

In St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, on Thursday, 29th November 1917, a service was held to commemorate Dr. Elsie Inglis. At the close the "Hallelujah Chorus" was played, and after the "Last Post" the buglers of the Royal Scots rang out the great "Reveille." Let us not count it a service in memory of Elsie Inglis alone, but also of all these women in the Scottish Women's Hospitals who like her laid down their lives.

ADMINISTRATION AND FINANCE

AS the story of the S.W.H. unfolds itself, the reader has come to realise what the term "S.W.H." stands for. And the question arises, How was this organization carried on, who financed it, and who directed the ever-increasing stream of expenditure involved in it?

The central directing power was "the Scottish Women's Hospital Committee" sitting in Edinburgh. Miss S. E. S. Mair of Edinburgh and Mrs. James T. Hunter of Glasgow were respectively President and Chairman, and Mrs. Laurie of Greenock was Hon. Treasurer of the Society from its beginning. After Dr. Inglis' departure to Serbia in May 1915, Miss J. H. Kemp was Hon. Secretary.

Dr. Beatrice Russell, Mrs. Wallace Williamson, Mrs. Walker, and Mrs. Salvesen, the Hon. Secretary and Conveners respectively of the Personnel, the Uniforms, the Equipment, and the Cars Committees, have worked with untiring zeal. The fruit of their labours is seen in the high standard of the workers in the Units; in the serviceableness of "that quiet grey uniform of which we are all so proud"; in the magnificent equipment accompanying each Unit; and in the stream of cars which never failed, not even "on the road to Dunje."

To help the Headquarters Committee, influential committees were early formed, in London, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Wales, and the enthusiasm they brought to the work spread

throughout the country and gained the support of all classes. Britons abroad soon heard of the S.W.H., and committees sprang up in many distant countries, and at last the Cause was receiving support from men and women of every shade of political opinion living in far-distant corners of the Empire.

The London Committee, formed early in 1915, with Miss Edith Palliser as Chairman, the Viscountess Cowdray as Hon. Treasurer, and Mrs. Flinders-Petrie as Hon. Secretary, began their long record of magnificent work by the presentation of an X-ray car to Royaumont, and the upkeep of a ward in the same Hospital. The story of the Units, supported entirely (with the exception of salaries) by this Committee, has been fully told in previous chapters. The London Committee has raised and administered in all over £100,000.

The Glasgow and West of Scotland Joint Committee, under Mrs. Stephen as Chairman, and Miss Morrison as Hon. Treasurer, have worked indefatigably from the earliest days. Their support has meant much to the S.W.H., and they have raised altogether well over £48,000 towards the funds.

The Liverpool Committee has raised over £10,000, and the Manchester and District Committee well over £5000.

The Welsh Committee was started early in 1915, and amongst those who signed its first appeal was Mrs. Lloyd George. The Valjevo Unit was supported by this Committee, in conjunction with London.

During the first three months of the War the financial burden of the S.W.H. was borne mainly by the members of the N.U.W.S.S. Many devices for raising money were resorted to; we read of pet kittens being sold, and of household gods being turned into silver and

gold. One local committee raised £2000 by the sale of wastepaper!

As the scheme grew, the other usual expedients for raising money were resorted to. But the interest attached to the finance of the S.W.H. lies not so much in the methods which obtained the money as in the wide area from which the funds were drawn, and in the enthusiasm shown for the cause by the individual men and women who raised the money, and who have formed the strong, broad foundation upon which the structure of the S.W.H. has been built.

It was told in the opening chapter how the Organizers of the Scottish Federation of Women's Suffrage Societies were sent broadcast over Scotland to "set the heather alight," in the interests of the S.W.H. That they accomplished their task can be seen in the following account, which tells how Scots from every quarter of the globe answered to the appeal of the "Scottish Women." We read of the Heather Day collections of the Hong-Kong St. Andrew's Society amounting to over £2000. From Hankow the Committee and members of the same Society send contributions. At a little meeting of the "Highland Society of Sydney," at which twenty-five men were present, £1000 was subscribed *in the room*. The achievement of the Caledonian Society in Calcutta merits a paragraph to itself.¹

In Rangoon, on St. Andrew's Day, a concert and café chantant were held, and part of the proceeds sent to the Scottish Women.

The Blantyre Mission of the Church of Scotland sent a collection from Nyasaland.

And so on, many pages might be filled with the mention of similar contributions. But from innumerable

¹ Found on page 369.

other sources also came generous support. A Flag Day in Pietermaritzburg, a Planter in the Assam Valley, a Ranee in strict purdah, from many isolated men and women in China—one sending home his valuable collection of Chinese stamps to be sold for the benefit of the Hospitals. From New Zealand the Working Women's Club of Taihape and the Pioneer Club of the same country contributed largely. Bangkok in Siam is represented on the subscription list, and so are the Malay Straits, and South America, and the following letter to Dr. Inglis is from a woman in Tasmania :

"RIVERSCOURT, WEST DEVONPORT,
TASMANIA, 10th July 1915.

"DEAR DR. INGLIS,—I hope my former letters and drafts have been received safely. With those being sent by this mail I have forwarded £175 from Tasmanian men and women. I have also sent to you twenty cases of hospital requisites, which I am sure your brave nurses in Serbia will appreciate. . . . I have promised the contributors to this fund that they will be able to name two beds. One they wish to be called 'Tasmania,' the other will be named by the Hockey Teams who are to play an Interstate Match in August, the proceeds of which will be sent later. It will be an encouragement to hear that the gifts have arrived and have been appreciated. Each case contains a card with my name and a request to write. There are several little presents for the nurses enclosed in the cases, which I hope they will appreciate.—Very sincerely yours,

"MARGARET WALPOLE."

The interest created in the S.W.H. throughout the United States and Canada, and in India and Australia, is due in the first instance to the wonderful power of appeal possessed by Miss Burke and Mrs. Abbott.

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Miss Burke has made four tours in America, and has been instrumental in raising nearly £140,000.

The following letter is from the Premier of Canada :

“PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE,
OTTAWA, CANADA, 29th October 1917.

“DEAR MISS BURKE,—When you return overseas it would give me great pleasure if you would convey to those who are engaged in the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals my deep sense of appreciation of the splendid devotion and courage with which they have undertaken their errand of mercy in so many theatres of the War. I have had occasion from time to time to learn something of what heroic service they have rendered, and no praise could be too high for the splendid spirit in which this service has been given. It has been especially valuable in that it has brought aid and comfort to many who, in certain theatres, would otherwise have received little or no care whatever.—Believe me, yours faithfully,

“(Sgd.) ROBERT BORDEN.”

Some further extracts from the letters of prominent men in America will convey a better impression than the mere narrative of the ground covered by Miss Burke in her tours and of the success of her campaign.

Mr. Henry Van Dyke, a former American Ambassador to Holland, writes : “Now you are going home for a little rest, though I do not believe that you will get very much of it. Take with you a hearty greeting from America to the Scottish Women's Hospitals and to all the other societies and organizations—yes, and to the British women outside of societies and organizations who are faithfully working to help to win this War, and bring a real, true, lasting peace to the world.”

We are indebted to the Mayor of San Francisco for the following extract :

" May I ask you to take greetings to the women of the Scottish Women's Hospitals from the largest city of Western America. Your account of their unceasing work and their heroic devotion have brought them close to our hearts. You have made their work our work, and we feel that they welcome us as friends, as we bring America's crushing participation into the War. We admire them as types of Britain's splendid women, giving the best of their lives to help their men. Once more greetings to them and to you."

Miss Burke rendered valuable services to the American Red Cross, and the following letter is from the National Security League :

" 19th October 1917.

" DEAR MISS BURKE,—I am writing, not personally but officially, in the name of the Executive Committee of the National Security League to express our deep appreciation of the wonderful service that you rendered on Wednesday night at Carnegie Hall for the cause of Patriotism. I only regret that you could not have been heard by fifty thousand, instead of five thousand, mothers and wives. We wish you to appreciate the fact that we value your services as the most valuable asset which can be secured for this work, and we thank you sincerely for your unselfish acceptance of so many engagements in the interest of the cause which is our common cause.

"(Sgd.) R. M. McILROY."

One of the most magnificent donors to the S.W.H. funds has been the American Red Cross War Council, Washington, who have again and again augmented the funds in a princely manner.

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There is only space to describe one of the hundreds of meetings at which Miss Burke spoke ; it was held in July 1918 in San Francisco, and was called the "Voice of Victory Meeting." Miss Burke's letter to the Committee of 2nd July tells of the preparations for this great meeting.

"20 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY,
2nd July 1918.

"I am leaving for San Francisco to speak for the Red Cross at the Advertising Convention. This is an important event, as all the principal newspaper men of the country will be present, and everybody in any way connected with advertising. The speakers at the Auditorium at San Francisco, which holds 12,000 people, will be Mr. Schwab, the great steel magnate, and at the present time the head of the shipping board of the United States, Mr. Bainbridge Colby, and myself. Whilst on the Pacific Coast I shall probably speak some twenty to thirty times."

From a letter from one of the newspaper magnates, in San Francisco, we learn how successful the meeting was. It was held on the opening night of the Convention, and speakers from all the Allied Nations took part. Miss Burke spoke as representing Great Britain. The writer concludes his letter with these words :

"I can say, without exaggeration, that Miss Burke has made as favourable an impression as any speaker—if not the most favourable—that has visited the Pacific Coast. It is marvellous to see how she inspires her audiences, and it is impossible to measure the good that she is doing."

Mrs. Abbott's tour in India and Australia began in the spring of 1916. In an article on her tour, Mrs. Abbott describes her start :

"I can recall it all as vividly as if it were yesterday—an insistent ring at the telephone bell, then, 'Are you there? You? My dear, I want you to go to India next week. It is very important. I can't explain now, but can you come to my hotel at ten to-night? . . . *but you must go.* If you leave on Tuesday you can catch the *Khiva*. Good-bye.' That was so exactly like Dr. Elsie Inglis. I caught the *Khiva* at Marseilles.

"A night at the end of June, a night like the combination of a Scotch rainstorm and a dry Turkish bath, saw our tug pushing off from the *Khiva* towards the twinkling lights of the Apollo Bunder. Bombay and India at last! Bombay is an altogether delightful, ridiculous, twinkling little place, reminiscent, one would say, in shape and colour of the pattern you see at the end of a penny kaleidoscope. But Bombay claimed only two days. The journey's end and the work's beginning lay in Simla, the summer headquarters of the Government of India."

From Simla a campaign all over the vast Indian continent was planned and was carried out the following cold weather. In this tour Mrs. Abbott was helped ably by Mrs. Hall, whom she met at a meeting in Lahore.

"It would be impossible to imagine a better companion for such work; one whose knowledge of organizing was almost unlimited, whose Press work was brilliant, whose cheerfulness and wit never failed, and, most rare of all, one of those who can see the humours of success as well as failure."

During the winter, meetings were held in Calcutta, Madras, Burmah, Bangalore, Hyderabad, and various other stations in the United Provinces, the Punjab, and North-West Frontier. The subscriptions in India amounted to £28,500. The Caledonian Society in

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Calcutta took the S.W.H. to its heart. When Mrs. Abbott arrived in Calcutta, St. Andrew's Day was approaching, "and when it came, the Dalhousie Institute resounded to the skirl of the bagpipes, the platform was crowded with both Scotch and English representative men and women. Lord Carmichael was in the chair, and the whole proceedings were aglow with Scotch enthusiasm." Bunches of white heather were carried by all who could obtain them. Mrs. Abbott asked for two lakhs of rupees (£13,000). A cheque of a £1000 was promised to her before she left the platform, and the amount asked for was cabled home in full to 2 St. Andrew Square a few weeks later.

On the conclusion of her tour in India, Mrs. Abbott was asked by the Committee to visit Australia. The Scottish Women had had Australians in more than one of their Hospitals. Dr. Hutchison wrote, as will be remembered, most appreciatively of those her Unit had nursed in the Hospital in Malta. Australia had been ably represented in the personnel of some of the Units; she was now to hear at first hand from Mrs. Abbott the wonderful story of the S.W.H., and to be asked to contribute to the funds. In Queensland an influential committee was formed, with Sir Robert Philp as Chairman, and Mrs. Abbott addressed many meetings all over the State. The description of the meeting in Brisbane is from an Australian paper:

"It was at St. Andrew's Hall one night last week that Mrs. Abbott told us about the work by the Scottish Women in the Hospitals in France and Serbia. On a stage decorated with palms and flags . . . this slender, black-robed woman, in an atmosphere created by the skirl of pipes, carried us away from Brisbane, away from Australia, its strikes and discord and dissension, carried us even above the horror of war, as she told of

the work of the women of Scotland, in their Hospitals behind the lines in France, and among the typhus-stricken armies in Serbia. As we listened to the history of those Hospitals from the beginning, the trials and sufferings these valiant women underwent, and are still undergoing, we truly felt that in this little corner of the world where we live in comparative peace, in this sunny land of plenty, those of us who cannot be there, as our fellow-townswomen Dr. Lilian Cooper and Miss Bedford are, may surely help, in however small a way, in this great and noble work. What wonder that the response has been so fine! But it is £6000 which is Mrs. Abbott's objective in Queensland—just enough to keep the Units of the S.W.H. going one month."

Queensland contributed £6800—eight hundred more than she was asked for.

The response from New South Wales was equally magnificent. A strong committee was formed, with Mr. C. N. Button, M.A., as organizing secretary, and the whole State soon heard of the S.W.H. All over the country enthusiastic support was given, and the Pastoral Finance Association gave a huge electrical advertisement free, which showed right across Sydney harbour at night. New South Wales' total was just under £13,000. New Zealand gave generously also, and Mrs. Abbott's tours, including a second short one in India, brought in altogether £62,000.

Verily the Administration and Finance Departments of an organization can throb with life and genius!

APPENDIX

MEDICAL REPORTS AND STATISTICS

THE vindication of the claim of medical women to work on an equality with their professional brethren no doubt came somewhat as a surprise to the public in general, for although in 1914 the original prejudice against medical women was for the most part a thing of the past, positions on staffs of general hospitals were only open to them in very few instances, and the opportunities afforded to them, especially in general surgery, were extremely limited. That medical women could successfully staff War Hospitals of three to six hundred beds, dealing with all sorts of casualties and with the various diseases affecting the armies, was a proposition which still lacked proof. Therefore it is hardly a matter for surprise that the War Office, ever chary of innovation, should refuse the original offer of the S.W.H. Committee. The fact that later in the war the Military Authorities did avail themselves of the willing help of medical women (while still, however, refusing them commissioned rank in the R.A.M.C.) was no doubt partly owing to the excellence of the work done by them in the Scottish Women's Hospitals Units and other voluntary hospitals.

The following short account of the medical work is compiled from reports and figures furnished by the Chief Medical Officers of the various Units. It is to be regretted that the records of the earlier Serbian and the Russian Units were lost in the Retreats.

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SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS, ROYAUMONT AND VILLERS COTTERETS

SURGICAL REPORT

13th January 1915 to 26th February 1919

A. Soldiers under treatment	...	...	...	8,752
Deaths	...	...	159	...
Operations	...	6,670	...	...
X-ray examinations	6,316	...	...	...
X-ray photographs	10,093	...	...	...
Bacteriological examinations	12,133	...	...	...
Cases of fracture	2,411	...	...	...
Cases of tetanus	18	...	...	...
Cases of gas gangrene	173	...	...	...
Operations—				
1. For wounds	5,725	...	...	...
Including—				
Amputations	188			
2. For other lesions than war wounds	945	...	...	...
Including—				
Hernia	392			
Appendicectomy	57			
Total	6,670			
B. Civilians under treatment	...	...	...	572
Consultations	...	...	...	1,537
Deaths	...	...	25	...
Operations	...	534	...	...
Including—				
Hernia	82			
Appendicectomy	56			
Laparotomy	133			
Amputations	19			
Total operations	7,204	...	...	...
Total deaths	...	...	184	...
Total patients	...	...	...	10,861

DAYS OF HOSPITALISATION

ROYAUMONT—							
1915	.	.	.	.	.	.	53,918
1916	.	.	.	.	.	.	57,338
1917	.	.	.	.	.	.	60,423
1918	.	.	.	.	.	.	90,335
1919	.	.	.	.	.	.	270
VILLERS COTTERETS	.	.	.	.	.	.	22,109
Total							284,393

A special feature of the work at Royaumont and Villers Cotterets was its extreme variety. As the military situation changed, almost every type of case presented itself.

During periods of activity in 1915 and 1916, the nearness of Royaumont to the first-line evacuating station on the Amiens-Paris line resulted in the reception of a large number of badly infected cases, unable to travel farther, with a relatively large incidence of gas gangrene; and in the spring of 1915 treatment by anti-gangrenous serum was begun, and was continued during the Somme offensive in 1916.¹

When the firing line moved away, the Hospital became for a short time a centre for clean surgical cases sent down for operation from the first-line hospitals. In 1917 a hut hospital was established at Villers Cotterets to work during the French offensives on the Aisne.

In March 1918, owing to the rapid German advance, work again became extremely heavy, both at Villers Cotterets and at Royaumont—the latter functioning as a clearing station and receiving its wounded chiefly from the Montdidier sector, while Villers Cotterets received its cases from the Noyon area.

At the end of May 1918 the German offensive produced a few days of intense activity at Villers Cotterets, and owing to the loss by the French of some of their finest hospitals near the Aisne, wounded poured by ambulance into Senlis, where a clearing station for the 10th Army was established. To meet the emergency, the equipment saved from Villers Cotterets was set up in all the available cloister space at Royaumont, huts were put up to increase the accommodation to 600 beds,

¹ *Proc. Roy. Soc. Medicine*, 1917, vol. x., "Sections of Surgery," pp. 29-110.

and the combined Staffs were by no means sufficient to meet the heavy demands made.

During June and July the preventive treatment of gas gangrene by Weinberg's triple serum was carried out, and the results were communicated for Miss Ivens by Professor Delbet to the "*Société de Chirurgie*";¹ of 1666 wounded admitted to the Hospital in those months, 155 of the worst cases were given preventive inoculations during or before operation. Among those, out of 16 fatal cases not one was due to gas gangrene, whereas there were 8 deaths from gas gangrene in wounded not treated preventively.

Later results, with those also obtained by the use of Leclainché and Vallée serum, were reported in the autumn.²

During 1918, although the patients were received fairly soon after being wounded, primary suture was only permitted in cases which could be kept under observation. Flesh wounds were cut out, dressed openly, and sent into the Interior for secondary suture.

The results of primary suture were good, especially in knee-joints and lungs.³

The peculiar susceptibility of American soldiers to the streptococcus was noticed.

From the beginning Royaumont was a centre for civilian surgical emergencies sent in by practitioners from the neighbouring towns and villages. Among these were a certain number of women and children for whom about a dozen beds were reserved in some small wards. Both at Villers Cotterets and at Royaumont a number of civilians wounded by bombs from Gothas were treated.

¹ *Bulletins de la Société de Chirurgie de Paris*, le 6 août 1918.

² *British Medical Journal*, 19th October 1918.

³ *Ibid.*, 12th April 1919, p. 458.

SECTION A.—WAR WOUNDS

	Total.	Shell.	Bullet.	Shrapnel Bullet.	Grenade.	Bomb.
Operations for wounds of head, 158.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	101	94	5	...	1	1
(b) With fracture of skull . .	57	56	1	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of face, 193.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	105	93	10	1	1	...
(b) With fracture of jaw . .	31	29	2	...	...	...
(c) With wound of eyeball . .	32	31	1	...	...	...
(d) Enucleation of eye . . .	25	...	...	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of neck, 56.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	55	45	10	...	...	...
(b) With fracture . . .	1	1	...	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of shoulder, 349.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	253	196	50	3	2	2
(b) With fracture of scapula .	36	31	2	2	1	...
(c) With fracture of humerus .	23	22	1	...	...	...
(d) With fracture of clavicle .	16	15	1	...	...	...
(e) With wound of shoulder- joint . . .	21	21	...	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of arm, 617.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	384	303	70	1	8	2
(b) With fracture of humerus .	91	80	8	1	...	2
(c) With fracture of radius . .	70	54	14	...	1	1
(d) With fracture of ulna . .	56	53	3	...	...	...
(e) With fracture of radius and ulna . . .	15	15	...	...	...	...
(f) With fracture of hum- erus, radius, and ulna . . .	1	1	...	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of elbow, 46.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	43	38	5	...	...	...
(b) With fracture of humerus .	3	3	...	...	...	...

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SECTION A.—WAR WOUNDS—(Continued)

	Total.	Shell.	Bullet.	Shrapnel Bullet.	Grenade.	Bomb.
Operations for wounds of elbow-joint, 86.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	9	7	2	...	...	...
(b) With fracture of humerus	17	17	...	...	...	...
(c) With fracture of radius	16	16	...	...	...	...
(d) With fracture of ulna .	20	20	...	...	...	...
(e) With fracture of humerus, radius, and ulna	24	18	6	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of wrist-joint, 59.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	11	9	2	...	...	...
(b) With fracture of radius	25	23	...	1	1	...
(c) With fracture of ulna .	11	11	...	...	...	...
(d) With fracture of carpal bones	12	12	...	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of hand and fingers, 312.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	64	52	10	2	...	...
(b) With fracture of metacarpals	64	56	6	...	2	...
(c) With fracture of phalanges	184	135	39	5	4	1
Operations for abdominal wounds, 45.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	33	21	12	...	...	...
(b) With fracture . . .	12	11	1	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of pelvis, 217.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	160	112	43	...	4	...
(b) With fracture . . .	34	34	...	...	...	...
(c) With injury to genito-urinary system	18	11	7	...	...	...
(d) With injury to rectum .	5	5	...	...	..	...
Operations for wounds of hip- joint, 38.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	22	18	4	...	...	...
(b) With fracture . . .	16	15	1	...	...	...

APPENDIX

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SECTION A.—WAR WOUNDS—(Continued)

	Total.	Shell.	Bullet.	Shrapnel Bullet.	Grenade.	Bomb.
Operations for wounds of thigh, 643.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	554	463	78	1	13	1
(b) With fracture of femur .	89	77	11	1	...	...
Operations for wounds of knee-joint, 112.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	11	2	6	...	3	...
(b) With fracture of patella	61	48	13	...	...	...
(c) With fracture of femur .	25	24	1	...	...	...
(d) With fracture of tibia .	15	14	1	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of leg, 577.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	437	358	70	1	6	2
(b) With fracture of tibia .	76	67	9	...	...	...
(c) With fracture of fibula .	38	35	3	...	...	...
(d) With fracture of tibia and fibula	26	22	4	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of ankle-joint, 18.	18	11	7	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of tarsus, 47.	47	40	7	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of foot, 102.	102	68	27	1	5	1
Operations for wounds of vertebral column, 47.						
(a) Cervical region . . .	3	3	...	...	...	...
(b) Thoracic region . . .	11	11	...	...	...	...
(c) Lumbar region . . .	28	26	2	...	...	...
(d) Sacral region . . .	5	4	1	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of thoracic wall, 107.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	104	90	10	2	2	...
(b) With fracture of scapula	3	3	...	...	...	...

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SECTION A.—WAR WOUNDS—(Continued)

	Total.	Shell.	Bullet.	Shrapnel Bullet.	Grenade.	Bomb.
Operations for wounds of thoracic contents, 84.						
(a) Without fracture . . .	42	36	6	...	...	...
(b) With fracture of ribs . .	35	33	2	...	...	...
(c) With fracture of scapula .	7	7	...	...	...	...
Operations for wounds of back, 90.	90	78	9	1	...	...

Amputations, 378—

(a) Thigh	69
(b) Leg	39
(c) Foot	10
(d) Toe	64
(e) Arm	40
(f) Forearm	10
(g) Hand	5
(h) Finger	141

Re-amputations, 87.

Ligature of arteries, 76—

(a) External iliac	1
(b) Femoral	11
(c) Popliteal	7
(d) Posterior tibial	11
(e) Peroneal	5
(f) Temporal	3
(g) Occipital	2
(h) Carotid	3
(i) Subclavian	1
(j) Axillary	3
(k) Posterior circumflex	1
(l) Brachial	8
(m) Dorsalis scapulae	1
(n) Radial	7
(o) Ulnar	8

Ligature of arteries—(continued)

(p) Anterior interosseous	2
(q) Posterior interosseous	2

Ligature of veins, 15—

(a) Internal jugular	2
(b) Axillary	2
(c) Miscellaneous	11

Operations on nerves, 61—

(a) Sciatic	13
(b) Popliteal	4
(c) Musculospiral	8
(d) Median	14
(e) Radial	3
(f) Posterior interosseous	2
(g) Ulnar	17

Operations on tendons, 51.

Sequestrotomy and operations on bone, 185.

Operations on wounds and scars, 304.

Operations for multiple wounds, 65.

Incision of abscess, 93.

Movements under anaesthesia, 99.

Operations for muscular hernia, 13.

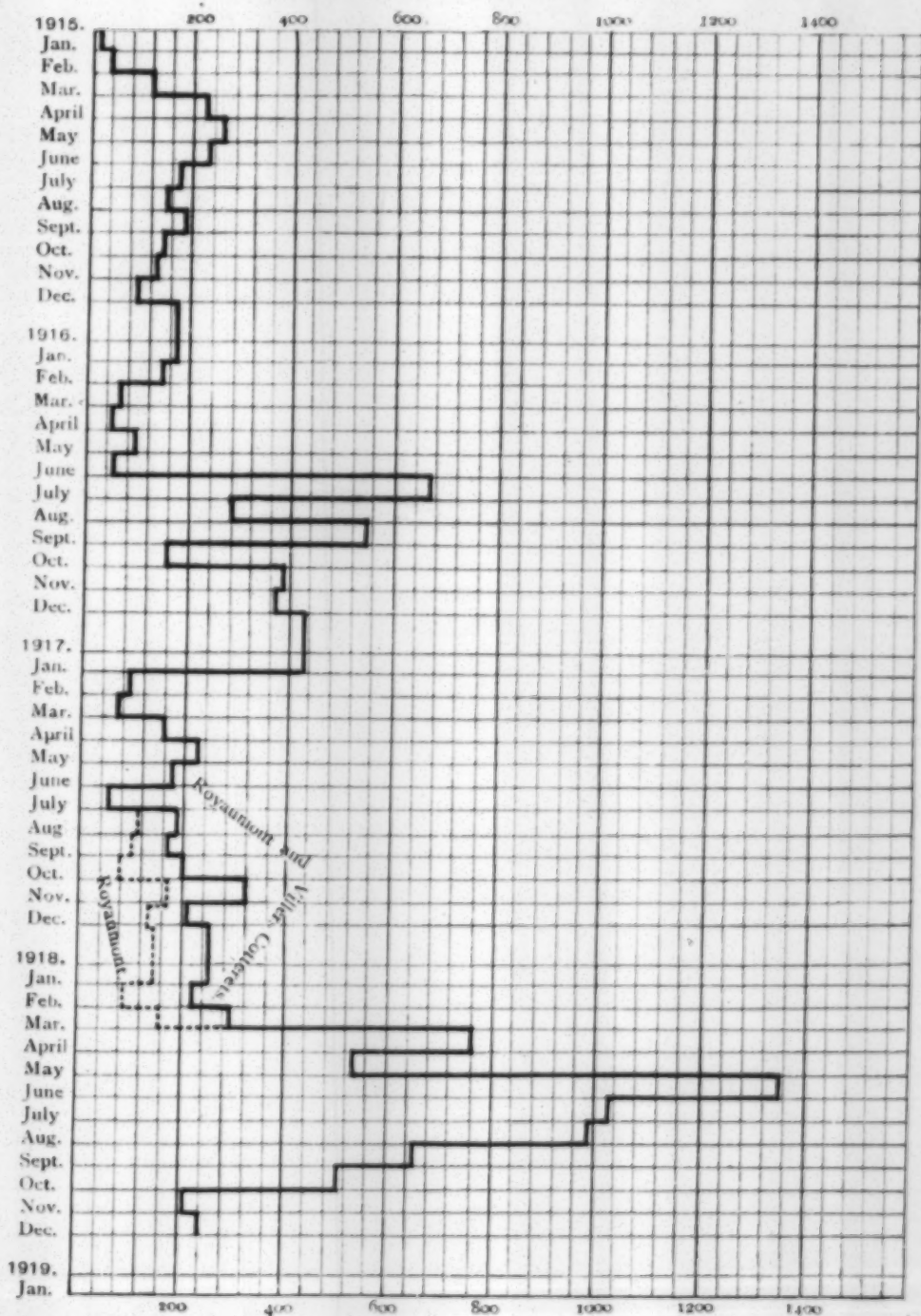
Changing splints, 85.

Examinations and dressings under anaesthesia, 154.

X-RAYS AT ROYAUMONT AND VILLERS COTTERETS

By DR. EDITH STONEY

For each Month each Degree represents 40 Patients screened or photographed



SECTION B.—OTHER THAN WAR WOUNDS

Gastroenterostomy, 7.	Amputations, 20.
Operations on gall bladder, 18.	For tonsils and adenoids, 30.
Colectomy, 1.	For simple tumours, 66.
Colostomy, 7.	For malignant tumours, 12.
Enterostomy, 1.	For fractures, 47.
Appendicectomy, 105.	For dislocations, 11.
For appendix abscess, 15.	Operations on bone, 24.
Laparotomy for various conditions, 93.	Operations for deformity, 20.
For hernia, 451.	Operations on glands, 36.
Nephrotomy, 1.	Incision of abscess, 56.
For hydrocele, 65.	For varicose veins, 30.
For varicocele, 35.	Operations on genito-urinary or-
Supra-pubic cystotomy, 5.	gans, 70.
For hæmorrhoids, 129.	For subphrenic abscess, 2.
Operations for anal fistulæ, etc., 49.	Arranging splints, 15.
For internal derangement of knee-	Miscellaneous, 87.
joint, 19.	

The X-ray department at Royaumont, together with the X-ray car, was started by Dr. Agnes Savill,¹ with the assistance of Miss Berry, Miss Collum, Miss Buckley, and Miss Anderson. During 1916 some very beautiful photographs differentiating the organisms in gas gangrene were taken.

On the return of Dr. Agnes Savill to England, Dr. Helen McDougall and Miss Collum took over the department. In 1917 an installation was put up at Villers Cotterets. In the autumn, Dr. Edith Stoney superintended both departments with the help of several assistants.

After the evacuation of Villers Cotterets two installations were again set up at Royaumont in addition to a mobile apparatus for the Fracture wards. During this time specially valuable assistance was given by the stereoscopic work of Dr. Edith Stoney.

A graphic record is appended.

¹ *Archives of Radiology and Electrotherapy*, May 1916.

BACTERIOLOGICAL REPORT, 1918

BY MADAME MANÖEL

OF 9813 analyses made in the Laboratory at Royaumont between 13th January 1918 and 13th January 1919, bacteriological examinations have been by far the most important. They consist, in a large majority of cases, of a direct examination by smears, all surgical intervention being preceded by a bacteriological examination of the wound and its secretions or foreign bodies.

On account of the tendency for a large number of wounded to arrive together, cultures and exact determination and identification of the germs have only been made in a limited number.

Nevertheless the examinations, such as they were, were said by the surgeons to be extremely useful.

In the majority of wounds the flora is complex during the first two or three days. The usual appearances included the following: namely, by the side of large anaerobic bacilli, disappearing in the first 24 to 48 hours, were *B. Pyocyaneus*, Coliform bacilli, enterococci, and the streptococcus, which is rarely absent. Unhappily this organism predominates in by far the greater number of wounds.

The streptococcus is known always as a dangerous germ; during the War it has been the most mortal, both by its frequency and by its tenacious resisting power (whatever may be the treatment adopted). This last character is probably due to the infinite number of strains (both aerobic and anaerobic), and by its tendency to produce septicæmia. It is my conviction that the streptococcus has been the greatest enemy of the

wounded, and among the different infections of wounds it has claimed the greatest number of victims. In the extremely interesting discussions which have arisen in connection with the study of gas gangrene (Weinberg¹), the streptococcus, perhaps because of its elusive character, has taken quite a secondary place. It seems natural, however, to wonder whether such a germ, so dangerous by itself, and so constantly present in gas gangrene, does not contribute enormously, by association, to the gravity of toxic and infectious phenomena of this complication of war wounds.

The hæmolytic streptococcus (and the examination seems to be of the most value when it is made with the blood of the respective patient) is the most virulent and the most rapidly mortal. The hæmolytic character does not appear, however, to be sufficiently specific to serve for the perfect identification of a specimen.

Of less importance, but in the same order of ideas, I attribute a character of special gravity to the streptococcus where minute cocci form very short chains of 5 to 7 in number both in smears and culture.

I find it specially interesting here to report that in a certain number of cases of septicæmia, almost hopeless, repeated injections of Leclainché and Vallée polyvalent serum have given excellent results.

Between 21st March 1918 and 24th September 1918, out of 18 positive blood cultures 15 were streptococcal in origin. Of these, 7 recovered and 8 were fatal.

¹ *La Gangrène gazeuse*, Weinberg et Séguin. Paris, 1918.

GIRTON AND NEWNHAM UNIT
(SALONIKA, 1915-1918)

MEDICAL CASES

Total = 3764

Malaria	1714
Bronchitis—acute, 76; chronic, 308	384
Chronic dyspepsia	224
Scurvy	184
Rheumatism	175
Dysentery	165
Enteritis	134
Epidemic influenza	122
Gastritis	93
Epidemic jaundice	78
Exhaustion and debility	77
Pneumonia	53
Pleurisy	50
Heart disease	46
Phthisis	44
Nephritis	36
Paratyphoid	33
Sciatica	24
Laryngitis and tonsillitis	22
Malaria with scurvy	16
Shellshock	14
Lumbago	13
Tapeworm	12
Eczema	12
Typhoid	7
Meningitis	6
Sunstroke	5
Dilated stomach	5
Asthma	4
Dengue	4
Cystitis	4
Diphtheria	2
Scarlet fever	1
Tubercular peritonitis	1

In the winter of 1915-1916 the main number of medical cases admitted to Hospital complained of gastric symptoms, with bronchitis and rheumatism—the results

of the arduous campaign and the retreat from Serbia. Many suffered from exhaustion and general weakness—*misère physiologique*.

A number suffered from repeated attacks of fever of a relapsing or intermittent type, lasting about three days for each attack. No definite diagnosis could be given: the symptoms resembled those of influenza. Tests for paratyphoid (A and B) and other suspected conditions were negative. The symptoms did not resemble those of trench fever. It was included under the classification *fièvre gastrique*.

In the spring of 1916 the majority of the medical cases were bronchitis and rheumatism. In the summer of 1916 the Hospital was strained to its uttermost to accommodate the enormous amount of sickness due to the great heat and the unsanitary condition of the country. During July, August, and September, 960 cases of malaria alone were admitted; over 200 cases of dysentery and enteritis, and a large number of epidemic jaundice. Many of the cases of malaria were complicated with meningitis and delirium.

During the autumn, winter, and spring, the few medical cases consisted of bronchitis and recurrent malaria, the Hospital being full of surgical patients.

The summer of 1917 showed a very marked improvement in the conditions for the troops. Precautions for the prevention of malaria and other epidemic diseases proved themselves of great practical value. During the three summer months only 133 cases of malaria were admitted. There was no definite increase in the numbers of any epidemic disease, but a marked diminution.

Special hospitals for dysentery and skin affections having now been inaugurated, such cases were no longer admitted to the general military hospitals.

In the winter of 1917-1918 the Hospital was evacuated and the equipment removed to a much larger and better site. The Staff were busily employed in helping with the preparation of the ground and disposal of equipment. It was opened early in April with an additional two hundred beds for the treatment of ortho-pædic patients.

In the months of April and May of 1918, 184 cases of scurvy, occurring among the Serbian troops, were treated.

In the autumn, 122 cases of epidemic influenza were treated, details of which are as follows :

EPIDEMIC INFLUENZA

From the 1st of October until 31st of December, 122 cases were nursed in the wards. Of these, 74 were admitted suffering from influenza: nationality mainly French. No deaths. Sixteen were admitted complicated with pneumonia. Of these, 7 died.

Among the surgical cases in Hospital, 24 contracted influenza. Of these, 5 had pneumonia. No deaths. Eight cases occurred among the Serbian orderlies; no complications or deaths.

Total number of cases	122
Death-rate	5.7 per cent.

These figures show the value of nursing in influenza, as the deaths only occurred among those admitted where the disease was already complicated with pneumonia.

MORTALITY OF MEDICAL CASES

Total number = 50

Pneumonia	9
Malaria with cardiac complications	8
Dysentery	9
Phthisis	5
Enteritis	5

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Malaria with meningitis	5
Gastro-enteritis	2
Malaria with peritonitis	1
Paratyphoid	1
Typhoid	1
Pleurisy and myocarditis	1
Scurvy	1
Nephritis	1
Jaundice	1
Acute alcoholic poisoning	1

SURGICAL CASES

Total number=2733

Injury of head, face, and neck—	
Wounds of head with fracture	56
Wounds of head without fracture	97
Wounds of jaw with fracture	23
Wounds of jaw without fracture	10
Injuries of eye	17
Erysipelas of face	2
Cellulitis of neck	1
Hæmatoma of neck	1
Anthrax of neck	1
Injury of shoulder—	
Wounds with fracture	74
Wounds without fracture	55
Fracture of clavicle	9
Fracture of scapula	1
Injury of chest—	
Wounds of chest	107
Fracture of ribs	4
Injury of back—	
Wounds	28
Wounds with fracture	3
Wounds with paralysis	3
Injury of abdomen—	
Wounds	18
Injury of arm—	
Wounds with fracture	128
Wounds without fracture	200
Bruise	3
Sprain	9
Injury of hand—	
Wounds with fractures	184
Wounds without fractures	90

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Injury of pelvis—		
Wounds with fractures	.	4
Wounds without fractures	.	10
Bruise	.	2
Injury of thigh—		
Wounds with fractures	.	128
Wounds without fractures	.	139
Fracture	.	14
Abscess	.	11
Bruise	.	4
Injury of knee—		
Wounds with fractures	.	100
Wounds without fractures	.	85
Hydrosynovitis	.	5
Synovitis	.	13
Injury of leg—		
Wounds with fractures	.	117
Wounds without fractures	.	170
Fracture	.	7
Bruise	.	22
Sprain	.	20
Injury of foot—		
Wounds with fractures	.	53
Wounds without fractures	.	73
Bruise	.	9
Frozen feet—		
Both feet	.	111
One foot	.	5
Hands and feet	.	1
Wounds of scrotum	.	3
Appendicitis	.	16
Hernia	.	17
Hydrocele	.	4
Burns	.	24
Varicose veins	.	14
Hæmorrhoids	.	14
Orchitis	.	4
Enlarged cervical and axillary glands	.	10
Fistula in ano	.	7
Ischio rectal abscess	.	5
Acute cystitis	.	5
Periostitis of foot	.	3
Tumour of face	.	1
Orthopædic cases	.	343

These cases have been classified according to the

severity of the wound in the part affected. A large number of cases had multiple wounds or fractures; but the most severe injury is taken for classification.

OPERATIONS PERFORMED UNDER GENERAL ANÆSTHESIA

Removal of projectiles—

Head and face	.	.	.	.	37	
Jaw	.	.	.	.	10	
Neck	.	.	.	.	3	
Shoulder	.	.	.	.	26	
Axilla	.	.	.	.	3	
Chest	.	.	.	.	44,	includes removal of bullets from arch of aorta, lungs, diaphragm, under clavi- cle, under scapula, pleural cavity, chest wall
Back	.	.	.	.	3	
Abdomen	.	.	.	.	1	
Arm	.	.	.	.	90	
Hand	.	.	.	.	44	
Pelvis	.	.	.	.	8	
Thigh	.	.	.	.	58	
Knee	.	.	.	.	29	
Leg	.	.	.	.	90	
Foot	.	.	.	.	39	

Incision, cleansing, and drainage for sepsis—

Head and face	.	.	.	.	33,	includes trephining
Jaw	.	.	.	.	16	
Neck	.	.	.	.	8	
Shoulder	.	.	.	.	72	
Axilla	.	.	.	.	2	
Chest	.	.	.	.	36,	includes excision of ribs, portion of clavicle, and cases of empyema
Back	.	.	.	.	12	
Abdomen	.	.	.	.	6	
Arm	.	.	.	.	89	
Hand	.	.	.	.	80	
Pelvis	.	.	.	.	3	
Thigh and groin	.	.	.	.	42	
Knee	.	.	.	.	67	
Leg	.	.	.	.	83	
Foot	.	.	.	.	31	
Scrotum	.	.	.	.	3	

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Amputations—

Thigh	7	{ 3 for gangrene of leg 3 for hæmorrhage 1 for sepsis of knee joint
Leg	5	{ 1 for hæmorrhage 4 for sepsis
Foot	2	for sepsis
Knee	2	for sepsis
Hand	2	for sepsis
Fingers	60	for hæmorrhage, gangrene, and sepsis

Ligature of vessels for hæmorrhage—

Femoral artery	4	lacerated wounds
" vein	2	
Brachial	1	
Axillary	1	
Tibial	1	
Popliteal	9	
Temporal	2	

Plating of bone—

Clavicles	3
Femur	2

Mastoid for septic wounds 3

Enucleation of eye 6

Cataract extraction 1

Incision of ischio rectal abscess 4

Stretching and cauterisation of anal fissure 7

Hæmorrhoids removal 16

Varicose veins 13

Hydrocele 5

Hernia 23

Appendix 19

Removal of cervical glands 11

Removal of axillary glands 7

Delayed primary suture of wounds of—

Arm	2
Leg	14

Stretching and repair of fractures of—

Arm	12
Wrist	4
Hand	10
Leg	13
Foot	8

Removal of tumours of—

Face	1
Arm	3
Wrist	4

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Hand	1
Leg	3
Foot	2
Scrotum	1

Total number of operations = 1344

A large number of minor operations are not included, as they were performed under local anæsthesia for the removal of projectiles superficially placed, or for incisions on account of sepsis.

MORTALITY OF SURGICAL CASES

Deaths from shock—

Wounds of head	5
Wounds of abdomen	1
Wounds of chest and kidney	1
Wounds of chest	1
Wounds of arm and thigh	1
Laceration of femoral vessels	1
Injury of face and jaw (died of œdema glottidis). Tracheotomy was performed	1
Wounds of abdomen (died of acute general peritonitis); no operation; exhausted	1
Fracture and acute sepsis of pelvis; cleaned and drained	1
Fracture and paralysis of spine; no operation as exhausted	1
Peritonitis after cellulitis of thigh (incisions and drainage)	1
Acute sepsis after ligature of femoral vessels and removal of pieces of projectile	1
Embolus after amputation of thigh for gangrene of leg	1
Exhaustion from wound of shoulder and frozen feet; wound cleaned and drained	1
Dysentery, complicating septic	1
Compound fracture of leg. Wound was cleaned and drained	1

Total number of deaths = 19.

Of these, ten were operated upon after admission into hospital.

Three of the cases of head wounds had been trephined in the dressing-station, and were admitted unconscious. One was trephined in hospital while unconscious, but died twenty-four hours later. Pieces of projectile were extracted from the wounds of arm and thigh, but death occurred later from exhaustion. The

wounds of chest and kidney and one of chest were too exhausted for operative interference. In case of laceration of femoral vessels amputation was performed.

CALCUTTA ORTHOPÆDIC CENTRE

Inaugurated on 7th May 1918, and consists of a Staff of trained masseuses from various orthopædic centres in Britain, numbering eight, with two assistants. The work is carried out in a hut fitted up with mecano-therapy appliances, such as rowing-machines, wheels, pulleys, bars, trapeze, bicycle, etc. Dumb-bells and Indian clubs are used for the open-air exercises in the sports ground. Various electrical appliances are also employed, such as faradic and galvanic batteries, high frequency, hot air, and radiant heat baths with various coloured lights. A complete hydro-therapeutic hut has just been dispatched from Scotland which on erection will consist of whirlpool and aerated baths, pool baths, douches, sprays, and various limb baths. This hut will not be erected until the Hospital is moved into Serbia.

The work of the department has been mainly the treatment of indoor patients, but out-patients have also been sent; but their treatment, owing to the difficulty of transport, has not been continuous, and it has been found much more satisfactory to admit the cases into Hospital. The patients are sent for special treatment from other French hospitals and also from the Serbian depots, and the supply has had to be limited owing to the difficulty of treating a large number.

The results of the work have been most encouraging and, although the department was mainly directed towards the treatment of disabled Serbian soldiers, the

French wounded have taken very great advantage of it. It is the only orthopædic department for French and Serbian patients in the Eastern Army.

The patients are treated with hot-water limb baths or radiant heat and massage. Passive and active movements and exercises are employed with or without the use of the mechanical apparatus. Open-air drill, parallel bars, etc., are arranged for the more convalescent patients, and football games are held for those suffering from injuries of the arms.

The patients take an extraordinary amount of interest in the work and are most anxious to help on with the treatment. Curative workshops have been set up, and there the men continue the treatment of exercising their limbs while at the same time producing work. Carpenters' shops have proved of great value, and the work of these is graded to suit the particular disablement of the patient. There is a tinsmith's and metal worker's department, bookbinding, photo-framing, wood-carving, and embroidery. A valuable department is the making of splints and also of orthopædic boots. In the latter workshop several men have become expert workmen. There have been no expert teachers, and the work has been carried on under many difficulties, but there are a number of Serbian men who have become well trained in their various branches. It is hoped soon to start a special workshop for the supply of permanent artificial limbs, as only temporary peg legs are made at present.

From May until the end of the year 1918, 426 patients were treated in the department. The number of massage treatments was 17,823, and of faradic treatments, 2543.

The electrical light baths did not arrive until the end of July, and since that time 2470 baths have been given.

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The following is a table of the injuries treated :

Injury of shoulder, axilla, and chest—		
Wounds with contraction	19	
Wounds with fractures	7	
Fracture of clavicle	5	
Synovitis of shoulder	3	
Injury of arm—		
Wounds with contraction	37	
Wounds with fractures	19	
Fracture with nerve injuries	17	
Fracture without wounds	3	
Injury of elbow—		
Wounds without fracture	5	
Wounds with fracture	8	
Sprain	1	
Injury of wrist—		
Wounds with contraction	3	
Wounds with fractures	4	
Nerve injury	2	
Synovitis	8	
Injury of hand—		
Wounds with contraction	16	
Wounds with fractures	36	
Synovitis	11	
Burn	1	
Injury of thigh—		
Wounds with contraction	28	
Wounds with fracture	5	
Wounds with flat foot	1	
Wounds with nerve injury	10	
Synovitis of hip-joint	1	
Injury of knee—		
Hydrothrosis	11	
Synovitis	16	
Hæmorrhage	3	
Ankylosis	2	
Wound with contraction	11	
Injury of leg—		
Wound with contraction	22	
Wound with fractures—both bones	6	
Fibula with nerve injury	5	
Fibula with flat foot	10	
Tibia with nerve injury	4	
Tibia with flat foot	12	
Wound with nerve injury	1	

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Injury of foot and ankle—					
Wounds with contraction	.	.	.	.	6
Wounds with fractures	.	.	.	.	15
Synovitis of ankle with flat foot	.	.	.	.	14
Miscellaneous—					
Fracture of jaw	.	.	.	.	2
Wounds of neck	.	.	.	.	2
Contraction from burns	.	.	.	.	2
Amputation of arm—treatment of stump	.	.	.	.	2
" leg	"	"	"	.	2
" foot	"	"	"	.	2
Lumbago	.	.	.	.	4
Rheumatism	.	.	.	.	1
Kyphosis	.	.	.	.	3
Sciatica	.	.	.	.	3
Frozen feet	.	.	.	.	3
Cardiac conditions	.	.	.	.	2
Central paralysis	.	.	.	.	2
Hæmorrhage after scurvy	.	.	.	.	6
Intestinal toxæmia	.	.	.	.	2

Operations are performed in the operating hut belonging to the Hospital.

A Dental Department was added to the Hospital in May 1918, and very valuable work was done under a qualified woman dentist. Out-patients were treated as well as inmates of the Hospital and Staff. There were in the period from 3rd June 1918 to the end of that year, 572 extractions, 820 fillings, and much other treatment—the total number of attendances being 1714.

CORSICA

The work of the Manchester and District Federation Unit in Corsica differed from that of all the other hospitals in that it approached more nearly to that of a small general hospital with a large and wide-spread out-patient department.

The Hospital consisted of 60 beds, which were divided into 40 male and 20 female. Gynecological and maternity cases were also admitted, and this branch of the work proved itself invaluable.

Every day large numbers of patients attended the out-patient clinique, and the medical officers or the visiting Sister visited at their own homes those patients who so desired.

The total number of patients treated in the Hospital, from its opening in January 1916 to its final evacuation in April 1919, was 1704. The total number of out-patients, 15,515. Total deaths 88, and total births 79.

The greater number of the cases were purely medical; but, although the surgical work was not so prominent a feature as in the other Scottish Women's Hospitals, a very complete small theatre was equipped which did exceedingly useful and varied work. There were performed in all 72 major operations and 40 minor.

There was a notable preponderance of chest conditions among the medical cases — doubtless in large measure owing to the privations of the Great Retreat and to the impossibility of providing sufficiently hygienic housing conditions on the island. The special prevalence of tuberculosis among the Serbs has already been pointed out, and these cases numbered no fewer than 314. They showed, moreover, a steady increase: 51 were admitted in 1916; 125 in 1917; 130 in 1918.

Many of the cases were of extreme severity, some being admitted from the mainland in a moribund condition. No fewer than half of the total deaths were occasioned by pulmonary phthisis. Other chest conditions numbered 152, pneumonia and broncho-pneumonia accounting for the larger proportion of these.

Malaria was also very frequent, accounting for 162 cases. Malaria has always been more or less of a scourge in certain parts of Corsica, many villages in the southern part of the island being perforce abandoned by their inhabitants during the malarial season. The advent of refugees and infected troops from the Armée d'Orient did not improve matters, and the cases became frequent and of a severe type. Indeed, the barracks of Chiavari, where many Serbs were accommodated during 1916, had to be closed down for this reason. For this reason also it was found impossible to keep patients at the Lazaret.

MEDICAL AND NURSING UNIT

TYPHOID EPIDEMIC, CALAIS, 1914-1915

The Medical Unit lent by the S.W.H. to the Belgians in 1914, had charge of 50 beds in Dr. Depage's Hospital. The notes and records of this work were the property of the Belgian Authorities and are not available.

As the Belgian Army was at that time uninoculated (inoculation was commenced during the epidemic) the cases were, with very few exceptions, of great severity, and the majority on arrival were already in the second or even the third week of the disease. Our mortality (13 per cent.) was high in comparison with an

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average typhoid mortality, but not high when compared with the average mortality during that particular epidemic.

Complications were present in many cases on arrival—complications such as grave heart failure, pneumonia, intestinal hæmorrhage, gangrene, etc.

OSTROVO RECORDS

SKOTCHIVAR DRESSING-STATION

The Dressing-Station at Skotchivar admitted patients from 4th January 1917 to 14th September 1917, during which time one hundred and fifty-two (152) patients were admitted to hospital. They consisted of 144 surgical cases and 8 medical cases. The number of deaths was 16.

DIAGNOSIS OF PATIENTS ADMITTED

September to December 1916 (new style)

Month.	Surgical.	Dysentery.	Mal ..	Hernia.	Totals.
September	233	1	7	...	241
October	181	5	3	..	189
November	96	...	...	3	99
December	6	...	...	...	6
Totals	516	6	10	3	535

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DIAGNOSIS OF PATIENTS ADMITTED 1917 (New Style)

Month.	Surgical.	Malaria.	Hernia.	Other Medical.	Totals.
January	...	...	...	...	...
February	36	..	2	...	38
March	63	...	...	3	66
April	80	2	1	...	83
May	79	1	...	4	84
June	28	...	14	...	42
July	48	7	4	6	65
August	34	16	8	6	64
September	27	83	6	1	117
October	26	101	6	6	139
November	44	88	5	10	147
December	33	47	12	8	100
Totals	498	345	58	44	945

January to October 1918 (New Style)

Month.	Surgical.	Malaria.	Hernia.	Other Medical.	Totals.
January	26	21	15	8	70
February	18	32	7	7	64
March	43	23	7	24	97
April	25	34	2	25	86
May	22	111	2	35	170
June	8	94	2	67	171
July	29	91	2	64	186
August	23	113	1	30	167
September	52	57	...	5	114
October	1	7	...	...	8
Totals	247	583	38	265	1133

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RECORD OF DEATHS

(Calendar—New Style)

		<i>Diagnosis</i>	
1916	75	Surgical	92
1917	22	Malaria	6
1918	6	Other medical	5
Total	<u>103</u>	Total	<u>103</u>

NATIONALITY OF PATIENTS WHO DIED IN OSTROVO

Serbian	91	Macedonian	3
French	1	Turkish	1
Russian	5	Arab	1
Bulgarian	1	Total	<u>103</u>

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER OF OPERATIONS PERFORMED AT OSTROVO

From September 1916 to October 1919

Description.	Number Performed.	Description.	Number Performed.
Abscess of groin	12	Hernia	90
" hip	10	Hydrocele	10
" neck	15	Jaw case	7
Amputation of arm	4	Ligaturing of femoral artery	6
" breast	2	" popliteal artery	7
" feet	8	Mastoids	4
" fingers	20	Plating bone	9
" hand	4	Re-amputation	12
" leg	8	Rectal fistula	12
" thigh	10	Removal of foreign bodies	80
" toes	24	" tonsils	6
Appendicitis	4	" tumour	13
Bomb wounds	38	" varicose veins	9
Bullet wounds	18	Repairing and scraping of old wounds	390
Cancer of lower lip	2	Re-section of humerus	7
" tongue	2	Sequestrum removed	38
Circumcision	8	Shrapnel wounds	30
Compound fractures	26	Skin grafting	14
Curettage of old wounds	24	Spinal case	1
Drainage of bladder	6	Strangulated hernia	2
" knee	16	Tendinotomy	6
Empyema	10	Tracheotomy	4
Excision of eye	4	Trephining (depressed fracture of skull)	6
" testicle	15	Total number of operations	<u>1084</u>
Goitre	3		
Hæmorrhoids	20		
Hæmotoma	8		

VRANJA RECORDS

In addition to the work mentioned in the accompanying reports the doctors of the Scottish Women's Hospital, Vranja, had to do the following work, as no other medical officers were in the Vranja district for six months after the arrival of the Hospital :

1. Visit and inspect the Bulgarian prisoners' camps within a radius of thirty miles, suggest improvements, and give medical advice.

2. Act as Medical Examining Officer for men recruited for the army and those no longer fit for military service.

3. All civilian work in town and district.

4. Sit on medical boards to decide what leave should be granted to convalescent patients ; and latterly

5. To open and run an outpost and dispensary at Vranski Banja.

Unfortunately no statistics for the above work are available, and it is difficult to estimate how many hundred patients were thus attended.

DIAGNOSIS OF PATIENTS ADMITTED TO HOSPITAL

From 30th October 1918 to 30th April 1919

Diagnosis.	In hospital on Oct. 27, 1918.	Oct. 30-31 1918.	Nov. 1918.	Dec. 1918.	Jan. 1919.	Feb. 1919.	Mar. 1919.	April 1919.	Totals.
Influenza . . .	86	1	114	62	28	3	22	18	334
Malaria . . .	125	10	99	63	49	17	23	16	402
Typhus . . .	...	...	...	12	4	12	48	78	154
Pneumonia, bron- chitis, and tuber- culosis	69	14	87	81	50	62	85	52	500
Surgical . . .	102	3	44	42	39	55	48	37	370
Other medical .	68	6	202	139	154	73	103	83	828
Totals . . .	450	34	546	399	324	222	329	284	2588

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DIAGNOSIS OF PATIENTS ADMITTED TO HOSPITAL

During May, June, and July 1919

Diagnosis.	May 1919.	June 1919.	July 1919.	Totals.
Influenza	...	10	...	10
Malaria	27	21	14	62
Typhus	5	...	...	5
Pneumonia and bronchitis	43	27	14	84
Tuberculosis	20	46	21	87
Diarrhœa and dysentery	2	3	20	25
Surgical	27	39	59	125
Other medical	41	36	64	141
Totals	165	182	192	539

NATIONALITY OF PATIENTS ADMITTED TO HOSPITAL

From 30th October 1918 to 30th April 1919

Nationality.	In hospital on arrival of Unit, Oct. 27, 1918.	Oct. 30-31, 1918.	Nov. 1918.	Dec. 1918.	Jan. 1919.	Feb. 1919.	Mar. 1919.	Apr. 1919.	Totals.
Serbian soldiers	214	24	174	180	149	126	137	109	1113
Serbian civilians	17	...	45	45	71	31	32	47	288
British	5	...	20	31	8	5	7	3	79
French	13	...	131	1	8	3	1	...	157
Russian	2	...	9	...	12	...	...	...	23
Austrian	74	9	33	1	...	...	...	...	117
German	30	1	16	2	4	...	...	...	53
Bulgar	95	...	109	138	71	57	152	125	747
Turkish	...	...	5	...	...	...	...	...	5
Italian	...	...	4	...	1	...	...	...	5
Greek	...	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	1
Totals	450	34	546	399	324	222	329	284	2588

APPENDIX

403

NATIONALITY OF PATIENTS ADMITTED TO HOSPITAL

During May, June, and July 1919

Nationality.	May 1919.	June 1919.	July 1919.	Totals.
Serbian soldiers	67	74	41	182
Serbian civilians	56	58	100	214
Bulgarians	35	48	51	134
British	7	1	...	8
Roumanian	...	1	...	1
Totals	165	182	192	539

OPERATIONS PERFORMED IN VRANJA

From November 1918 to April 1919

Description.	Number Performed.	Description.	Number Performed.
Amputation of arm	1	Hæmotoma	1
" breast	2	Hernia	4
" fingers	16	Hydrocele	5
" hand	1	Laparotomy	7
" leg	7	Mastoids	3
" thigh	6	Plastic operations (congenital	
" toes	19	fingers)	3
Appendix abscess	1	Re-amputations	6
Bomb wounds	19	Fæcal fistula	5
Bullet wounds	14	Removal of foreign bodies . .	15
Cancer	4	" tonsils	3
Compound fractures	4	" tumour	8
Drainage of bladder	5	Repair of wounds	10
" knee	9	Removal of sequestrum	10
Empyema	4	Skin grafting	3
Excision of eye	3	Strangulated hernia	1
" T.B. glands	30	T.B. abscess of neck	14
" testicle	9	T.B. hips	10
Exploring chest	11		
Hæmorrhoids	1	Total number of operations .	<u>274</u>

404 SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS

OPERATIONS PERFORMED DURING THE MONTH OF MAY 1919

Description.	Number Performed.	Description.	Number Performed.
Amputation of foot	1	Exploring chest	4
" leg	1	Laparotomy	1
" toes	1	Removal of sequestra	2
Bomb wounds	3	" shrapnel	3
Excision of T.B. glands	8	Repair of wounds	7
" testicle	4	Total number of operations	<u>35</u>

OPERATIONS PERFORMED DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE 1919

Description.	Number Performed.	Description.	Number Performed.
Exploring chest	4	Removal of shrapnel	3
Excision of T.B. glands	8	Repair of wounds	6
" testicle	2	T.B. abscess of buttock	2
Goitre	1	T.B. abscess of hip	1
Laparotomy	1	Total number of operations	<u>29</u>
Removal of cancer from lip	1		

OPERATIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY 1919

Description.	Number Performed.	Description.	Number Performed.
Abscess of hip	4	Plastic operation (congenital hand)	2
" neck (T.B.)	4	Plating of tibia	1
Amputation of fingers	2	Removal of bullet	1
" toes	6	" cysts	3
Bomb wounds	2	" foreign bodies	5
Drainage of T.B. knee	3	Removal of large goitre (malig- nant)	1
Excision of T.B. glands	10	Removal of shrapnel	4
" testicle	2	" tumours	4
Hernia	1	Repairing of old wounds	9
Laparotomy	2	Spina bifida	1
Liver abscess	1	Total number of operations	<u>71</u>
Operation for talipes equino varus	2		

APPENDIX

405

RECORD OF DEATHS

Showing Cause of Death of Patients who died from October 1918 to April 1919

Diagnosis.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	Totals.
Influenza and pneumonia . . .	6	27	21	9	7	7	3	80
Typhus . . .	...	...	...	...	4	8	16	28
Medical . . .	...	2	11	17	15	23	10	78
Surgical . . .	...	3	...	2	1	3	2	11
Brought dead to hospital, or died soon after admission . . .	...	7	9	4	...	3	...	23
Totals . . .	6	39	41	32	27	44	31	220

For months of May, June, and July 1919

Diagnosis.	May.	June.	July.	Totals.
Influenza and pneumonia . . .	1	6	...	7
Typhus . . .	4	...	...	4
Tuberculosis . . .	3	8	6	17
Surgical . . .	...	3	...	3
Other medical . . .	3	1	3	7
Totals . . .	11	18	9	38

Showing Nationality of Patients who died in Hospital from October 1918 to April 1919.

Nationality.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	Totals.
Serbs . . .	4	10	4	4	1	9	8	40
British . . .	...	4	3	1	2	1	1	12
French . . .	2	10	...	...	...	...	...	12
Austrian . . .	...	3	...	1	...	...	...	4
Bulgars . . .	...	8	25	20	21	29	20	123
Serb. (civil.) . . .	...	4	9	5	3	5	2	29
Totals . . .	6	39	41	32	27	44	31	220

406 SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS

*Nationality of Patients who died in Hospital from
May to July 1919*

Nationality.	May.	June.	July.	Totals.
Serbian	5	12	6	23
Bulgarian	6	6	3	15
Totals	11	18	9	38

APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF OUT-PATIENTS TREATED

From November 1918 to April 1919

November 1918	562
December "	748
January 1919	900
February "	1090
March "	1118
April "	1000
Approximate total	<u>5418</u>

OUT-PATIENTS TREATED

From 1st May to 31st July 1919

May 1919	1120
June "	2331
July "	2394
Total for 3 months	<u>5845</u>

N.B.—Previous to this date similar returns were not taken in the Out-patients' Department.

VRANJA,
2nd August 1919.

A SERBIAN TRANSLATION OF ARTICLE WHICH
APPEARED IN THE BELGRADE *EVENING NEWS*,
17TH FEBRUARY 1919.

ALL that our newspapers in Salonika have written about the work of the Foreign Missions attached to our Army; all that has been pointed out as to their kindness in helping the sick and wounded Serbian soldiers so ungrudgingly; all that has been said of the way in which they have alleviated the sufferings and spiritual pain of the bereaved families in our enslaved Fatherland, inspiring ever hope for a better future after the terrible events our people have survived during this War—even all this is insufficient to adequately illustrate the great gratitude of the Serb. Now, when the bloodiest tragedy in the history of mankind is at an end, when some of the missions are even now preparing to depart for their Fatherland, after having so conscientiously rendered the service for which they came, let us be permitted to mention the work of the Scottish Women's Hospital at Vranja, for to do so is but right. In the days when bloody battles were in progress at Gornichevo and other heights above the village of Ostrovo, the Hospital installed itself there, below the village, close to the lake of the same name, by the railway line. It was situated in a beautiful and romantic spot, amidst trees over a hundred years old, lying in the hollow of three hills, from one of which could be seen a beautiful view of the lake, with the fields stretching up to it, and the heights surrounding it, with many little villages, including that of Kandrovo, picturesquely dotted about. The personnel of the Hospital consisted of three doctors, an administrator, secretary, and forty-six Sisters. The first Commanding Officer was Dr. Bennett; then came Dr. de Garis, who in her turn was succeeded by the present head, Dr. Emslie.

The administration was worthy of praise, and never changed with the change of Commanding Officers; on the contrary, it developed and improved to such an extent that our sick soldiers grew ever more and more eager to visit the Scottish Women's Hospital, feeling simply happy wherever they were, when told they were to be evacuated for that Hospital. The sanitary conditions there prevailing, the professional medical skill, the ministering tenderness of the Sisters, the love that was displayed towards everybody for fully two years—all that shall be an unbesmirched memory to every Serbian soldier who lay ill at that Hospital, for all that gave him strength and encouragement to endure in the terrible struggle in which he suffered so much. After the successful beginning and development of our last offensive on the Salonika front, the Scottish Women's Hospital was given orders to proceed to Vranja, to continue its work there, and arrived on the 16th of October (Old Style) of that year. The enemy, being confounded by the course of events that were developing with flashlike rapidity, was in retreat, leaving everything behind him in the greatest disorder and filthiness. Vranja Army Barracks was steeped in muddy filth. The Second Drina

Dressing Station, which after the battle took both our and the enemy's wounded and sick soldiers, had neither the time nor the means to bring the hospital into working order, but as soon as the mission arrived, it gave itself untiring to work. It was wonderful to observe how all, from the Commanding Officer down to the last Serbian orderly, busied themselves repairing and cleaning, besides attending to a great number of patients that were already in hospital. In a short time, out of the greatest chaos and dirtiness, a wave of the greatest order and cleanliness swept over. When taking into consideration that Vranja is the transit place through which, not only a great many of the Serbian soldiers who were in hospitals, convalescent camps, etc., had to pass, but also the rear of the Serbian and part of the Allied armies, and that in Vranja itself, as elsewhere in Serbia, there was an epidemic of influenza and other diseases, it will be realised how great was the effort required to overcome such a colossal amount of work. It is only necessary to let the figures speak for themselves.

The mission undertook her work on the 17th (Old Style) October last year. There were then about 450 patients in the Hospital. From the 17th October to the 28th December over 1000 patients entered the Hospital, and a similar number were discharged. In addition to this, over 2300 civilians were medically examined and treated in the Out-patient Department. As will be seen, the numerical circulation of patients obviously proves that the mission accepted her work with all enthusiasm and carried out her duties in a manner that appeared to be beyond the bounds of possibility. To the O.C. of the Hospital, Dr. Emslie, "our little doctor," as she is usually caressingly called by us, and to Dr. Blake and Dr. Mackenzie, who never feared anything and never spared themselves; to Mrs. Green, who has indebted the Serbian nation with her work and her good deeds since the time of our fights at Shabats up to the present day; to Miss Saunders, who never spared her tender health about the installation of order in the Hospital; to Miss Barker, sanitary inspector, whose ability and uprightness in rendering sanitary the appalling conditions prevailing, admired by all; and to the sympathetic secretary, Miss Brown, who worked day and night, and managed so well all the administrative business of the Hospital; and to all Sisters and orderlies who, with real sisterly tenderness, have ministered to the sick and wounded Serbian soldiers—let there be eternal thanks. Let their country be proud of them, for they are deserving of honour in full measure, and the Serbian soldier shall remember them with great thankfulness.

A WARRIOR.

